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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 535.—JANUARY, 1938.

Art. 1.—THE REVOLUTION BETRAYED.

1. *The Revolution Betrayed.* By Leon Trotsky. Translated by Max Eastman. Faber, 1937.
 2. *The Defence of Terrorism.* By L. Trotsky. New Edition. Allen & Unwin, 1935.
 3. *Problems of Life.* By L. Trotsky. Translated by Z. Vengerova, with an introduction by N. Minsky. Methuen, 1934.
 4. *Lenin.* By Leon Trotsky. Authorised translation. Harrap, 1935.
 5. *I was a Soviet Worker.* By Andrew Smith. Robert Hale, 1937.
 6. *A False Utopia.* By William Henry Chamberlin. Duckworth, 1937.
- And other works.

THE title and authorship of the work which gives its name to this Article appear strangely incongruous. That Trotsky, arch-revolutionary, second only to Lenin in world-wide notoriety, should proclaim the moral bankruptcy of that very Soviet system of which he was a conspicuous founder, is indeed startling. Let us consider whether anything in his previous history throws light upon this transformation.

Leon Bronstein was born, it is said, about 1877 in a village of the Ukraine. His father, a Jewish 'colonist,' was a man of strong character, pronounced ability, and little education, who preferred agriculture to business and ran successfully a farm of 3,000 acres, including a mill. He was the worst man in the world to father so instinctive a rebel, who from the first never evinced the

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slightest sympathy for the family creed or the family's very business-like outlook. In Trotsky's case, however, it could be said, more truly than in most, that the boy was father to the man. Eastman's 'Portrait of a Youth' is happily named. In a sense, indeed, Trotsky has never grown up. From the first he displayed the characteristics which distinguish him at sixty: a dauntless spirit, great personal charm, a certain natural fastidiousness of taste, a hard and brilliant if superficial intelligence, and the constructive genius of an engineer. One feature of his youth, however, has long since atrophied in him (as in all Marxians) under the bonds of his political creed. His instinctive partisanship for the 'under dog' now restricts itself to 'under dogs' who sport the Marxian collar.

He had, however, no reason to consider himself as an 'under dog' from any point of view. In the course of a good, though rambling, education, he passed into the best school in Odessa; in which commercial and cosmopolitan town anti-Semitism was by no means the fashion. Nor was his 'fiery eagerness to excel' insufficiently sated; for he was always at the top of his class. With his fellows he was popular, with his teachers less so; for though as a rule exemplarily well-behaved, he early evinced the spirit of revolt by organising school strikes against apparent injustice. 'That's a bad boy,' declared an old German among the masters; 'he has all the boys of the school in his power. That boy is going to be a dangerous member of society.' We might, indeed, declare him the *enfant terrible* of Bolshevism, with an equal emphasis on either word. At eighteen he passed into a high school at Nikolaev. A bit of a dandy, 'very handsome, very bourgeois,' and eager for a boisterous good time, he was also, as was natural in a lad of his date, surroundings, and temperament, an avowed Republican. As was equally natural, however, he soon drifted into touch with the rising Socialist undercurrent; which 'gave him companionship in those peculiarly strong feelings of social sympathy and revolt which he had brought with him out of his childhood.' A fellow student introduced him to a little group of 'Narodniki' enthusiasts: those milder and more elementary revolutionaries whose interests centred in the peasantry.

Not unnaturally this unorthodox connection soon reached the ears of his father, who thereupon 'invaded Nikolaev like an army' and bade his son choose between these undesirable associates and himself. 'If any last touch was needed,' says his biographer, 'to drive Trotsky into the camp of the revolution, it was this act of parental tyranny. To assert himself as a grown man was to assert the revolution.' He accepted the ultimatum, moved over to the house which served his new friends as a meeting-place, and advertised himself as a private tutor. His host, the head of the little circle, a cultivated man, and a gardener by profession, made a precarious livelihood by the sale of fruit and vegetables; and the biographer describes with some humour 'this simple and most genial man—with his big beard and big brow,' whose relation with the 'brood of young rebels' who surrounded him was 'that of an appreciative but prudent father.' Trotsky, still only a lad of sixteen, of course took this 'communal Utopia' with complete seriousness. Abandoning all the minor elegancies of life (fastidious cleanliness excepted), he existed on the precarious results of the above-mentioned 'private tutorship,' which often left him on the verge of hunger and, indeed, beyond it.

The main occupation of those young Socialists consisted, of course, in endless discussions, very much *à la Russe*, on the ethics and practice of Socialism; and it was not long before there broke upon the mild and somewhat sentimental Socialism of these Narodniki, the strident notes of Marxian ideology. Alexandra Lvovna, 'gentle eyed, iron minded,' six years older than Trotsky and the most attractive member of the little circle, was 'a resolute adherent of this new and more coldly scientific method for the regeneration of . . . the world.' Marx, as we know, proposed—to quote Mr Eastman's synopsis—'to replace all evangels with a science of historic engineering. . . . If,' he urged, 'you wish to mould future history, you must calculate [economic] forces as a mechanic calculates the forces of nature and . . . guide . . . them [like] a technician . . . a cool and practical engineer.' Now Trotsky's brain, as we have said, was essentially that of an engineer; and the materialism of Marx was eventually to master his reason. But to his youthful ardour, its instincts of sympathy not yet dis-

torted, this 'dry, narrow, impractical teaching' was thoroughly repellent. Many and fierce were the intellectual battles which ensued; but Alexandra wielded a weapon of which no doubt she took little account. She was beautiful. The whole group fell in love with her, Trotsky more passionately than all. Gradually and in the long run he succumbed to the double appeal. But Eastman very justly points out that Trotsky never belonged to that section of Marxists who embrace their arid creed because it enables them to deny the 'finer values of life.' He, on the other hand, accepted Marxism reluctantly, as true in fact and as affording a solid basis for action; but on this basis he proposed to re-establish and develop the 'finer values of life': art, friendship, the satisfaction of every adventurous, every intellectual interest. So far, as we shall find, these hopes have not been realised.

Meanwhile his father returned to the attack with vigour, not to say violence. Eventually terms of compromise were arranged. Trotsky was allowed to take up his abode with a 'prosperous but liberal' uncle in Odessa, and to attend preliminary engineering lectures at the University. Here (according to expert report) he displayed 'a lightning aptitude for mathematics, a restless constructive imagination, (and) a commanding personality' which would have carried him to the head of the profession. But it was not to be. He preferred 'organising revolutionary "circles" among the workers in his uncle's factory.' His activities were, of course, not very serious; but they seem to have attracted the attention of the police. Persuaded by his friends to quit Odessa, he returned (inconspicuously) to the house of his early mentor at Nikolaev; where under the renewed influence of Alexandra he seems to have definitely passed the Marxist Rubicon. With her he founded an embryonic 'South Russian Workers' Union.' Their activities soon brought upon them and their circle, and this time seriously, the unwelcome attentions of the police. Though they contrived for some time to evade arrest, they were all eventually traced, and Trotsky had his first experience of prison life. Two years of preliminary incarceration followed, in successive Tzarist gaols; where he soon learned the ways of secret com-

munication with his fellow captives. These years also afforded him ample opportunity for reading and, strange to say, a fairly wide choice of books from the prison library. Here he discovered Darwin, whose 'minute, precise, conscientious and at the same time powerful thought' completely 'intoxicated' his young reader. This confirmed him in his materialistic outlook; though, much to his astonishment, he found that Darwin had been able to retain his belief in a God.

The young conspirators had rendered themselves liable to twenty years' hard labour. Actually, however, they were not brought to trial, but were simply shipped off under a four-year sentence to the northern villages of Siberia, and there set at liberty under police surveillance. Among them was Alexandra Lvovna, to whom he had been legally married in prison, by Jewish rites; not, says his biographer, from any desire for the blessings of a church or the law, but that they might be exiled to the same village. The transfer took nearly a year, and it was not till August 1900 that they reached the appointed district; where (to quote his biographer) they lived a 'romantically tranquil life,' passing from one pleasant village abode to another, receiving 19 roubles (pre-War) per month from the Imperial Government, and being cooked for by a fellow-exile—who, however, was only too frequently drunk. Their agreeable solitude was soon enlivened by the successive advent of two baby daughters, by the periodical receipt of books and newspapers, and by occasional meetings with fellow-exiles on their ways to and fro. Among these he remembered most vividly Uritsky—the first head of the still notorious Cheka—'with his unchanging, tranquil, kindly smile'; and Dzerzinsky, of the 'beautiful and spiritual countenance,' whose 'pure strength of character' (we quote once more the biographer) made him at length the presiding genius of the still more notorious 'G.P.U.'

Here too, by careful study and continuous practice, Trotsky laid the foundations of that vigorous and vivacious literary style for which he is distinguished among Soviet writers. The local review accepted his first essays in journalism. He contributed attractive articles on general subjects; but occasionally diverged into revolutionary polemics. It is not surprising that

these activities were soon brought to an end by the intervention of the Petersburg Censorship. By this time, however, he had succeeded in getting into touch with various scattered Marxist groups in Russia proper ; especially those which, under Lenin's influence, as exerted from London, were to develop into the extreme or Bolshevik section of the movement. Eager for action, he contrived to escape from Siberia under the ægis of a forged passport and the hurriedly assumed designation of Trotsky. After a short spell of work in Russia, he succeeded in crossing the frontier and in reaching Paris. There—his family having remained behind in Siberia—he formed a connection with a young Russian revolutionary of noble birth who is the mother of his sons. Alexandra Lvovna, whom he did not divorce, remained—says his biographer of 1926—also his friend.

In London, where he arrived in 1902, he met for the first time Lenin, seven years his senior ; and succumbed, once and for all, to the impact of that powerful intellect, that genius for organisation, that daring and implacable will. Not that his submission was either servile or complete ; as to tactics they frequently differed, and at one time Trotsky deserted to the opposite, or Menshevik, camp. Lenin, on the other hand, despite these alarms and excursions, remained fully responsive, then and always, to the charm and genius of his more brilliant junior. 'The relation . . . formed between you when you came to us in London from Siberia,' so wrote Lenin's widow to Trotsky a short time after Lenin's decease, 'never changed with him to his very death.' While to the memory of Lenin the man and Lenin the leader Trotsky has always remained conspicuously faithful. For, despite differences superficial and profound of character and intellect, they were in the main at one. Both were Marxist by conviction and without reserve ; both saw in action the only justification of debate ; both were prepared, without remorse or compunction, to carry Marx's prescription of the class war to its grim and hideous climax, the mass extermination of class enemies. It is this which, in the last resort, divides the Jacobin from the Girondin, the Bolshevik from the Menshevik.

With his first introduction to Lenin ends the formative, and for us most interesting, stage of Trotsky's develop-

ment ; and we must pass rapidly by the revolutionary outbreak of 1905, the period of slow Liberal reform (1905-14), the War, the Revolution of 1917, the Bolshevik seizure of power ; and thus come straight to the period of the Civil War in which Trotsky, as the Commissar for War, so brilliantly and successfully organised the 'Red' Forces, the 'Red Army' of to-day. But here it is necessary to remind ourselves that successful Army organisation is a matter quite distinct from the organisation of industrial or agricultural life ; and that it affords no guarantee of equivalent success in these infinitely more gigantic and exacting tasks.

During the years which elapsed between the end of the Civil War and the death of Lenin, Trotsky becomes less conspicuous. Lenin takes the front of the stage, and Trotsky, as a Commissar, lives modestly with his family in the Kremlin. But, if less conspicuous than before, Trotsky took more than his share in the multifarious activities of those tremendous years ; when chaos in the factories was succeeded by their nationalisation, and the epic strife with the peasantry was becoming acute. The famine (which Trotsky in his last volume describes as 'terrible') supervened, compelling Lenin to take in his new economic policy a sharp return to a modified and limited form of free exchange. And, meanwhile, through all these years runs the scarlet thread of the Red Terror, so horribly portrayed in Melgounov's contemporary summary ; so cynically justified by Trotsky in the pamphlet which has been recently reprinted for him as 'The Defence of Terrorism.' Nothing could be more characteristic of Communist leadership than the cold callousness of this production. Here is nothing of the savage blood lust which characterised so many of its subordinate agents. It shows a mind dehumanised to the point of indifference ; the inhuman class animus of a Communist manifesto, for which the 'class enemy' is but noxious vermin to be destroyed at sight.

Meanwhile the scene changes. In June 1921 Lenin is laid low ; and the fluctuations of his malady, watched by Trotsky with painful anxiety, terminate with Lenin's death in June 1924. Upon this event, as we all know, there followed a confused period of jealousies, rivalries, and intrigues. Part were purely personal, the struggle

among many claimants for the succession to the dead man's power. Others were really political and economic contests, between the advocates of a Right or Moderate and a Left or extreme policy in the economic and political spheres. The prize of power fell to the strongest and the most unscrupulous, the shrewdest and most ruthless, the Georgian Stalin ; but, beneath his virtual dictatorship, the jealousies and intrigues of Right and Left continued to surge. For the economic position of Russia, industrial and agricultural, continued extremely precarious. The N.E.P. had called, as it were, a truce, and brought instant and temporary alleviation to the half-starved population. The dividing-line of parties on these issues is easily discerned. Those whose ministerial duties brought them into immediate touch with the basic needs of the population were compelled to concentrate their attention on the immediate requirements of Russia, and to regard attempts at World Revolution as a subsidiary issue—as a mere means of hamstringing Russia's potential adversaries. They urged the immediate conciliation of the peasants, on whom depended the production of elementary necessities, and the encouragement of the more industrious and successful farmers. The purely logical Communists, on the other hand, pressed on the cause of World Revolution—which must, they argued, react favourably on the Russian experiment—the rapid development of the nationalised industries, and the rapid replacement of individual by state and communal farms.

We need not ask on what side we may look for Trotsky. He was the protagonist of the Left ; and when the Right eventually won the day, Trotsky and his principal henchmen were forced into exile, at first in Siberia and then beyond the confines of Russia ; where ever since Trotsky has remained, the wandering and unwelcome apostle of the pure Communist faith. But meanwhile, from Trotsky's point of view, worse things had followed. For when the increase in grain deliveries had proved insufficient, Stalin had effected a sudden and violent *volte face*. A ' Five Year ' industrialisation and militarisation plan was forced on with a speed which taxed the resources of Russia to the utmost, and reduced the national scale of living almost down to a starvation level ; while the forcible ' collectivisation ' of the farmers was carried

out, in the course of a few months, with a savage brutality. Trotsky is well within his rights when, in the book before us, he denounces with extreme and caustic severity these rapid and sweeping 'swings of the pendulum,' not only for their effect on the country, but as involving a peculiarly gross 'theft' of his own thunder.

Since the beginning of his exile Trotsky's pen has not been idle, nor, we suspect, have his intrigues with Russian discontent suffered any intermission. The state of feeling in Russia generally can only be surmised; but there is some reason to suspect that this discontent is widespread, and springs from many different sources. The appalling series of political trials and political executions, of which, since the Kirov assassination in 1930, Russia has been the theatre, and in almost all of which Trotsky has been cited as instigator, testifies at least to the alarm of the authorities, if it cannot prove the guilt of the accused. The fact that the most brilliant publicist which Soviet Russia has produced sounds, even from afar, the tocsin of revolt, might well shake the nerves of men with less to lose than the present rulers of Russia. Trotsky himself has indignantly denied any share in, or sympathy for, schemes of personal as opposed to mass assassination. Charges of complicity in the supposed plots of German and Japanese militarism seem even more fantastic. But what so experienced a conspirator as Trotsky should have contrived an invisible network of secret political relationship under the surface of Russian Communism seems by no means incredible; nor does it seem beyond the bounds of possibility, that in such intercourse the expedience of armed revolt may have been mooted. In any case the Government struck quickly, struck widely, and struck hard. By now, almost every potential leader among the Left, or old Bolshevik, sections of the Russian Communist party, as well as many who scarcely deserve the designation, have been summarily disposed of. It is at this juncture that the indomitable Trotsky launches his indictment of Stalin and the Administration of which he is the head; with a renewed trumpet-call to a 'New Revolution.'

Under such circumstances can we attach any importance to a denunciation so evidently inspired by bitterness and revenge? We could hardly do so, even though

Trotsky is presumably in receipt of ample, if possibly biased, reports, from secret allies in Russia, were it not that his diatribes coincide completely with such information as the world has received from more disinterested sources. For Trotsky in effect concedes the justice of every charge made by those impartial observers, who, having entered Russia with some at least prepossessions in favour of her existing system, have studied actual conditions with an open mind, for an adequate period, and equipped in nearly every case with an adequate knowledge of the Russian language. Trotsky does not deny—on the contrary he vehemently asserts—that famine, 'terrible' in its extent and intensity, has twice invaded Russia during the last twenty years; that acts of cannibalism have occurred; that the cost of production is far higher and the output far lower than in America and Western Europe; that the cost of living is high in proportion; that prostitution is common; that vast and gaudy official 'palaces' rise daily, while the slum problem and an appalling house-shortage still persist (that a million peasant farmers (not to mention their families) were exterminated during the 'collective' drives; and so on, and so on. Further, he insists as strongly as any 'Liberal' critic that the statistics and propaganda literature of the Party are totally unreliable; that Art, Learning, and Literature, lie in shackles; that the political police exercise an unbearable tyranny; that every political trial is a 'frame up' and that the abject confessions of the accused are obtained by a system of moral and mental—if not physical torture. In fact, he confirms every charge denied or condoned by those so-called 'Friends of Russia,' on whom he pours the vials of his scorn. Like them, however, this unrepentant Marxian has no word of pity for the sufferings of the unhappy 'have-beens'; while even the Kulak holocaust seems to be deprecated not so much from the humane as from the economic point of view.

Other things, too, Trotsky admits; things still more offensive to his Communist sensibilities. No trace of true Communist equality, he tells us, now exists; inequality political and economic increases daily in depth, as well as in extent. A horde of parvenu officials—we use his own adjective—of favoured Communists and of petted artisans,

batten on the rank and file. Piece-work, payment by results, and 'speeding up' in their most extreme form are rampant. Modest rights of property and inheritance have been conceded. Within the collective farms 'midget' private holdings have been scooped out by the authorities as a sop to the peasantry; these 'midget' holdings are insured for a higher total sum than the remaining 'collectivised' portions. Worse still, wealthy collectives rent land from the poorer; worst of all, the peasant puts more work into his own than the common land and relies on it for everything but bread.

The family again, as an economic and legal unit, is being, he complains, gradually re-established; divorce becomes more difficult; parental authority is encouraged and youth once more repressed. Too many evade a virtuous Bolshevik life in communal barracks for the illicit delights of a home and private meals, and, where means permit, 'white slaves'—or domestic workers—to wait on them. Anti-religious propaganda he fears has slackened: it was not, he admits, always conducted with good taste. But to Trotsky religion appears no formidable enemy. His 'Problems of Life' had declared it a rootless thing, the public theatricals of the village, to be easily ousted by the superior attractions of the cinema. In matters military he complains that the 'Militia' or 'territorial' basis of the original Red forces has been abandoned for the organisation of a Regular Army. Military titles and orders have been resurrected and the Cossack regiments, the very symbol of reaction, have been raised anew. As regards the 'Communist International,' Trotsky (whose own organisation 'Poum' it has superseded in Spain) complains that Stalin has emasculated that mighty engine for World Revolution and forced Russia to take her place in a Capitalist League of Nations.

We must now ask, To what then does Trotsky ascribe these asserted declensions from the heroic standards of Bolshevism's earlier days? First, of course, to the fact that he and his followers have not been at the head of affairs; secondly, to the criminal divagations of the egregious Stalin from Bolshevik orthodoxy; thirdly, to the rise of a vast new bureaucracy, which has usurped the powers (and vices) of the 'bourgeois' and the official.

On this he pours his most vitriolic contempt. In this criminal class he includes the whole managing personnel of the U.S.S.R., administrative and official, naval and military, educational and medical, industrial, agricultural, and commercial, the G.P.U., and most of the technical staffs. He estimates its total numbers at 20 to 25 million—12 or 15 per cent. of the population. In this vast body the Communist party itself constitutes a small minority—possibly one in ten.

All this vituperation, of course, betrays the exaggerations of personal animosity and the inherent superficiality of Trotsky's genius. That the autocracy of Stalin has been marked by extreme and violent changes of policy, that his capacity for even elementary statesmanship is as suspect as his Bolshevik sincerity, may be at once conceded. The Left might have avoided some of his grosser tergiversations; but after all, Stalin has had to face the enormous practical responsibilities which Trotsky has never encountered. An opportunist Stalin undoubtedly is; but in knowing when it is imperative to yield he is as much a 'realist' as Lenin himself. For it was Lenin who, when commending to the Members of his Party the violent *volte face* of the 'New Economic Policy,' reminded them that they could not themselves survive the continued starvation of the people: at a last resort 'they will hang the lot of us and will do well. They ought to hang us, if we fail.' Nor has Trotsky ever given the slightest evidence of qualities equal to the task which killed the more masterful Lenin. Equally exaggerated is his vituperation of the 'bureaucracy.' That a good deal of it is deserved, we may readily suppose. A monopolist bureaucracy—and a totalitarian one at that—will, like every other practically unlimited power, deteriorate; especially where its advantages are in direct contradiction to the basic principle on which the economy is built; when it is ultimately responsible to a distant centre; when the fortunes and life of its members are alike precarious, and illicit profit may be large.

But how can Communism be even attempted without a bureaucracy? Every body politic must have its framework, and what framework but a bureaucracy can survive in an absolutist and totalitarian State where

every other competing discipline has been deliberately destroyed? And Trotsky is equally unreasonable when he ascribes to an 'original sin' of the bureaucrats, and of him who is their head, the Retreat from Communism, so far as that retreat is a fact. Trotsky, like all materialists—those materialists especially whose life has been spent in the abnormal and unnatural atmosphere of secret political conspiracy—has constantly failed to take into account the facts inherent in ordinary human nature. To him the mind of man is completely plastic; not only a *tabula rasa*, but comparable to a lump of white clay, which can be moulded, impressed, or carved by a master-hand in any shape he pleases. He has never envisaged it as something living, which under every variety of change and growth is conditioned by certain basic trends or instincts which can perhaps be transcended but never eliminated. Among these the desire for individual possession is one of the strongest. And the desire is not merely sensuous. Men long to possess not only to satisfy the various bodily desires but in order that, through the object possessed, they also may create, in however modest a scale, a little world, after their own fashion. The woman's own hearth, the man's own muck-heap, to quote Trotsky's sneer, are the tool of their own personality. You may train this instinct by religion, restrain it by penalties, sublimate it into the desire of 'influence' over your fellows—but you cannot eradicate it. Nature, as Bacon taught us, is only overcome by obeying her. You may cut down the pine wood; the seedlings which spring up will be pine-trees still.

Here we see the secret of Stalin's enforced concessions. For they are not voluntary. They are dragged from him by a power higher than himself: the silent irresistible urge, the silent irresistible pressure of the human instinct to possess. The Emperor Nicholas during the Crimean War had boasted of his two irresistible allies, 'General January and General February.' He died of a February chill; and the great cartoonist depicts him on his bier, touched on the breast by a misty figure with icy hand outstretched. Underneath runs the legend 'General February turns traitor.' Will future ages, under the image of a defunct Bolshevism, add the stern caption: 'Human nature turned traitor'?

Trotsky himself will never turn traitor. To the grim ideal of Marx he will remain faithful. To the last we shall see him the protagonist of that New Revolution ; by which all existing ' bourgeois ' disfigurement shall be reft again from the stark countenance of Russian Communism.

H. C. FOXCROFT.

Art. 2.—EMILE LEGOUIS.

It is less than two hundred years since English literature, mainly through the enthusiastic patronage of Voltaire and Lessing, became at all widely known and appreciated in Europe. The predominance of Italian and French literature had till then been undisputed. Even throughout the nineteenth century most foreigners who read English poetry and drama did so according to a scale of values in which Shakespeare ranked highest by convention rather than conviction, Byron being the real favourite and other poets being little known and less esteemed. Our prose writers fared better, owing chiefly to the irresistible appeal of Scott and Dickens and the practical advantage of knowing the works of our great historians and political philosophers. Meanwhile German specialists, attracted to our most ancient writings by their philological importance and perhaps their obscurity, rather than by any æsthetic charm, performed stupendous service, establishing texts and to a certain very limited extent widening the appeal of Old and Middle English poetry. They deserve and have received honour for their patient studies, by which the foundations of our noble edifice have been uncovered at many vital points. Others helped to restore the texts and determine the authorship and dates of our early drama. A different purpose and a different method were, however, needed if foreigners in large numbers were to be made acquainted with our more recent literature, and even with the beauties rather than the philological and technical mysteries in Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and their contemporaries. The excellent schools of Scandinavia and Holland have sent forth many thousands of pupils able to read and even to speak English, and by its own immediate appeal our literature has won at least an equal place with French, Italian, German, and Russian in those countries.

To one man above all others, Emile Hyacinthe Legouis, belongs the credit for having trained and inspired a group of critics on the Continent of Europe devoted to the study and popularisation of English literature in its full extent, critics who are men of letters as well as investigators. Before he died, to widespread, profound regret in October last, he had also, by his own writings,

established himself as the most eminent foreign critic and historian of our literature. No other foreigner has ever, by the variety, fullness, soundness, and intimacy of his work, shown such competence in this sort and done so great service, his books being useful not only to French readers but to ourselves. It is fortunate he was a Frenchman, for the French occupy a strong strategical position for disseminating ideas.

Postponing for a while the consideration of his success in selecting and training disciples, let us attempt to follow the course of his own studies and survey the extent and quality of his publications. It speaks well for the schools and universities of France that Legouis' education in English was obtained entirely in that country until his twenty-first year, when he made his first visit to England. I am able, chiefly from our conversations and his treasured letters to myself, to give a fuller sketch of his life than is to be found in any book of reference.

He was born on Oct. 31, 1861, at Honfleur, a small harbour town at the mouth of the Seine, where his father was a mercer. His mother died when he was three years old. He lived at home till he was seventeen, attending the local collège or preparatory school. Then came two years at the Lycée Louis le Grand, in Paris, where it was his good fortune to be taught English by Professor Alexandre Beljame, who was later appointed *maître de conférences*, i.e. lecturer, at the Sorbonne. Legouis next spent a year as student at the University of Caen, in his native Normandy, obtaining there the degree of *licencié-ès-lettres*, which corresponds somewhat to Master of Arts. A quick-witted boy growing up near Le Havre and other Norman seaports and watering-places would have many opportunities to hear and speak English. The instruction of so excellent an English scholar as Beljame would give point and consistency to such gains, and it is therefore not surprising to find Legouis at the age of twenty teaching English at the collège of Avranches. One year of this was enough to determine him to go to England, and in 1881-82 he spent six months in London and six in Leamington. Returning to Paris, he worked under Beljame at the Sorbonne for two years, 1883-85, and was then made *agrégé*, or fellow, in English. At this point began his career as a university teacher. He was

sent to the Faculté des Lettres of Lyons as *maître de conférences d'anglais*. A man of only twenty-four, who is expected to teach mature students and at the same time trying to enlarge his own knowledge of a vast subject, is not likely to write anything worth publishing. But Legouis was already attracted to the poetry of Wordsworth and endeavouring to understand its implications, and in 1891, in collaboration with Georges Bussi re, he published the first result of these studies, the biography of a Revolutionary hero, entitled 'Le G n ral Michel Beupuy.' The story of their partnership as told by Bussi re in his preface to this book gives us a pleasant view of Legouis' capacity for making friends and working harmoniously with them. Though unacquainted with each other and studying independently, both had had their curiosity aroused by Wordsworth's references in the Ninth Book of 'The Prelude' to this officer, whom he met and admired at Blois in 1792 and from whom he imbibed much of his Revolutionary doctrine and fervour. 'We were,' says Bussi re,

'a little like those astronomers who, without knowing each other, observe the same point in the heavens and seek the same star. . . . Circumstances for which I cannot be too grateful, since they made my collaborator my friend, brought us together and enabled us to compare our findings. Our notes turned out to be so completely in accord that nothing was left to do but to prepare them for publication and sign them. Thus the work was done with two pens but with one single mind.'

They had thrown a beam of light upon a very important point in Wordsworth's development, besides writing a fascinating biography of a gallant idealist.

In 1894 Legouis was appointed lecturer in English at the Sorbonne, and in 1896, his now famous book, 'La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth,' having been accepted as his thesis, he received the degree of *docteur- s-lettres* and was made a full professor. Though this great book is probably superior to all other French doctoral dissertations on literary subjects, it is not unfair to regard it as an example of their general superiority over those produced in Germany and America, many of which deal with subjects of narrow interest and are badly written. No one has done more than M. Legouis to establish and

maintain this high standard, as is shown by the publications of his pupils.

✓ 'La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth,' which is an interpretation of 'The Prelude,' was crowned by the French Academy, and a remarkably good translation of it, by J. W. Matthews, was published in England in 1897. In the author's preface to the English edition he says :

'My work had been written chiefly with an eye to the requirements of French readers, to very few of whom Wordsworth is more than a name; hence it contains an abundance of quotations from the poet, and also some statements and observations which may appear trite to such of his countrymen who are familiar with his writings and those of his critics.'

He need not have had these scruples, for it is just because of the admirable combination of broad scope with exact details that his book was at once accepted in the English-speaking world as a sympathetic and illuminating commentary on 'The Prelude' and also the best existing account of Wordsworth's early life, the sources of his knowledge, and the character of his genius. Even as an approach to an understanding of his later career, it superseded all former biographies of the poet, including the 'Memoirs' by his nephew Christopher, published in 1851, and Knight's voluminous but ill-proportioned book of 1889. The passages in which the diction of Wordsworth's earliest poems is compared with that of his predecessors prove that this young Frenchman had an amazingly intimate acquaintance with their writings. He analyses 'An Evening Walk' and 'Descriptive Sketches' with fine subtlety. For Coleridge, a thoroughly Germanic type, and for Dorothy Wordsworth, English in every fibre of her being, he shows remarkable appreciation. Not having visited the Lake Country or the south-western counties of England, he was, however, not always accurate in his references to English scenes and customs.

I find in one of my friend's letters to me the following statement :

'My essay on Wordsworth's "Prelude" was my first book of some importance. I was very raw when I began to read Wordsworth and had never had a real philosophical training before. I owe him on my prolonged study of his poems almost all I have imbibed of philosophy. He made me think.

I had loved other poets before I read his verse, but none had yet set me meditating to that depth and extent on nature and on human life. I had only a slight acquaintance with his poetry when my master Beljame advised me to take him for my subject when I decided to write a thesis for the doctorate. He chiefly recommended him to me as being almost unknown in France. I first aimed at an *étude d'ensemble*, embracing his whole life and literary career. But I felt so much interested by his "Prelude" that I finally concentrated on his youth, which did not seem to me to have been thoroughly investigated even by his English critics and biographers.'

Though 'La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth' in the original French is, or was recently, out of print, the English translation is still in constant demand. It is a book of enduring value.

In his young days, while preparing for this work, Legouis ventured upon the difficult task of translating some of Wordsworth's poetry into French verse. Almost simultaneously with the former book he published these experiments in a volume dedicated to the memory of his father, containing forty-eight entire short poems and three passages from 'The Prelude.' Sainte-Beuve, sixty years earlier, had tried to interest his countrymen in Wordsworth's poetry by translating a few specimens, but with more courage than success; and, as Legouis had to admit, less than ten years ago, 'it cannot be said that the name of Wordsworth is really acclimatised in France.' His own translations are in the main excellent. One watches with bated breath his acrobatic feats of balancing between a literal reproduction of details and an effort to capture and Frenchify the spirit of the whole. He generally comes safe across the gulf, and I particularly admire as an example of tight-rope walking his version of 'Goody Blake and Harry Gill,' as severe a test as could be imagined. With better judgment than was shown by some British and American critics in the nineteenth century, he chose the most vital and characteristic poems of Wordsworth's best period, and though finding that in their combination of subtlety with simplicity they refused to be perfectly rendered in a foreign language, he mastered the difficulty to a remarkable extent. His 'Quelques Poèmes de William Wordsworth,' enriched by a few additions, was

republished in 1928, with the title 'William Wordsworth, *Choix de Poésies*.' In this volume he makes an interesting experiment, as a test of the possibility of writing good blank verse in French. Taking the story of Margaret or the Ruined Cottage, from Book I of 'The Excursion,' he turns it into French prose, and immediately afterwards he renders 'Michael' in unrhymed French verse. French prose at its best is so musical and the French hexameter is so far from being like natural human speech, that 'Margaret' seems to me decidedly victorious over 'Michael' in this contest.

With other French scholars, some of whom he had himself trained, Legouis contributed, in 1899, to 'Pages choisies des grands Ecrivains,' in 1905 to 'Morceaux choisis de la Littérature anglaise,' and in 1908 to the verse translation of 'The Canterbury Tales' which was one of the largest co-operative works ever accomplished by a group of writers. Taking a look far forward, we find him twice again rendering English poetry into French verse. In 1925 he published a volume entitled 'Dans les Sentiers de la Renaissance anglaise,' which contains translations of sixty-one pieces, most of them complete lyrics, from our sixteenth and seventeenth-century poets. About half of them he had already printed, in 1907, in the 'Revue de l'Enseignement des Langues vivantes.' The wide variety of metres employed in the original made this task very difficult, for no pains were spared to imitate them closely. As a school of versification for French poets, by way of enriching their technique, these experiments must be of great value, and through them may yet be paid part of the debt to France which our poets have incurred throughout the ages. Finally, in 1936, he published a verse translation of 'The Winter's Tale,' entitled 'Le Conte d'Hiver.' In dealing with Shakespeare's fluid language he achieved his happiest results as a translator. It is saying a great deal, but not too much, to assert that he has preserved the essential values of the original and produced a beautiful work of art.

It is surprising, as Legouis remarks in the preface to his study of Chaucer, 1910, that this book should be the first in France to deal with a subject which might have seemed more likely than any other to attract French students of English. It is an independent piece of work,

showing the mediæval poet against a background of deep corruption, with John of Gaunt represented as a very bad character. Chaucer is made out to have been rather more French than English. I shall attempt to condense and paraphrase Legouis' claim as follows :

'When one has outlined the extent and the limits of Chaucer's French reading one must not suppose that the whole of his indebtedness has been stated. . . . This does not consist merely in what he borrowed, but much more in what he inherited. His spirit as well as his name is French. He stands in straight descent from the French trouvères and possesses all that they possessed except their language. It is precisely in his effort to make the English language literary and poetical that one perceives this fact. . . . Absolutely nothing of the Anglo-Saxon literary past survives in him.'

There is a great wealth of ideas in the book, none of them more challenging than this. One finds a fresh thought, a stimulating comparison, on almost every page.

In 1912-13 Legouis served at Harvard University as exchange professor of English and lectured occasionally at other institutions. When he visited Princeton we were impressed with the perfection of his English style and pronunciation. Few foreigners ever acquire such mastery. In 1922 he returned to the United States to give the Turnbull lectures at the Johns Hopkins University, to speak in other places also, and to renew the friendships he had made during his previous visit.

Following some information which I had given him in regard to Wordsworth's life in France and which he, as a permanent resident in that country, could amplify more successfully than I could hope to do, he wrote, in English, a book entitled 'William Wordsworth and Annette Vallon,' which was published in 1922. With none of the sensationalism and the excessive use of mere inference that have marred several recent studies of Wordsworth, he tells all that needs to be known and perhaps all that can be known about the unhappy affair, except the poet's return to France at the risk of his life, in 1793, mentioned by Thomas Carlyle. Legouis traces the descendants of Annette through four generations and states that seven great-great-grandchildren of Wordsworth were living in France in 1922. I have met one of these, to whom her connection with the poet had first

been revealed by Legouis. She had thereupon looked over some of her family possessions and found several interesting presents which Wordsworth or his sister gave to her great-grandmother, Caroline, among them being one volume of the 1815 edition of his poems and a portrait of himself. Legouis makes the valuable suggestion that 'Madame Williams,' as Annette called herself, having become an active royalist plotter, assisting many proscribed officers and priests, some of them shady characters, to escape into Brittany and thence to foreign parts, may for political reasons, and because of these connections, have become unattractive to Wordsworth by the time he conferred with her at Calais, in 1802.

A lecture entitled 'Wordsworth in a New Light,' which Legouis had given at Harvard, Princeton, and several other American universities, was published in 1923. It contains, in fewer pages and with a somewhat freer expression of his own feelings, much of the matter included in the preceding volume. He had given substantially the same address in London several months before and published a translation of it in the 'Revue des deux Mondes.'

Meanwhile, undeflected by these excursions, physical and spiritual, into the world of to-day and yesterday, Legouis was keeping up his systematic study of our older literature. Of Spenser, as of no other English poet born before the seventeenth century, except perhaps Sidney, it can be said that what is known of his personality and fortunes interprets his poetry to a very great extent. Legouis' 'Spenser,' published in 1923 in the series of 'Les grands Ecrivains Etrangers,' profits by this union of biographical and æsthetic interests. Into 350 pages he has compressed a large number of relevant facts together with many sound literary judgments. The verse translations that enrich the volume are excellent. The thoroughness without pedantry, the grace and beauty which distinguish French criticism, are splendidly exemplified in this book. It is as readable as it is full of matter, being even more delightful than his 'Chaucer,' because written with a freer hand. Every detail interests by itself as well as by its structural importance, like wood of fine grain in a wainscoted room. There are only two adverse remarks that might be made. The first is that

Legouis seems to discover far more of what he calls 'sensuel' in Spenser's descriptions of female beauty than is warranted even by the difference between that word and the English 'sensual.' The second is that only two pages are specifically given to what is surely the supreme quality of Spenser's verse, namely, its exquisite music, which is indeed 'sensuel' in the higher meaning.

There appeared in 1924 an '*Histoire de la Littérature anglaise*,' of which the first half, down to 1660, is by Professor Legouis and the rest by Professor Cazamian, his colleague at the University of Paris. It is on a large scale, containing more than thirteen hundred closely printed pages. In the preface the authors state that they have limited themselves to English literature of the British Isles, omitting the literature, already so vast and so rapidly increasing, of the United States and the Dominions and Colonies. This work is superior to most others of similar purpose in arrangement, breadth of outlook, soundness of judgment, and charm of style. It is based on extensive and accurate knowledge, and the proportions are just, for example, in the space and weight given to the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and modern times, and in the degrees of attention paid to great figures and little ones. It is conspicuously superior to Taine's work on the same subject, because free from 'tendencies,' from attempts to support social, political, or philosophical theories at the expense of truth. It is free also from the mania for completeness or the vainglory of erudition, which induced Saintsbury to cram his manual with obscure names and titles, thus making it unattractive to read, however useful it may be for reference.

Legouis expresses doubt whether it is proper to hold that English literature existed before the time of Chaucer. Certainly language, more than geography or nationality, determines the name and nature of any great body of literature. Greek literature was native not only to Greece herself but to three continents and many island homes. Latin literature was almost equally widespread in origin and may boast the names of Dante, Erasmus, Milton, and many other writers who could never have said '*Civis Romanus sum*.' In spite of the habit of calling Anglo-Saxon by other names, such as 'Early English' and 'Old English,' it is as different

from the language spoken and written during the last seven hundred years as Latin is from French. I fancy most people would agree with Legouis if they tried to read 'Beowulf' or the 'Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.' The desire to claim for our literature as much age and unity as possible is natural. Butterflies, however, are not grubs, nor are frogs tadpoles. I have never heard the 'Histoire de la Littérature anglaise' unfavourably criticised except by scholars who disagree with Legouis about this question of identity or real continuity. Still, out of deference to the prevailing view among experts, he devotes fifty entirely sympathetic though soberly critical pages to what he calls Anglo-Saxon literature.

Foreign critics have generally failed to appreciate Milton. Legouis' competence may well be tested by his treatment of a poet so profoundly English. In a review article which I wrote for an American newspaper in February 1925, I remarked :

'M. Legouis, unlike most Continental writers, perceives that Milton was not a typical Puritan, that he was a true son of the Renaissance, affected by Puritanism, it is true, but not subdued by it, and, above all, that he was a very great man. Rare indeed are the Frenchmen who understand and enjoy Milton's genius, his artistic resourcefulness, his "firm, heroic magnitude of mind," his radical and innovating temper, his proud independence. M. Legouis stumbles into none of the usual pitfalls, betrays none of the usual antipathies. He writes about Milton as if from an entirely English point of view.'

An English translation of the 'Histoire de la Littérature anglaise' was published in 1926. For use in French schools Legouis later rewrote the entire story on a smaller scale, and this book also has been translated into English for the instruction of our youth—an encouraging sign of international understanding and co-operation.

He often addressed audiences in England and Scotland. For example, he gave, in 1925, the Taylorian lecture at Oxford, his subject being a Utopian extravaganza of the eighteenth century, 'L'Elève de la Nature,' by G. G. de Beaurieu; in 1926 he gave the annual Shakespeare lecture before the British Academy, on 'The Bacchic Element in Shakespeare's Plays'; and in 1930, at Armstrong College, Newcastle, the Earl Grey Memorial

lecture, on 'The Appeal of English Letters to a French Student.' The last two were in English, which he spoke with ease and a peculiar charm. In the Newcastle address he told of the extraordinary growth the study of our language and literature has had in France since his boyhood. Of his own early interest he says :

'My surroundings had surely a share in the formation of it. The quaint old town I was born and educated in, Honfleur, at the mouth of the Seine, was in constant touch with England. Two lines of steamboats then regularly plied from the harbour to the English coast. British residents were pretty numerous, and English was the only foreign language thought to exist, the only one then taught in the local school.'

Nevertheless, for a serious advanced student to take up the teaching of English as his profession was considered folly.

'I remember,' he says, 'the talk I had one day with the headmaster of the Parisian lycée where I was pursuing my studies. As he asked me what branch of learning I intended to devote myself to when I should leave his school, I ingenuously answered that I wished to study English. I shall never forget the mixed gaze of wonder and pity he fixed on me.'

Undeterred, the young man followed the dictates of his heart, and it may be said that in return for so much of Chaucer as he has claimed for France he has given at least half of his intellectual love to England.

The above-mentioned lectures are only a small part of the short contributions to learning published by M. Legouis during the many years of his literary activity. Especially worthy of mention are his eloquent tribute to Alexander Beljame, published in 1907; his lecture, 'La Poésie d'Auguste Angellier,' 1908; his articles, 'Impressions de Harvard,' 1914, and 'Comment on étudie la Littérature anglaise dans les Universités de France,' 1916; and his Cambridge address, 'A Short Parallel between French and English Versification,' 1925. In 1912 he published a brave book, his gallant 'Défense de la Poésie française,' in which he administers an indignant rebuke to those critics, particularly Coleridge, De Quincey, Landor, and Arnold, who have assumed that French poetry never has been, is not, and cannot be as

melodious or as expressive of deep emotion as English poetry. He was a contributor to the 'Revue germanique,' the 'Revue des deux Mondes,' the 'Revue bleue,' the 'Revue des Langues vivantes,' the 'Etudes anglaises,' and especially its predecessor, the 'Revue anglo-américaine,' of whose board of directors he was president.

Many are the scholars he trained, and others not exactly students of his have inscribed their theses to him. Among them may be mentioned René Huchon, professor at the Sorbonne, author of 'George Crabbe' and of a 'Histoire de la Langue anglaise'; Albert Feuillerat, formerly professor at the University of Rennes, now professor at Yale, author of 'John Lyly' and editor of the complete works of Sir Philip Sidney; René Galland, professor at the University of Bordeaux, author of 'George Meredith, les cinquante premières années' and 'George Meredith and English Criticism'; M. Legouis' son Pierre, professor at the University of Lyons, author of 'Andrew Marvell' and 'John Donne the Craftsman'; Aurelien Digeon, professor at the University of Lille, author of 'Henry Fielding'; Emile Audra, professor at the University of Lille, author of 'Les Influences françaises dans l'œuvre de Pope'; Adolphe Yvon, professor at the University of Caen, author of 'Horace Walpole'; Georges Connes (son-in-law of M. Legouis), professor at the University of Dijon, author of 'La Pensée de H. G. Wells' and 'Le Mystère Shakespearien'; E. Pons, professor at the University of Strasbourg, author of 'Swift' and 'The Poetry of the Anglo-Saxons'; M. Chelli, author of 'Le Drame de Massinger'; Paul Dottin, author of 'Daniel Defoe' and 'Samuel Richardson'—and I am sure I have overlooked many others!

Legouis was an honorary doctor of the universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Oxford, and London, and a corresponding member of the British Academy. When he retired from his professorship, in 1932, scholars from all over the world united with his old pupils in celebrating his long connection with academic life and gave him a beautiful gold medallion bearing his effigy on one side and exquisite little views of Oxford towers, the Institute, and the Pont des Arts on the reverse. His charming and distinguished wife, whom he married in 1891, had died in 1929, and he now wrote to me as follows:

'What I shall do is more than I know. I wonder whether I shall stay in Paris, or visit my children turn about, or take my residence near one of the three. When younger, I used to make ambitious plans of work for the time when I should be free from regular professional duties. But I am much more modest now, and feel that the merest bits and ends of work will be more than enough for tough brains of seventy.'

As the dates of his subsequent publications show, he was indeed too modest in his hopes. But he did withdraw from Paris, and a few months ago he wrote to me, saying :

'I am now chiefly living with my elder son Pierre, who fills the same chair of English literature in the University of Lyons which was mine thirty-one years ago. But I spend a month now and then either at Geneva, where my other son, Jacques, holds a post in the International Labour Office, or at Dijon, with my daughter, herself a teacher in the lycée and married to a professor in the university. The love of my children makes my old age as happy as it can be.'

We have here a delightful illustration of the proverb, 'Bon chien chasse de race'; and it is good to know that this kind gentleman had ten grandchildren with whom to practise *l'art d'être grand-père*.

In more than one respect this life-story is characteristic of the France I have known—a country where ardent intellectual ambition and severe toil are softened and rewarded by domestic felicity, a country whose people are becoming more and more interested in the scientific, literary, and political achievements of our English-speaking race. M. Legouis was a noble example of the teacher who loves his work because he loves his pupils, to whom he is accessible and unfailingly helpful. As a world-renowned scholar, he was generous to other workers in his own field. As a Frenchman of to-day, he inspired thousands of his countrymen to look across the Channel and beyond the Atlantic for spiritual sustenance. A generous friend of our English-speaking race has departed, but his sweet reconciling influence remains.

I cannot conclude this tribute to a great scholar and man of letters without mentioning his personal charm, his social graciousness, his gentleness, and complete simplicity.

GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER.

Art. 3.—THROUGH THE IRISH LOOKING-GLASS.

PROVOST MAHAFFY of Trinity College, Dublin, once said that Ireland was a country in which the inevitable never happened and the impossible always. There was much truth in the apparent paradox ; for events in Ireland rarely seem to obey the ordinary rules of the game. Life in that country is full of contradictions. The Irish seem to have a logic of their own, which baffles the foreigner but is quite normal to themselves ; and, although the resultant topsy-turveydom may be irritating at times to the nation's well-wishers, the strange thing about it is that it works in a curiously effective way. Fifteen years ago Éamonn de Valera refused to accept the Treaty between Great Britain and Ireland. He fought a Civil War on the head of it and was flung into the political wilderness for five years. He was completely down and out. He had been President of the mythical Republic which had been declared solemnly during the Easter Week Rising of 1916, and ratified in 1919, and was adored by the people over whom he cast a remarkable spell. During and after the Civil War, however, he was anathematised. Hardly anybody had a good word to say for him. He was reviled everywhere, and when the Civil War was over the ' Long Fellow,' as he was termed, seemed to be a spent force in Irish politics.

No other leader of the Irish people ever got a second chance. Once he was down, he was out ; and few can have believed that de Valera would be an exception to this rule. Yet he was. He fought his way back to popular favour, although two general elections in succession pronounced against him and his policy ; and to-day he probably wields greater power over the people of the Free State than any other man ever has wielded. He is the uncrowned king of the Free State Republican Dominion—a Lewis Carroll-like concept to which political history affords no parallel ; and the story of his arrival at this seemingly preposterous position is one of the romances of our times. It is a story of paradoxes, which began with the Treaty itself. This instrument, in fact, was not a treaty at all. Although the Sinn Féin party in Ireland took the view that its declaration of a Republic ipso facto separated this country from Great Britain, the

Republic was recognised by nobody but the party itself, and two years after it had been proclaimed in the Dublin General Post Office, Sinn Fein actually contested—and won—a general election in Ireland in consequence of the dissolution of the British Parliament. When the 'Treaty' was signed in London Ireland still was an integral part of the United Kingdom, which hardly could conclude a treaty with itself. For this reason the instrument officially was termed 'Articles of Agreement for a Treaty'; but, to all intents and purposes, it was a real treaty, and was registered as such at Geneva by Mr Cosgrave's Government some years later. De Valera never had been an advocate of physical force, although he had played a gallant part in the Easter Week fighting. He also never had approved of the existence of the Irish Republican Brotherhood (I.R.B.), which was the real force behind the separatist movement from 1916 onwards. On the other hand, Michael Collins was the leader of the gunmen all the way through, and also was an active member of the I.R.B. Yet when the time came to decide whether Ireland was to be a British Dominion or to continue to fight for an independent Republic, Collins went all out for the former, while de Valera refused to budge from the Republican position.

He was in a bad way when he realised that the first Irish Parliament, which met as a Constituent Assembly to decide the Treaty issue, was likely to turn him down; and in these circumstances he produced his famous Document Number Two. In this document Mr de Valera first adumbrated the position that exists at the moment—namely, an Irish, or rather three-quarters of an Irish, Republic within, or half-within, the British Empire. It was a typical de Valera move, based on the theory of 'external association' with Great Britain and the other Dominions of the Commonwealth; but the Irish Parliament, which was sick of fighting and actually never expected to secure from Great Britain such important concessions as were contained in the Treaty, would have none of it, and the Treaty was accepted, albeit by the narrow margin of seven votes.

Then came the Civil War, which in some respects was a comic-opera affair. It began with an attack by the Free State Government on the Dublin Four Courts, which

had been seized by de Valera's followers. In order to shell the buildings Michael Collins, who had been fighting the British for years, borrowed a couple of eighteen-pounder guns from General Macready, who still was in Ireland at the head of the British army of occupation, and then, when he could find nobody who was able to fire them accurately, had to ask Macready to lend him the services of an artillery expert.

Throughout the Civil War this queer series of anomalies was continued. The man who was the brains of the opposition to the Treaty was an Englishman, Erskine Childers, who was executed by the Free State Government for his part in the Civil War. Some of the best fighting men on the Republican side were ex-soldiers of the British Army who had fought with distinction in France ; while the leaders of the Free State forces were men who a few months previously had been shooting down British officers in the streets of Dublin, and now were offering their lives in defence of a treaty which placed the Free State under the sovereignty of the King. A Republican prisoner in Dundalk Jail, the only Protestant in the prison, made a fierce protest against the alleged religious intolerance of the Cosgrave Government because he was not allowed to see a local parson who had been in college with him, and whom he proposed to tie up and gag in the cell in order to escape in the parson's clothes. The same prisoner, when he did escape some time afterwards, took refuge in a Belfast police barracks, manned exclusively by Orangemen, whose officer happened also to be a college friend of his.

After the Civil War had ended Mr de Valera and his political friends refused to take their seats in the Free State Parliament, on the ground that they would die rather than take an oath of allegiance to the British King. Yet they continued to stand for elections and to win seats. Then Kevin O'Higgins, Vice-President of the Executive and Minister for Justice, was shot dead on his way to Mass at Booterstown, near Dublin, one Sunday morning in July 1927, and Mr Cosgrave decided to put a stop to the farce. He introduced and passed through Dáil Éireann an amendment to the Constitution making it obligatory upon every candidate for a parliamentary seat to make a declaration in advance of his intention

to take the oath and his seat, if elected. This caused grave embarrassment to the Republicans; for it meant that they no longer would be able to contest elections. So Mr de Valera put his pride in his pocket and decided to enter the Dáil.

Almost to this point the Republican leader had maintained the fiction of the 'Republic in being,' of which he was the President; but shortly before the amendment of the Constitution there was a row between him and some of the more extreme Republicans—mainly women—who thought that he was not going far enough. He then formed the Fianna Fáil party, ceasing to be President of the Republic, an office which passed into the hands of one Art O'Connor, a barrister from County Kildare. Even to-day there is a President of this unique Republic, but the number of his supporters is negligible and his writ does not run far outside his own house.

The taking of the oath degenerated into a complete fiasco. Mr de Valera and his associates went into the matter carefully and hit upon a brilliant plan. They decided to regard the oath as 'an empty formula.' It did not seem to strike them at the time that this 'empty formula' had caused the Civil War, that it had cost the Free State some thousands of lives and a colossal sum of money, and that if it was an 'empty formula' in 1927 it had no greater significance in 1922. But little details of that kind did not bother the Fianna Fáil men. They marched solemnly into Leinster House and took the hated oath. Some of them, more squeamish than others, pushed the Bible round the corner of the desk when they were signing the 'empty formula' so as to allay their conscientious misgivings; but the majority 'vowing they would ne'er consent, consented,' thus adding one more to the long list of Irish inconsistencies.

From the moment when Fianna Fáil swallowed the oath, it was manifest that its advent to power would be merely a matter of time; and so it proved to be. In the meanwhile there was one gorgeous instance of the 'Alice in Wonderland' touch in the Dáil. The Labour party joined forces with Fianna Fáil, but Mr Cosgrave's group was able to out-vote the opposition with the aid of a little party, known as the National party, and led by the late Captain William Redmond, son of John Red-

mond. An issue arose, however, on which it became apparent that the National Party would support Fianna Fáil, and the stage was set for a change of Government. Mr de Valera did not want to take over the Presidency of the Executive Council, so it was arranged that Thomas Johnson, of the Labour party, should form a Cabinet from his own and the National party, including a few Independents in his Ministry.

All was ready ; but the would-be Cabinet-makers had reckoned without the human factor. The intentions of every member of the Dáil were well known and the Government found that it would be in a minority of a single vote when the division should be taken. Mr Cosgrave and his Ministers were resigned to defeat, but some of their outside supporters were not. There was a member of Captain Redmond's party named John Jinks—believe it or not—a publican from the town of Sligo. John was one of the old Redmondite Nationalists who did not think very much of Mr de Valera, but thought a great deal of a glass of good whiskey. This fact was well known to one Major Bryan Cooper, a gallant Irish soldier who was head of a well-known county family in Sligo and was an Independent member of the Dáil. Some time before the fateful division Cooper got hold of John Jinks, who was greatly flattered at the attention paid to him by his aristocratic fellow-countymen, and plied him with what are known in Dublin as 'rosiners.' When the division was taken there was no sign of John Jinks. Cooper had sent him home in the train to Sligo, and amid the wildest excitement the division resulted in a tie. Under the Free State regulations the Speaker of the Dáil has a casting vote. He cast it in favour of the Government, so Mr Cosgrave was saved by the elusive Jinks. Both he and Bryan Cooper since have died.

Mr de Valera came into power in 1932, when he promptly began to turn everything upside down in his effort to create a Republic within the British Empire. He began with the abolition of the oath of allegiance, picked a quarrel with England over certain moneys known as the Land Annuities, that hitherto had been paid by Dublin to London but now were withheld, and then tackled the office of Governor-General. The first occupant of this august position had been Tim Healy, who had

been a fierce rebel all his life ; but so soon as he went to the Viceregal Lodge, he turned completely round and took himself very seriously as the King's representative, insisting on the drinking of His Majesty's health every night at dinner. He was succeeded by James McNeill, a retired Indian Civil Servant, who had been High Commissioner in London, and while he did not go so far as Tim Healy, he also kept a kind of Court in the Phoenix Park, ably assisted by his gifted wife, who formerly had been an extreme Republican.

McNeill was in the Viceregal Lodge when de Valera came into office, and it was clear from the start that he would not be there very long. Shortly after they took over the Government certain members of Mr de Valera's Ministry ostentatiously left the French Legation one evening at a party when the Governor-General arrived, and he was completely boycotted by the new Administration. Mr de Valera got rid of him at the earliest possible opportunity, and then, in order to show his entire contempt for the office of Governor-General—which remained part of the Constitution and therefore had to be retained for the time being—he appointed an elderly shop-keeper from Maynooth, of whom very few people in Ireland ever had heard.

Both previous Governors-General had entertained at the Viceregal Lodge and had taken an active part in the social life of Dublin. The new man, Donal Buckley, did nothing. He did not even go over to London to pay his duty call on King George, and, living in almost complete seclusion in a modest house at Monkstown, he confined his activities to the signing of Acts of the Free State Parliament, which he did on behalf of the King. Thus the position of the King's representative was reduced to a farce. The whole business became utterly ridiculous, and nobody was either surprised or annoyed when, a few months ago, Mr de Valera abolished the office altogether. It is quite within the character of Mr de Valera that in his new Constitution the Governor-General reappears in an even more august form, as President of *Eire*, the new State.

The element of *opéra bouffe* in the Free State has increased since Mr de Valera became head of the Government. One of the most illogical and contradictory

episodes in economic history was known as the Coal-Cattle pact. When Mr de Valera decided to withhold the Land Annuities the so-called 'Economic War' began. After five years it is still in progress. The British declared that they would collect the five million odd pounds a year that the Free State owed them by means of heavy tariffs on all imports from the Saorstát. The Free State in return declared that it would clap equally heavy duties on all imports from Great Britain; and each party was as good as its word.

The British limited their duties in such a way as to yield as nearly as possible the exact amount of the withheld annuities; but the Free State put no limit to their tariffs. In order to encourage the use of foreign coal, from Germany and Poland, a tax of five shillings a ton was placed on all imports of English coal supplies, and the Irish Government netted a very nice income from this source. The British tax on cattle brought the very extensive export trade in livestock almost to a standstill, and, in order to reduce the population of beasts in the Free State, the Government had recourse to an extraordinary expedient. The farmers were invited to slaughter their calves, and were given a bounty of ten shillings for every animal that they killed, while the resulting veal was distributed as a free gift among the poor.

This fantastic condition of affairs could not last long, since the loss of the cattle trade was beggaring the farmers on whom Mr de Valera relied mainly for his political support. Actually it lasted for about eighteen months. Then the British and Irish got together and produced the Coal-Cattle pact. By virtue of this agreement the Free State Government gave the English a monopoly of the Irish coal market on condition that the English should buy cattle from the Saorstát on a pound for pound basis. This, on the face of it, seemed to be an eminently sensible arrangement; but there was a catch in it. Indeed, there were two catches, reducing the whole agreement to the absurd.

The Free State compelled its citizens to buy nothing but English coal, but actually retained the five shilling tax which had been imposed for the express purpose of discouraging the purchase of English coal; and, while

the British Government undertook to buy a large number of Irish cattle every year, it also retained the 40 per cent. penal import duty that had been devised in order to keep the self-same cattle out. The Free State citizen, therefore, got the dirty end of the stick in both hands. He had to pay a tax of five shillings a ton on the only coal that he was allowed to buy and he also was forced to pay, in his capacity as an exporter of livestock, the 40 per cent. tariff on Irish imports into Great Britain.

The British, on the other hand, gained both ways. They got an assured market for their coal, thus being able to reduce the volume of unemployment in South Wales and elsewhere, and also were enabled to collect their 40 per cent. tax on imported Irish cattle, thus compensating themselves for the loss of the Land Annuities. John Bull had diddled Paddy Murphy again! This crazy arrangement continued for twelve months, and then the Free State Government took off the tax on English coal. The British also modified their penal tariffs on Free State imports; but they are continuing to collect more than sufficient money to cover the Land Annuities, every penny of which is being paid by the Free State farmers.

Instances of the 'Economic War's' absurdities could be multiplied. The Free State is one of the finest butter-producing countries in the world; few if any other countries can rival its beautiful primrose-coloured product. As a result of the 'Economic War' there is a heavy tax on imports of Irish butter into Great Britain and Northern Ireland. (So-called, possibly, because the most Northerly point in Ireland happens to be in Southern Ireland, or the Free State!) In order to sell its butter to these two countries, therefore, the Free State Government takes a levy from the butter producers and has fixed the internal price at 1s. 5d. a pound. Consequently, one can buy a pound of Free State butter in Newry for tenpence or a shilling, while ten miles away in Dundalk the same sort of butter costs fivepence or sevenpence more. One man with a sense of humour thought he would have some fun out of this condition of affairs. He went across to England, where he bought a hundredweight of Free State butter, bringing it back with him to Dun Laoghaire. When challenged by the Customs officials, he proceeded

to argue that, since the butter was a native product no duty could be charged on it; but the Customs officers did not see the joke and the ruse failed.

The height of topsy-turveydom was reached when King Edward VIII abdicated from the Throne of England. Before this event took place it was known that Mr de Valera was preparing his brand-new Constitution for the Free State and that it would be based broadly on Document Number Two. He announced that it was being drafted as if the Free State were a million miles away from Great Britain, and that, if and when the Republic should be declared, it would not require the alteration of a comma. When King Edward went, it was necessary, in order to legalise his abdication, that every one of the British Dominions should give its formal and legislative assent to the change. If, therefore, Mr de Valera had done nothing at all, his attitude might have prevented the accession of the new King; and, in fact, this very nearly happened. As it was, King Edward remained King of the Free State for twenty-four hours after he had ceased to be the King of England and the other Dominions.

Mr de Valera introduced two Bills into Dáil Éireann. One of them banished the name of the King from the Free State Constitution and deprived him of all power in the internal affairs of the country. In short, the new Bill got rid of the King altogether, and with him of the last remaining link between the Free State and the British Empire. But Mr de Valera did not want to leave the Empire—yet. So his other Bill provided that King George should be ‘recognised’ for certain ‘external’ purposes, such as diplomatic and consular representation, defence, and the like. Thus this remarkably subtle and astute politician contrived to arrive at his original goal—the creation of a Republican Dominion, an Imperial Republic, or whatever you like to call it. He has got everything both ways now. The British were so busy making the change from Edward to George that they had no time to bother about what was happening in Dublin, and Mr de Valera’s *coup de théâtre* passed almost without notice in the London Press.

But more, a great deal more, is likely to be heard of it, now that Mr de Valera’s new Constitution has been

adopted. The conception of an independent Republic associated externally with the British Commonwealth is quite new; but there is nothing whatever in the constitution of the Commonwealth—the Statute of Westminster—to prevent it. Mr de Valera will not go the whole hog so long as Ireland remains divided; he has no desire for a twenty-six county Republic, so he proposes to remain, as it were, with one foot inside and the other outside the Empire until partition is undone. He is keenly alive to the material advantages of Commonwealth membership—even external membership—apart altogether from matters of trade. As matters stand at present, and as they are likely to stand, citizens of the Free State need no passports when travelling to Great Britain or Northern Ireland and they are eligible for jobs throughout the British Empire. India is full of Southern Irishmen, both in the Army and in the Civil Service. Large numbers of young University graduates—from the ‘National’ as well as from Trinity College—go out every year to places such as West Africa, where they make excellent administrators, while the United Kingdom itself must have thousands of Irish doctors.

The last general election, which was expected to consolidate Mr de Valera’s position, actually did nothing of the sort. In fact, it upset everybody’s calculations and produced a typically anomalous result. There are 138 seats in Dáil Éireann, the number having been reduced from 152 by a special Act of the last Parliament. Mr de Valera did everything in his power to secure an absolute majority; but he failed, obtaining 69 seats, or precisely half the total. In view of the fact that one member of his party is the Speaker and that another has died recently, Mr de Valera at the moment finds himself in a minority in the Dáil, and is forced once again to rely on the Labour Party’s assistance.

The general election in one of the Dublin constituencies provided rather an amusing situation. The constituency of North Dublin was a stronghold of Alderman Alfred Byrne, Dublin’s Lord Mayor, who has been at the Mansion House since 1930 and is by far the most popular man in the Free State. Time after time Alderman Byrne polled a colossal vote in North Dublin; but when the constituencies were being revised the Government

decided that North Dublin should be split in two. In this way it was expected that Alderman Byrne's position would be shaken, since the bi-section of his constituency could not but cost him a very large number of votes. But Alderman Byrne was just as clever as the gerrymanders. On nomination day it was discovered that the name of Alfred Byrne was put forward for both constituencies. The Lord Mayor has a son with the same Christian name as himself; and while the father once more topped the poll in what remained of his old constituency, 'young Alfie,' as he is called, scored a notable victory in the other part. Thus, instead of getting rid of the Lord Mayor, as it had hoped to do, the Fianna Fáil party now has to cope with two 'Alfies' as against one in the last Dáil.

The new Constitution came into force in December and the next item of interest will be the election of an 'Uachtaran' or head of the State. When this office was devised originally, Mr de Valera announced that its occupant must be a man 'above and beyond politics'; but as I write it looks as if he will be a party politician of the first water. Probably there will be a straight contest between a Fianna Fáil man and a nominee of the Cosgrave party, in which event the candidates are likely to be Mr Sean T. O'Kelly and the ubiquitous Lord Mayor of Dublin, Alderman Alfie Byrne. Although there can be no doubt that the Fianna Fáil party has a comfortable majority of votes in the Free State, working on the basis of adult suffrage, for most ordinary purposes, the appearance of Alderman Byrne in the arena may change everything. In a straight fight between him and any given nominee of the Government except Mr de Valera himself, 'Alfie' easily might win, in which case we should have the delightful spectacle of Mr de Valera's being forced to play second fiddle to a man whom he regards as one of his most powerful political opponents. In any other country such a condition of affairs might be looked upon as part of the day's work; but in Ireland it would provoke Homeric laughter and would do enormous damage to Mr de Valera's prestige.

Speculation in regard to such matters of mainly domestic interest is keeping the public mind so much

interested that the major problem of the Free State's future vis-à-vis the British Commonwealth has almost been forgotten. How long this condition of affairs will last cannot be foretold ; but another anomalous element in the situation is the fact that Great Britain cannot throw the Free State out of the Commonwealth. It seems that so long as Mr de Valera, or whoever may succeed him, wishes to keep the privileges and reject the responsibilities of Commonwealth status, His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom is powerless to say him nay. Thus we may arrive ultimately at the denouement envisaged by George Bernard Shaw in the ' Apple Cart,' when Great Britain, tired of her role as victim of the Dominions, may seek to secede from the Commonwealth only to be restrained forcibly by the other member-states, headed by the Irish !

R. M. SMYLLIE.

Art. 4.—AN ASCENT OF THE WATZMANN.

1. *Alpine Journal*. Vol. XLIX ; No. 254. May 1937.
2. *Mitteilungen des Deutschen und Oesterreichischen Alpen-Vereines*, 1937.

A YEAR ago there occurred on the Watzmann, a peak of nearly nine thousand feet in the Bavarian Alps, a mountaineering drama that surpassed any other Alpine extravaganza that has ever been performed—not even excepting the notorious attempts to climb the Eigerwand in 1935 and 1936. The originators of the drama were two youths, uncle and nephew, each of them named Joseph Frey. They opened the proceedings on Jan. 1, 1937, by setting out from the shores of the well-known Bavarian lake, the Königssee, to make a direct assault upon the east face of the Watzmann. This face can claim precedence over every other precipice in the Alps, except perhaps the Eigerwand, for it is a sheer wall almost six thousand feet high. In summer experienced mountaineers have occasionally reached the summit of the Watzmann by scaling this wall, and its difficulties are well known. Captain Farrar, who achieved the fifth summer ascent by this route, has spoken of the climb as ‘enthraling’ and ‘requiring considerable knowledge of snow conditions.’ He also mentions the gaping crevasses in the enormous avalanche-banks which afford the only means of access to the series of precipitous slabs constituting the main feature of the eastern wall. The leader on this occasion took off his boots and climbed in his stockings. The only winter attempt made on this side before that of the Freys was a desperate exploit accomplished by four guideless climbers in 1930. The performance lasted three days, and the men bivouacked three times in holes or caves in the wall. It ended in failure, and the editor of the ‘Alpine Journal’ speaks of it as an unjustifiable expedition in which the survival of the party was merely due to chance.

The two Freys * who made that winter attempt

* The Editor of the ‘Alpine Journal’ states that the ages of the Freys were 21 and 19 years respectively, and they were hoping that a successful issue of their exploit would have qualified them for inclusion in an overseas mountaineering team, with the result of improving the living conditions for their respective fathers, aged 72 and 62. He praises the extraordinary gallantry of the rescuers and remarks that it would be interesting to learn what the total cost of such an elaborate mobilisation amounted to.

were skilled cragsmen, but they had never been on the mountain before, and were in consequence completely ignorant of the very intricate topography of this precipice. They chose, too, to begin their adventure during a period of persistent bad weather, and everywhere the rocks were encumbered with masses of fresh snow. Anxiety for the two adventurers was first felt on the very day they started—it was New Year's Day. They had quitted their skis at the foot of the cliffs at the point where hand-and-foot climbing begins. Half an hour before midnight that night a forester chanced to see a light falling down the precipice. He hurried to the foot of the cliffs at once and shouted repeatedly up into the darkness. The falling light was a lantern that the Freys had dropped, but neither of them returned an answer to the forester's shouts. He, therefore, naturally assuming that an accident must have happened, reported what he had seen to the life-saving post, and on the morning of Jan. 2 three guides were sent to investigate. But there were no signs of an accident, and the guides could see the Freys ascending the precipice, so, as the weather was getting worse, they shouted to them to return. The climbers paid no attention to the call and continued to ascend. The fact was that this intractable couple were determined to resist any attempt at rescue, and purposely refrained from replying. From now on, however, they were more or less continuously under observation from the village of Bartolomä until, on reaching a shelf in the face of the mountain known as the Schöllhornplatte, they bivouacked for the night. That was the evening of Jan. 2. On the 3rd they were again observed to be advancing over a series of great rock-steps or ledges in the face of the precipice till they had succeeded in reaching the third ledge in the series.

Meanwhile at the headquarters of the German-Austrian Alpine Club in Munich the mother of one of the two gladiators reported that she was in great anxiety because neither of the men had kept his promise to return to Munich on the 3rd. Accordingly rescue operations were set on foot by Herr Siebenwurst, who, perhaps, more than anyone else possessed the necessary qualifications, for he had led his compatriots when they undertook the terrible search for the bodies of the four Munich climbers who had sacrificed themselves to the Eigerwand in 1936.

Siebenwurst, realising that in the thickly-falling snow rescue operations directed either from the base of the precipice or from the summit of the mountain would be equally impossible, obtained the services of a pilot with an aeroplane in the hope of being able to throw down food and clothing to the distressed climbers.

On Jan. 4, therefore, an experienced mountaineer who was intimately acquainted with the topography of the east wall set out in company with the pilot in the plane. They carried a load including warm clothing, solidified methylated spirit, matches, a tent-sack, and blankets. Approaching the wall at a height of about seven thousand feet, they flew as near the precipice as they dared, swooping down the face of it till they could see tracks in the snow on the fourth great ledge. Approaching a second time, they again swooped down the cliffs, and threw out a bundle—too low unfortunately, for it lodged on the second great ledge, out of range of the climbers. So another attempt was made to get still nearer to the mountain. Steering straight for the wall, the pilot banked at the last possible moment, so that the passenger could lean out and hurl once more. This time the aim was true, and the bundle fell right on to the fourth ledge, close to the tracks. Unfortunately, however, the Freys were now seen to be above the fourth ledge, engaged in swarming up a steep crack which would give them access to the fifth ledge, and without turning back they could not reach the packet that had been thrown. So further attempts were necessary. Again and again at great risk the pilot circled nearer and nearer to the crags, until eight bundles in all had been thrown out. One load containing provisions was dashed to pieces down the cliffs, the tent-sack was dropped out of reach; but two bundles fell close to the climbers. Not till afterwards was it learnt that this dangerous work had been all in vain, and that the Freys had been unable—or perhaps unwilling—to reach any of the material provided for them.

Simultaneously with those heroic efforts in the air, a relief expedition was being organised to proceed on foot. The 100th Jaeger Regiment in Reichenfall had offered to send some good men. Altogether there were three Jaegers, nine climbers from Munich, and two from Berchtesgaden. There was indeed not a man too many;

messengers were badly needed, and a code of signals was organised to operate between Bartolomä and the top of the Watzmann : by day with boards laid out on a meadow, and by night with rockets. In such weather to try to ascend the precipice in the tracks of the infatuated adventurers was out of the question. The only conceivable hope of rescuing them lay in getting to them by means of ropes from a position of terrible exposure on the very summit of the mountain. A watch, too, must be kept, in so far as observation was possible, to make sure that the two men did not turn back and make a desperate attempt to retreat by the way they had come.

Owing to its being blocked with ice, the Königsee was impassable to boats, but already in the morning of the 5th the thirteen men carrying heavy rucksacks were well on their way up to the peak, ascending by the ordinary route. They had slept at the foot of the mountain, arriving there at midnight and starting on again at six in the morning in darkness. The snow was so deep and soft that they sank into it above the hips, yet shortly after ten o'clock in that morning they had reached the top of the Watzmann and snatched a brief but much-needed rest. Some of the party then moved on over an ice-bound ridge to the middle peak, while others busied themselves on the summit with excavating a hole in the snow to serve as a shelter from the abominable weather. A grim silence reigned over the ghastly precipice at their feet, and there was no sign of the death-struggle that the unfortunate Freys were engaged in more than a thousand feet below.

In hopes of discovering the whereabouts of the Freys the rescue-party climbed on to a tower projecting from the ridge, and affording a view down the cliffs. Again and again they all shouted together, but there was no reply. For at least three hours in the bitter cold they climbed backwards and forwards along the ridge, peering into the depths in vain. Owing to the great width of the precipice it was impossible to know at what point to descend, for the Freys could not be seen, and at this juncture the situation was further obscured by the approach of a joy-riding aeroplane that circled noisily overhead and confused the attempts that were being made to communicate by signals with the valley.

Suddenly, at half-past one in the afternoon, a member

of the rescue-party caught sight of the Freys, and all gathered at once at the point from which the discovery had been made. The two were seen struggling up towards the fifth ledge ; they were still more than 1400 feet below, and soon they were observed to be making preparations for their fifth bivouac on the mountain. They could not have failed to see the search-party, and though it was afterwards learnt that they were already short of food, it seems that they were still unwilling to be rescued, for they made no sign, and the incessant shouting of the large party gathered on the summit produced no reply.

Now, however, that the situation of the Freys was known, operations could be begun. For the time being the weather had cleared and there was no wind, although everywhere the rock-face was covered with snow. At two o'clock, then, the first of the rescuers was lowered over the edge of the cliff. Six ropes had been joined together, and a length of more than a thousand feet was available, but it was not enough. It added to the difficulty that as soon as the first man had been lowered for more than five hundred feet it became impossible to hear what he said, while at the same time fog enveloped the summit and made it impossible to see. The weather, too, was getting worse ; it began to snow, and then, unexpectedly, from far below a faint cry for help was heard. It was the first sign vouchsafed by the Freys.

It was difficult to say which of the rescuers had the more dreadful task, those who had to descend the avalanche-swept precipice or those who in a position of constant exposure on the summit had to manage the ropes. The clothing and faces of the summit-party became plastered with ice, and one of them even objected to having the icicles removed from his face because, as he said, they were a protection from the freezing wind. It appeared that the Freys were now on a small ledge under a vertical cliff, about a hundred feet high and cutting them off from their rescuers, who had not enough rope to reach the position. To the hauling-party on the summit-ridge the work seemed endless as they gripped the frozen rope with their numbed hands. Finally, at a quarter to four in the afternoon the two who had so nearly reached the Freys were obliged to abandon the struggle owing to lack of rope, and made signals to be hauled up again. The

rescue work had to be broken off, and three of the summit-party hurried down to the valley to get more rope for further attempts to be made on the next day. The remaining ten spent a terrible night cowering in the hole they had hacked out of the snow on the top of the mountain. Down in the valley it was raining in torrents, and as there was not enough rope to be found there, more was sent for in the night from distant villages.

On the 6th, down at Bartolomä a glimpse was caught of the Freys moving laboriously upward through deep snow. Nothing could be seen of the men on the summit, for they were hidden in the clouds flying past. An occasional rift would reveal streamers of snow being blown off the ridges to a great height in the sky. The storm was becoming more violent. On the top of the mountain on the 6th dawn broke with fresh snow and an icy wind from the west. Reluctantly evacuation was decided on, for no sign of life could be discovered on the east face and it was deemed impossible that the Freys could have survived such a night. In deep discouragement the party began the retreat. In the valley two brothers of the missing men awaited with anxious looks the descending rescuers. The latter could only shake their heads to them in silence.

In the meantime, however, Herr Hitler himself was stirring on his Olympus, and had called for a report. He was informed that there was no hope left for the Freys; that they must be dead. But almost at the same moment as the report was made, the news came from Bartolomä that the Freys were still alive. Watchers with telescopes had caught sight of them at work on the precipice, trying to creep still higher. Immediately the resolution that had inspired the searchers returned, and under the Führer's inspiration a new plan of campaign was hurriedly concerted. Herr Hitler promised more rope; in fact, such a quantity came that there now was enough to lower a whole party half-way down the mountain, the actual length available being more than 3400 feet. Besides this, wind-jackets, gloves, tents, climbing-irons, and provisions were to be supplied as well as more soldiers from the Jaeger Regiment to act as porters for carrying that outfit to the top of the Watzmann. The men who were actually engaged in succouring the Freys were to travel light and without rucksacks, so as to arrive as fresh as possible on

the scene of their labours. The Jaeger Regiment also installed a wireless apparatus in the valley to facilitate communications with their headquarters.

By seven o'clock that evening a lieutenant and forty-four men were on the way to the theatre of operations. Scouts had been posted on a ridge overlooking the east wall, and these reported that owing to the violence of the storm they had been unable to see any sign of the Freys. Consequently it had not been possible to make reassuring signals to the two rash climbers, who must have been feeling that their last hour had come, for they could hardly have expected to survive another night of such harsh exposure. The expeditionary force, however, was now mobilised. From all sides came news of rain and snow. If the Freys were still alive they would assuredly not be able to escape rescue much longer. Before ascending the mountain the rescue-party lay down to get what rest they could, while the soldiers, who had arrived at eleven o'clock that evening soaked to the skin, continued for the rest of the night to carry equipment to the summit.

As early as half-past five in the morning of the 7th the rescue-party proper were on the move. It was still dark, and overhead, on the steep precipice and ridges, glimmered the lanterns of the Jaegers. The storm continued to be severe, but the rain and snow had ceased. Half-way up the mountain the party overtook the heavily-laden Jaegers and, arriving before them on the summit, set to work at enlarging the snow-shelter. A signal from the valley indicated that the Freys were now in a direct line below the top of the peak, and at the look-out post the scouts could hear their cries for help. The soldiers had already brought up the ropes, and although the provisions had not yet arrived, that fact was considered of little importance, as there seemed to be no time to eat. Indeed, so great was the haste that those lowering the rope paid it out too quickly and the man who was being lowered stumbled and fell, starting an enormous avalanche which thundered down the face. Luckily the Freys were not in its track. The man descending then climbed out on to a projecting rock, shouted and heard a faint answer from below: 'Help! We are still alive.'

Three more were then lowered, and this enabled the

first man who had descended to be lowered another three or four hundred feet. Here, his rope having come to an end, he shouted himself hoarse, but got no answer. A second then joined him, and they shouted together, but with no result. Avalanches of snow-dust rushed past them with the sound of great waterfalls. Everything was hidden in clouds of snow-dust, but since something had to be done, a traverse across the cliffs was tried in order to reach a point from which the missing men might perhaps be visible. At every step the rope dislodged huge chunks of snow that fell on the precariously-placed climber. He was just about to reach the position desired when suddenly to his dismay the rope swung him off his feet and began rapidly to hoist him up the cliff. Those far above him had misunderstood his movements and interpreted them as signals to them to haul. It was useless to resist or protest, for all the means of communicating with those who were at such an immense distance above him were unavailing. Irresistibly he was dragged aloft; then, as the rope had buried itself deeply in the snow and the knots caused an obstruction, the upward movement came to an end and the unfortunate man found himself back on a level with the three comrades who had descended after him. Here, on the little shelf to which they were clinging, he paused exhausted, while two more were let down to join them, so that six men now constituted the advance group on the rock-wall. For a few moments, while they hesitated, doubting what to do, they fancied they heard a faint reply to their shouts. Snow fell unceasingly and, after a brief consultation, another member of their small party was lowered for three or four hundred feet. It was agreed that if nothing came of this attempt the battle for the missing men would have to be given up as hopeless, for throughout the day the advance party felt continuously the gravest apprehensions whether the men controlling the ropes from the summit and exposed to the full fury of the weather up there would be able to hold out. If they succumbed, it was obvious that all who were working on the face were doomed.

Meanwhile, the leading man was lowered by his five companions and the rope ran out steadily until it stopped, and then no answer came to their inquiries. They waited, but nothing happened. Finally, in despair they lowered

another man to investigate. Again an anxious pause, and then the glad news was shouted up that the leading rescuer could be seen standing by the Freys and giving them food. The relief was extreme. It was some time before the signal came for pulling, and then the work went slowly, for three men were suspended on the rope and only five were available for hauling. However, the three were doggedly drawn up, inch by inch, and the pitiful figures of the Freys appeared. It was then the turn of the haulers to be pulled up by those who were keeping watch on the summit. In the final stage four men were actually drawn up together, a feat that may well astonish anyone who has had the opportunity of observing what alarming wear and tear the friction of the rock may inflict on the strands of an Alpine rope, even when the weight of only one man is being pulled up on it.

Hours passed, and when at last all the rescuers had been drawn to the summit they realised the appalling task of the five stalwarts who had held out so gallantly in that exposed position throughout the day with their faces and hands coated with ice, anxiously obeying what could be understood of the signals that came to them. As soon as the Freys were hoisted to the summit a tent-sack was thrown over them, but in its frozen condition the brittle fabric was torn to pieces in the icy wind, and the rescue-party employed their own bodies to shelter the exhausted couple while tea and food were administered. Nevertheless, there was no time to spare, for a long trying descent with grave danger of avalanches was still to be faced, so, after a very short rest, the Freys were roped and the retreat was begun. It was by no means too soon, if they were not to be benighted high up on the mountain. The elaborate gear was left behind, lives being rightly deemed as more important than material. The snow was up to the men's waists, and it was impossible to hurry the Freys. In the latter part of the descent two members of the party gave up their skis for the use of the rescued men, and followed at a much slower pace, floundering through the snow. By good luck and in spite of the increasing darkness all eventually reached the Alpine club-hut in safety. In the hut the floor streamed with water, everywhere wet clothes were hanging, and frostbitten feet were being doctored, while outside the storm continued.

Finally, on Jan. 8, the transport of the injured men down the valley drew the last ounce of strength from their heroic rescuers. At two in the afternoon the ambulance was reached and by eight o'clock that evening the Freys were safely deposited in hospital. Their winter excursion on the Watzmann had occupied the two adventurers—not to mention their unfortunate rescuers—a whole week.

A severe, yet magnanimous, criticism of the Freys' exploit has been published by one of the rescue-party in the journal of the German-Austrian Alpine Club. The writer does justice to the men in admitting their audacity, perseverance, and powers as cragsmen, but rightly draws attention to their folly as well as to their inhumanity in so obstinately refraining at first from answering their rescuers' appeals. He also points out that in the elucidation of mountaineering problems brains count at least as much as bodies. Unless the heroic search-party had reached the Freys on the morning of the seventh day the wretched pair must have perished. They had clear warning of the state of the weather, even if they were not capable of forming any judgment of it for themselves; and as mountaineers they should have been able to deny themselves the summit when conditions were obviously prohibitive.

C. F. MEADE.

Art. 5.—AMERICANS AND THE CALL OF EUROPE.

OUT of the medley of bunting, decorations, pageants, functions, and ceremonies which filled London to overflowing during the hectic spring and summer months of the Coronation year of King George VI, one impression stands out more clearly than others in the mind of an American observer in England. It is of the ardent, enthusiastic participation of Americans in what a great American journalist has called 'this King business.' England was never so full of Americans as during this spring. They began to come early when London was yet boarded up in preparation for the Big Parade, and looked like a stage before the curtain rises. The hotels, cafés, and haunts of Americans in London were teeming with horn-rim spectacled men from the West, gentle-faced, well-preserved mothers from New England with their pretty *débutante* daughters, film magnates, stars, publishers, and self-assertive gentlemen from Hollywood, Broadway, and Washington.

As the Coronation time approached and London blossomed forth into a riot of flags and colour, the American wave rose higher, gathered force, submerged the *débutantes* and the celebrities from Hollywood and Broadway. What the London newspapers called the American invasion had begun. The Strand, Piccadilly, Leicester Square, Regent and Oxford Streets were so full of Americans that the inimitable Low was inspired to produce a brilliant cartoon showing Londoners coming down in charabancs to the West End to see the sights of America. The new tourists were no longer denizens of the Savoy, Dorchester, and Ritz Hotels. They were chiefly good, solid inhabitants of middle-class Main Street, mostly women—probably ten women to one man—doctors' wives, wives of lawyers, of bankers, manufacturers, and brokers, together with a number of teachers and social workers, all that pretty horde of restless American women who for some unknown reason are more dissatisfied with America than are their menfolk, and who annually invade Europe in search of the life and adventure which they fail to find at home. Last year this particular invasion was much bigger than usual. The Coronation

seemed to attract Americans like a magnet. Every steamer from the States was packed to capacity and disgorged tourists by the thousands; never had steamship companies done such a rushing business; never had they brought from across the Atlantic such crowds of seething, eager humanity.

During the Coronation itself these tourists played a most important rôle. Their interest in the whole affair was the most genuine. They simply bubbled over with enthusiasm for everything they saw, and they voiced their admiration without restraint. They led the cheering at the processions; they braved the long-drawn formalities of the Westminster Abbey ceremony with a relish which was both enviable and infectious; they stood in the rain before Buckingham Palace and cheered loudly and long until the King and Queen, wearing their crowns, the Queen Mother, and the dear little Princesses appeared on the balcony and waved their Royal hands and bowed. One wonders how far less inspiring that spectacle would have seemed without this loyal band from across the sea who cheered themselves hoarse, filled the best hotels of London, toasted the King and Queen in champagne, and sang 'God Save the King' with more ardour, loyalty, and devotion than probably they had ever sung the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' Now that the big spectacle is over, the flags and decorations removed, the huge grandstands demolished, and London is its old, grey, unadorned lovely self again, the cheers and enthusiasm of these people from across the ocean is the only thing that lingers in the mind. One cannot rid oneself of the host of questions and thoughts trailing in the wake of these excited crowds, like bits of the Coronation bunting and ribbons which someone has forgotten to remove from a drab grey London building and which keep on flapping with every gust of wind.

Why did these people cross the Atlantic in their thousands? Why did they cheer so wildly, sing so devoutly, act so enthusiastically about it all? Why did the great majority of them behave as if the Coronation was as much their intimate affair as that of the English themselves? After all, the United States is not part of the British Empire. It has a tradition of over 150 years of a republican form of government, which is in direct

contradiction to that which is symbolised by the Monarchy. If one's memory of America is not deceptive, the name of King George used to evoke a strong and not unhealthy antagonism in wide and influential sections of American society not so very long ago. What is it that has brought about this remarkable change in the thoughts and feelings of America? Whence the present admiration of the sixth George which the third and fourth of the same line of kings did not command?

This is no mere speculation evoked by the accident of the Royal pageant. For this outburst of American enthusiasm for the institution of the British Monarchy is not an isolated event. For the last ten years the admiration of the ruling class of American society for English aristocracy and its fountain-head, the Monarchy, has been growing, until it has become to-day one of the most outstanding characteristics of American tourists in Europe. The Coronation may have been its high-water mark, but it was not the whole tide. Its significance lies not in the fact of this single event but in the whole development of that strange metamorphosis which has been going on in the psychology of Americans in Europe since the Great War.

Those who remember the first rush of American tourists to Europe soon after the War will never forget the remarkable rôle which those Americans found themselves playing almost against their will. They had leadership actually thrust upon them. Merely to be an American then was to be a born leader, almost a saviour. The thrill of President Wilson's words and the impression of the youthful American Expeditionary Force still lingered in European minds, and surrounded every American with a halo of romance. War-ridden, tired, and prostrated Europe looked up to those young, healthy, swinging figures of the Americans marching down their boulevards and squares as to men almost from another planet, men whose mere youth, health, and strength had a mystic healing power. This blind adoration and pathetic faith could not but have a psychological effect on Americans in Europe then. *Noblesse oblige* is a psychological law. When one has the mantle of leadership thrust upon one and the eyes of multitudes look up to one in

pleading adoration, one almost instinctively assumes the rôle of a leader.

Much has been told of the vulgarity of the first American tourists in Europe after the War and of their superior, parvenu attitude towards starving Europe and its old culture. But this is a very superficial view of that period ; there was more than mere vulgarity and wealth-flaunting in that attitude. Americans in those days, even the most humble of tourists, acted and behaved with a generosity and bigness which is not wholly effaced in Europe even now. They did not deliberately flaunt their wealth before poor Europeans ; their very appearance in the midst of half-starved, shabby multitudes created an impression of smug self-satisfaction and vulgarity. Similarly with their so-called superiority towards European culture. There was nothing snobbish about that. They were merely supremely conscious of their Americanism, of the virtues of ' God's Own Country,' and of its supremacy above the old, decrepit Europe which had permitted itself to be bled almost to death. They were conscious of America's strength, youth, and freedom from the old, devastating traditions and institutions which had brought Europe to the brink of the abyss. They felt distinctly that America was not like Europe, and they were glad that it was not so. They felt a sort of clean, strong pride in America, in its institutions, in its democracy and freedom, in the simple ways of American social equality, all of which they felt vaguely were better than those of Europe. Hence that feeling of ' superiority.' Americans in those days were merely American-conscious and not apologetic to Europe. Probably for the first time since the days of Lincoln, Whitman, and Emerson, Americans were aware that America had something of its own to contribute to mankind, something not less valuable than anything European civilisation has created.

It is a great pity that that period was so brief and passed so quickly. With all its inevitable smugness, self-assurance, even bumptiousness, it was infinitely more desirable than the period of self-effacement, apology, and prostration before everything European which followed soon afterwards. It is difficult to ascertain the reasons for this strange change. Perhaps it was a natural reaction to the rise of American prestige and spirit during and

soon after the War ; perhaps Europe had revived somewhat from its blood-letting and had begun to assert its old superiority ; perhaps events in the United States since the depression had dampened the spirit of Americans and had awakened doubts in the strength and inexhaustible possibilities of the United States. It is also possible that the healthy but somewhat exaggerated tide of American self-criticism let loose by Mr Sinclair Lewis's 'Main Street' and 'Babbitt' has contributed towards the metamorphosis. Whatever the reason, the fact is that in less than a decade Americans (and I am speaking of Americans only as they are seen in Europe) have lost all their old confidence, pride, and consciousness of their distinct Americanism and have slunk into a feeling of inferiority which they have hardly ever manifested before. Americans come to Europe now not as saviours or leaders, but mostly as worshippers. The old pride in America is gone ; the feeling that America has something valuable of its own to contribute to human culture is non-existent. It is bad form to assert that anything American is better than European ; no one dreams of demonstrating one's Americanism even in a non-vulgar manner ; one is almost apologetic about it. One comes to Europe impressed in advance by the superiority of the Old World. Everything in Europe is wonderful ; it is old, it is full of tradition ; it has culture ; it has history ; it has something mysterious which America has not. One must bow before it in reverence and tread gently upon its sacred soil.

Nowhere does this strange obsequiousness come so clearly to the surface as it does in England. For reasons difficult to unravel, Great Britain of the post-War period somehow seems to overawe the average American and to weigh him down into silent reverence. The minute the majority of American tourists step on British soil, they begin to feel and to act as if they were in an ancient cathedral. Everything is hallowed by history and made sacred by tradition. Everything in England is wonderful, particularly the English countryside. To hear the raptures of the American tourists about the beauties of the English countryside, one would come to the conclusion that these people had never seen a garden in their own country ; that they had never known flowers, shrubs,

trees, or rolling fields ; that they had not come from a land whose countryside is as limitless as the horizon, whose wheatfields are rolling like a sea without a break ; whose prairies no eye can encompass, whose rivers traverse continents, whose mountain ranges pierce the clouds, and whose forests annually burn in the most glorious blaze of colour known to man, that of Indian summer.

But the real significance of the present mood of American tourists in Europe lies in the fact that it is not confined to England. It is only the prominence of Americans of Anglo-Saxon extraction that makes their movements in Europe more widely known than those of others. But the fact is that what happened in England during the Coronation is, in different forms, now happening in practically every country in Europe, and in most of these countries it is assuming shapes more sinister than in England. Anyone who has watched the waves of American tourists beating upon the shores of Europe, particularly during the last half a decade, has certainly noticed a significant change in the national composition and temper of the arrivals. Since the Nazi regime the number of American tourists of German descent going to Germany has increased greatly. Before the recent trials and executions, Soviet Russia attracted a large number of Americans, primarily of Russian extraction. During the boom years of 1933-36 Palestine was a little magnet for American Jews. Immigrant Americans of practically every other country in Europe have been going annually in their thousands to visit their old homes. The scenes in all of these old homes are strangely like those in England. The same blind adoration, the same reverence bordering on religion, the same prostration before the mysterious 'old culture,' the same strange romanticism and sheepish sentimentality, and even a greater subordination, almost abnegation of one's Americanism to the Europe from which most of these men fled as from a curse a generation or more ago. One watches these thousands disembarking on the quays of Southampton, Plymouth, and Cherbourg, young, middle-aged, and old, all with an eager light in their eyes and fervour in their voices which is not the fervour of people

bent only on pleasure or adventure. The truth is that these people are not all coming to Europe to seek pleasure, pomp, or pageantry. Most of them are coming in search of something else, something probably undefinable to themselves, but more important than enjoyment; something which they believe that they cannot find at home.

Herein is the new significance of the manifestation, and this is why it cannot be dismissed so lightly. It involves a number of serious questions which must be faced even if they cannot be answered. What is it that Europe, particularly present-day Europe, offers to Americans that America has not? What is that mysterious 'old culture' which is attracting these people? Is it Guernica, Almeria, and Bilbao? Is it the rape of freedom, the murder of democracy, the destruction of everything precious that humanity has bled and suffered for for centuries? Is it the government of the bully and gangster, the concentration camp, the Rassenshande laws, the worse-than-Tsaristic pogroms executed by people who were themselves saved from the Cossack knout less than twenty years ago? Is it the murder from the air of fleeing men, women, and children; the conquest by poison gas, and the indifference of those who are not for the moment attacked? Has Europe in the whole of its modern history ever sunk so low, morally, spiritually, politically, economically? Has it ever been nearer to a bloody shambles where maniacs are slaughtering each other with a cruelty surpassing that of the jungle? Yet people from across the Atlantic are flocking in their thousands to this bloody ruin as on a pilgrimage. What is it they are seeking here? What inspiration are they finding in the mediævalism at Westminster, in the revived paganism at Nuremberg, at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, and at the Red Mausoleum in Moscow, the free prairies, the corn belts, the cotton belts, the deserts and mountains of the United States have not? Why is it that Americans look to the blood-drunk Old World tottering on the verge of the abyss for its inspiration and ideals?

A middle-aged American woman, a typical tourist in a state of Coronation ecstasy, has provided what seems

to me the nearest approach to a correct answer to these questions. She was one of those pleasant American women whose age it is impossible to gauge, for somehow they manage to keep their neat, beautiful appearance unchanged from thirty-five to sixty. She is probably the wife of a well-to-do Boston, Chicago, or Kansas City business-man or politician. Most likely she has married off her daughters happily; her sons are well-established in business or in professions, and she now has time to look after her own life. Her husband is still busy making money and she, being of an independent nature, has come by herself to Europe, where she remained for the Coronation. We sat next to each other in the grandstand overlooking the Coronation procession on the Embankment. She showed an intense, almost childish interest in every detail of the pageant, and as I was able to enlighten her on some of the things which interested her, we formed one of those polite acquaintanceships which people make so easily in foreign countries. During the long hours of waiting for the pageant to start she was strangely restless, and her restlessness grew into excitement with the approach of the royal carriage. When the antiquated coach passed, with its royal occupants, her excitement reached the point of ecstasy. She cheered, she waved, she shouted, and when the music nearby broke out in 'God Save the King,' she joined in with so much fervour and devotion that she easily stood out as an example of flaming patriotism among the several thousand people in that section of the grandstand, whose enthusiasm could be best described as lukewarm. She attracted everyone's attention, and she evidently knew it and was well-pleased with the fact.

When the procession had passed I plucked up courage to ask her for an explanation of what seemed to me a strange phenomenon. At first she did not seem to understand my question. Why should she not be excited and enthusiastic? Was not the King being crowned? And was not this a proper occasion for enthusiasm and patriotism? She was still flushed and her eyes shone. It was only when I timidly pointed out that, after all, King George was being crowned King of the British Empire and that the United States was a foreign country which had renounced allegiance to all kings and monarchs

over 150 years ago, that she understood what was worrying me. Believing me to be English, she did not disdain to speak to me, and being still in a state of ecstasy she spoke freely and sincerely, without the restraints of conventional thought.

'You see, I feel differently about England from any other foreign country'—she spoke with an inspired earnestness as at a confessional; she was clearly trying to explain the question to herself, not only to me. 'I don't feel foreign here. I feel this to be my home just as Peoria, Illinois, where I was born and my father and his parents before him. Both my father and mother were of English extraction. Father's folks have been so long in the States that he hardly remembered his English origin, but mother's people came over in the middle of last century and she kept up her family connections. Her folks still live in Yorkshire. When I was younger and busy with bringing up the children and looking after the home, I never thought of these things. But now that I have plenty of time on my hands, I go to England every year and I visit the little village in Yorkshire. It is strange to confess, but when I get there, I feel as if I come home, a home more real than Peoria. There is something in the air, in the soil, in the people that is mine. The little churchyard where my ancestors are lying is mine; the Yorkshire moors, the whole of England, its history, tradition, all are mine. I cannot explain it, but I feel that somewhere way down deep I am rooted in this soil and I belong here. It is the call of the blood, I suppose,' she added wistfully, 'for fundamentally we Americans of Anglo-Saxon descent are English.'

She spoke on for a long time, chiefly, it seemed to me, to justify to herself her new theory, but I was no longer interested. I knew it all. Had I not heard these words ecstatically repeated over the length and breadth of Germany years before National-Socialism swept the country? Had I not heard theories of race and blood and soil exposed with the same fervour and religious zeal at every nationalistic congress and in practically every country in Europe? What this pleasant American woman was hesitatingly and haltingly trying to explain to herself and to me as a great new discovery, has been

thundering over Europe for the last few years, destroying lives by the thousands and the happiness of millions and drowning in a sea of hatred and blood everything that has been dear and sacred to mankind for the last two centuries. Without her knowing it a spark of the great European conflagration had lodged in her heart and kindled a flame akin to that which is now raging from Ireland to Soviet Russia. Was not that true also of the thousands of other Americans abroad and at home? Is not this the secret of the moods and thoughts of Americans in Europe during the last half a decade?

A host of facts spring to the mind in ready confirmation of this theory. The Americans of English and Scottish stock who have now discovered England are not all snobs who seek to share the exclusiveness of the English aristocracy; some of them, at least, have clearly been infected by the race and ancestry pestilence which is now raging in Europe. In former years these people, even the most snobbish of them, were not interested in ancestors, racial stock, or descent. If they had ancestors at all, these did not go further back than 1776. They themselves did not hail from anywhere, physically or historically. They were Americans first, last, and all the time. History for them began with the New World and nothing that had existed before mattered. They took pride in America being a young country not weighed down by the musty traditions of the Old World. Whatever social exclusiveness they wanted they found in the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution. Now this no longer suffices. These people have suddenly discovered the virtue of history, are rushing about in their Rolls-Royces throughout England and Scotland in search of ancestors and of some link with mediæval England, and are moping about the beauty of tradition and the 'common history, common ancestry, and common heritage of America and England.'

Next to the Americans of Anglo-Saxon descent, those of German origin were most quickly and thoroughly Americanised. Their Americanisation came not from a feeling of pride, as in the case of the Yankee stock, but from a furtive sense of group inferiority from which Germans, for some unknown reason, suffer everywhere.

They were quickest to forget their European origin and to become at one with America. They assimilated more quickly than other immigrants; they looked more American than others, and were the most successful products of the American Melting-Pot. Now, when one watches passengers from America disembarking from the 'Europa' and 'Bremen,' one notices a certain new feeling of pride of Germany, of her strength and power, of her crack steamers and army, of her prestige and of her Führer which the Germany of the Kaisers never evoked. When these people get to Germany the call of the old Vaterland becomes stronger still. That which makes Hitler claim that Germans are Germans wherever they are and under whatever government they live, is stirring in them. They do not revert to the old type; particularly not the younger people born in America; they do not become converted to Nazism, but most of them imbibe something of its spirit and the majority adopt the easiest article of its faith—anti-Semitism. One frequently meets German-American tourists now who had never before known of the existence of a Jewish problem, and who come back confirmed anti-Semites from a visit to Germany. This is not because they have actually become converted to anti-Semitism, but because Jew-hatred takes with them the place of German patriotism. It is a species of Nazism which superficially does not appear to interfere with their Americanism. One can be a good American, they believe, and still hate Jews. Yet this Jew-hatred is but a blind for something else; it is a negative expression of the newly found positive feeling for the Third Reich. It is these people's secret response to the call of the new Vaterland.

The Italian, Polish, Russian, Slovak, Lithuanian, Rumanian, and other immigrants never were fully melted in the American Melting-Pot. The majority of them had always remained more Italian, Polish, Russian, Slovak, or Rumanian than American. Now that the call of European nationalism has become louder, it finds a readier response among them. Many are going back home for good; others for temporary visits to drink in the spirit of the old home. The tribal drums are beating; the big chiefs are calling their distant tribesmen and these are answering the primitive call. A most remarkable

illustration of this phenomenon are the Jews. The Jews have always been more patriotic than any other immigrant people in America. Their love for America has been mingled with a pathetic gratitude which made their patriotism more profound than that of most other immigrants. During the last decade the tide of nationalism has swept over a section even of these people with the result that the profound passionate interest in the National Home and in Palestinian affairs has eclipsed America in the minds of many Zionists. The fight with the Arabs, the struggle with the Mandatory Power, the proposal of the Royal Commission to divide Palestine, are of greater importance than any problem or social event in the United States. This profound interest in Palestine in no way affects the Jewish, and not even the Zionist, devotion for America, but it shows that the hearts and souls of many of these people, their profoundest emotions, greatest interest, and strongest idealism belong to their National Home.

And so it is with practically every national group in the United States. Judging at least by their tourists in Europe during the last half a decade, many Americans of English, German, Slav, Latin, and Jewish extraction have suddenly become race-conscious, history-conscious, old-home conscious. They have suddenly discovered that they once had ancestors in Europe and that they still have another home apart from the one in America. To be sure, as yet the American home is the real home, the place where one lives and makes money; but one's deepest interests, ideals, and religious fervour belong to the other mystic home. Once the United States was sufficient to fulfil all the aspirations of every immigrant group; now America is no longer enough; something else is needed to supplement it. Every one of these people will, of course, passionately and sincerely deny that their noble sentiment for their old home, race, and history has anything to do with European racialism, or that it is in the remotest manner connected with the present holocaust in Europe. But any experienced observer can tell that this is a spark of the European conflagration. It is the call of the European jungle. The Old World is aflame and it is calling its own from

every corner of the earth, and those who are not far enough in spirit from the old jungle are answering the primitive call ; some by a complete return ; others by a tourist's pilgrimage ; still others by a reversion in spirit only to the old ancestral prejudices, aspirations, and feuds.

Is this manifestation limited only to the small section of American tourists, or has it penetrated more deeply into the heart of America ? Is Europe, with its mad tribalism, savage nationalism, and hatred, invading America ? Is the American Melting-Pot ceasing to melt ? Worse, yet, are other fires beginning to be fanned under that Pot, where humanity's greatest experiment in the obliteration of nationalistic distinctions is being tried ? Is the New World in danger of being infected with the worst pest which has invaded Europe since the Black Death ? To these questions the European observer cannot even attempt to offer an answer. He can only point out that the germs of the terrible pestilence are about ; that there is a possibility of a great danger and that there is need of great vigilance if the worst disaster which can befall mankind is to be averted.

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN.

Art. 6.—THE FATE OF UNWANTED RECORDS.

1. *The Second Report of the Royal Commission on Public Records, appointed to inquire into and report on the State of the Public Records and Local Records of a Public Nature of England and Wales.* (Vol. II, Parts I to III.) H.M. Stationery Office [Cd. 7544-7546], 1914.
2. *A Manual of Archive Administration.* By Hilary Jenkinson. Oxford, 1922.
3. *A Repertory of British Archives.* Royal Historical Society Misc. Publications, 1920.

THE academic question as to the Headship of the Civil Service has been recently revived by a correspondence in 'The Times,' and to satisfy the ardour or curiosity of the protagonists a question was put to the Treasury Bench and a decisive answer was given to the effect that the Permanent Secretary of the Treasury had in fact been regarded as the Head of the Civil Service for some seventy years past, owing to his responsibility to the Prime Minister as the head of the Government and also of the Treasury. On a supplementary question, as to what would follow if the Prime Minister of the day did not happen to be also head of the Treasury, the interpolator was invited to wait and see.

Possibly this reference may be connected with the convenient modern theory that the titular rôle of Prime Minister can be supplemented as occasion or convention may require. It should be observed, however, that the result of a devolution of our offices of state through the centuries must not be ignored. If, indeed, we have been apt to think and speak loosely on this subject, we ought to be able to refer to the written word. The demise of the Crown in 1901 left a chasm in the bed-rock of official formalities unbridged by a dim official tradition from 1838. During the first months of a new reign even the solecism of Q.C. passed without remonstrance, but in 1901 the Officers of Arms and of Records came into their own. The gap was filled and has been fortified with a wealth of learning. Even now, however, there is room for doubt, where doubt may seem desirable, for the office of Prime Minister has not achieved an apostolic succession. Possibly this diffidence is not altogether regrettable, for without

further assurance even a new and all-powerful minister, decorated with a Latin title, might seem to constitutional antiquaries a poor exchange for Chancellors, Treasurers, and Secretaries of State going back for centuries. Indeed, these titles have endeared themselves so greatly that the Royal Historical Society, on behalf of an International Committee, is about to issue a new handbook dealing with such hierarchies, under the supervision of the Regius Professor of History at Oxford, and here presumably the Office of Prime Minister will receive honourable mention. Moreover, the ancient offices of state are the true parents of the Civil Service, which, though much less expensive, was not formerly quite so inefficient as we might suppose from the above official statement. It is true that there may have been a 'relatively uncoordinated Civil Establishment' which something like seventy years ago was organised as a regular service under general Treasury control. As a result, this has proved a convenient arrangement which, particularly under the control of the Prime Minister as First Lord of the Treasury, has ensured the efficient administration of public business.

At the same time, while the beneficial results of a new development of official practice may be observed, there seems to be some uncertainty as to the precise date and process of this historic change; and as we are concerned with the international aspect of the evolution, progress, or decline of world civilisation it may be worth while to notice a circumstance connected with this recognised official procedure that may before long be a matter of some importance. Even if modern science can accomplish the task of making bricks without straw, the materials for national or international history should be preserved and arranged by official and learned agreement; for though the miracles of science are always in the making, their effect when made can be more spectacular than edifying.

It will be seen that the above statement as to the hegemony of the Civil Service is not supported by any documentary evidence, which was not, of course, likely to be available in the circumstances. For the purpose of a purely academic problem, however, such evidence was and is available in a published form, namely in the nine blue-books presented by the Royal Commission on Public

Records of 1910 and issued between 1912 and 1919. It may suffice to specify the blue-book dealing with the commissioners' report on departmental archives,* which in their view, and in that of foreign scholars generally, were of great national importance. As to this it must be observed that in spite of the provisions of the Public Record Office Act of 1838 and the Order in Council of 1852, the custody of the records had shown few signs of improvement before the Crimean War and no great improvement before the advent of Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte in 1887. In fact, the disused buildings, spare rooms, and odd corners that had served for the accommodation of the insular records which would be the envy of a war-wasted Continent and uncultured colonies, were needed in course of time for munitions or other services, while space was also needed for rapidly accruing papers. The Commission was especially concerned for the security and accessibility of the unwanted records, in the first place, as well as for their careful weeding, description, arrangement, and eventual publication in due course. As the administration of the Record Office itself was controlled by the Treasury, together with that of a number of other departments concerned with our ancient fiscal system, the Commission naturally regarded the Treasury as a helpful source of information. For its own part the latter, while not disputing the condition of these archives, deprecated any suggestion of its own authority and therefore of its responsibility in the matter.

The evidence of a Treasury official was taken in June 1913, and though agreeing as to the condition of its own archives, which was in fact exemplary, and that of the departments under its own control, or otherwise, the witness was confident that the Treasury had never claimed or exercised any supervision of those records and that it had no authority or desire to do so. The Commissioners appeared (to an eye-witness) rather startled by these admissions, and this very definite question was put to the witness by Sir Frederic Kenyon: 'Does the Treasury regard itself as having any authority over other Government departments, to see that they carry out the law in a matter of this sort?' and the answer was 'No; not as

* Second Report (vol. II), Parts I-III.

having any authority.' Thereupon the witness was plied with further questions by Sir Frederick Pollock, Dr Montague James, and Sir Sidney Lee (among other commissioners), and the gist of these inquiries and assurances was that the Treasury had not only no 'authority,' but also no power of 'supervision' or 'control,' though it might call attention to breaches of statutory regulations or act as a court of appeal for either side in a dispute or difficulty.

To those who wished to see the hands of the Master of the Rolls and the Deputy Keeper strengthened, these admissions may have been disappointing, but at least they should be imputed to the Treasury for righteousness. The truth is that the Commissioners, who had thoroughly entered into the spirit of the archivists' profession, were shocked by their experiences in the course of a profound and unique investigation of the judicial and departmental records that had been overlooked in some instances, and they were convinced that the true remedy would be found in the establishment of trained archivists under appropriate supervision. On the other hand the Treasury, like every other Government department or learned institution of those days, with the exception of a handful of progressive scholars and precocious students, looked on archive culture as above the heads of Government or municipal servants, and it politely but resolutely avoided one horn of the dilemma to fall upon the other. For the Commission had been told more than three years before, by the head of a department admittedly controlled by the Treasury, that in earlier times it was the custom to give the Treasury 'a finger in every pie—even in non-financial matters.' It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that the Treasury witness kept aloof from unfamiliar and rather delicate topics.

Finally, when the Commission, which had been brought into being (officially) by the Home Office, was brought to a premature end (officially) by the Treasury, while still wrestling with a third and final report on Local Records of a public nature, it was nevertheless enabled to carry on through the hospitality of a learned society, after being evicted from its latest (official) habitation by the Office of Works. In the course of the next two years, by the goodwill of its (now semi-official) secretary, it succeeded in

issuing its third report through the official channel of the Stationery Office. In this connection it is perhaps significant that no press notices of the Commissioners' second report could appear on the eve of the declaration of War in August 1914; but this and their first report on the records in the custody of the State, apart from their assistance to the Treasury and the Record Office itself, gave rise to some new and important studies of the subject. Their third report, which was noticed in the 'Times Literary Supplement,' paved the way for more extensive organisation, culminating in the establishment of the British Record Association and the Council for the Preservation of Business Records during recent years.

Although officials and publicists in these later days have ceased to despise and ignore the professional training and traditions of archivists and librarians associated with the later French monarchy and empire, the damage that was done in the earlier period of Queen Victoria's reign is irreparable, and to the pretext of the Crimean War the real emergency of the World War must be added. Here the loss was shared by family and local records which had mostly escaped hitherto. The ancient judicial records preserved in legal courts or offices had remained reasonably secure since the last Record Commission in 1837, but the Royal Commission of 1910 reported that the condition of the records of the Royal Household and Duchies was scarcely satisfactory, while the loss or neglect of departmental records, housed since the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in dockyards or arsenals, was not altogether surprising, for these were only regarded as potential records by the Order in Council of 1852. But this report of the Royal Commission was still-born, as we have seen, in August 1914, and apart from the disorganisation caused by the imperative necessities of the War the further requirements of the pen, that was to become 'mightier than the sword,' led to an inexperienced agitation for the disposal of old paper in exchange for new, the perils of which were exposed in the 'Quarterly Review' of April 1917 and by the discovery of leakages in collection.

But this is not all. The neglect of salvaging derelict historical documents is partly responsible for the copious 'revisions' published in contemporary journals while it increases the labours of contemporary bibliographers.

And there is one more reflection. Though we have a wealth of information and statistics from judicial records and state papers and even from contemporary muniments for almost every aspect of the political and social organisations of this country, we need more details of the social economy of the lower middle and working classes and, of course, any intimate descriptions of the ever changing aspects of the town and countryside.

A contributory cause of the neglect and loss of many of these secondary sources is this. From an earlier stage of historical publications preference has naturally been given to the famous histories or chronicles rather than to slighter sources of local or personal interest. To supply the latter need the local and topical publications of the Surtees, Camden, and other societies were founded; but since the earlier series of Government publications have been discontinued, the societies have endeavoured to fill the gap by undertaking publications of more general interest. Of late there have been signs of a growing impatience of conventional sources by those who dislike a materialistic method, even of local history, and would weld an old world to a new with the witchery of their pen-craft. Perhaps such materialism may be only a protest against over-concentration upon courtly, literary, or religious types, and the student of the social economy of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, at least, will wish to see the whole machinery of industry and commerce at work with its reactions on every class of the community. In this connection it seems especially desirable to preserve, as far as possible, the purity of the sources, even for an academic thesis which is presumably meant to encourage original and not second-hand research, or worse. For there is the problem of derelict academic sources which in the unattractive form of typescript theses may nevertheless represent much individual study and research. In the case of a successful candidate eventual publication may perhaps be anticipated by the production of typescript, but rejected or unpublished theses should surely revert to the authors. For many years, however, less energetic or scrupulous students have not hesitated to enrich their equipment from this official mausoleum; and there is also the problem of the impish forger of early diaries or journals whose perverted genius

has delighted an irreverent public and unwary press from time to time.

These elegant pranks appear all the more unaccountable when we might make additions to our stock of authentic documents for reference and select those of reasonable length for publication. The current volume of the 'Wynne Diaries' would be less attractive if it were less realistic, with its dramatic moments of suspense during the duel between the guardian fleet of Britain and the all-conquering army of France. But the prevailing suspense on board the 'Seahorse,' whose newly-wed captain is making a worse recovery from his wound than the admiral (Nelson), might possibly have been discounted if the captain's bride (and nurse) had been able to consult the ships' medical journal, which shows that the Admiral's wound was healing fast day by day, no doubt because he kept to his own quarters with his own surgeon, while the captain was plagued by visitors, highly fed, and doped. A notice of this medical journal by the present writer was printed many years ago.

How easily the archives of a minor government department or board could disappear in the Victorian age will be known to those who have investigated the remains of the great body of 'Temporary Commissions.' The 'Old Board of Agriculture' was one of these, though it seemed to be more durable. The records, from 1795, were preserved in the Tower of London, but no trace of them could be found some fifty years ago and it was presumed that they had been destroyed as 'useless.' Some time later I happened to call at the Royal Agricultural Society's house in Bedford Square to see a portrait of my grandfather, when I found that the records of the 'Old Board of Agriculture' had been handed over to the Society in 1839, on condition that they were produced to students—a condition long since forgotten but instinctively preserved.

Most of us have discovered some forgotten relics of an earlier generation, misplaced or perhaps deliberately hidden. A house in one of the Inns of Court was supposed to be haunted by the ghost of Oliver Cromwell, presumably on the strength of the Samuel Morland legend coupled with the discovery of the 'Thurloe State Papers' above the ceiling of neighbouring chambers. In fact, however, the famous papers were not found in

those chambers, but in others, at some distance. There the great statesman lived and died and there the papers were found, many years later, in a second garret built presumably by Thurloe himself. The version of a spare garret does not seem generally known, and another curious discovery is not known at all. More than twenty years ago Cromwell's ghost was laid for me by the late Provost of Eton, though the scent of Thurloe's papers was too cold even for the indefatigable tracker of migrated manuscripts ; but after his visit it was accidentally discovered that a chamber of the house, parallel with Thurloe's earlier habitation, actually had a false ceiling capable of containing all the Thurloe papers, though only a few seventeenth-century tobacco pipes remained there. An attempt will be made elsewhere to suggest the method of the concealment and explain the accident of the discovery of those precious papers, nor should it be forgotten that other rich hoards have been discovered in the secure precincts of the Inns of Court.

We are sometimes told by earnest and candid publicists that the slothful and sensual habits of a degenerate age have impaired the physical and moral vigour that enabled our ancestors to acquire and develop the greatest empire of all time ; but even if the fact were obvious it would be difficult to trace the progress of this alleged decline owing to the persistent neglect and suppression of the contemporary evidences of an older civilisation. From time to time we hear of the discovery and publication of some intimate record of the social life of an earlier generation which had remained unnoticed or forgotten. Unfortunately we have neglected to preserve a systematic record of many aspects of a former, social state which might have been supplied by living witnesses ; for even from a tender age landscape, buildings, figures, faces, voices are impressed upon the memory, forming a picture that cannot be easily reproduced from other sources. For when the last thread of oral tradition has snapped, how can we really know what has been gained or lost by the transformation of every aspect of town street, or countryside ? The foreground of this mental picture should be filled by the family group, which will be commonly associated with each scene. A great Elizabethan has told us that the debt we owe to history includes a knowledge of our

ancestors, whose memory and fame might otherwise lie buried in the depth and darkness of the earth. Naturally the scenery and persons in the local picture will vary in each case, but together they will represent an English home.

It is common knowledge that some closely cultivated areas of the Ancient World are now horrific deserts for, like some grainfields of our Old and New Worlds, they could not survive the erosion of wind and water. That is to say, the plough, chief instrument of cultivation under Angevin and Tudor kings alike, once more became the means of stripping Mother Earth of her defensive verdure. How then did those ancestors of ours thrive to do brave deeds of arms and also to gain riches from a fruitful soil? A sufficient answer could be given to this question, but its terms would be known to few; for few of us have troubled to seek materials for the background of old England's local history, and so we have sometimes read that history with unseeing eyes.

We have cause to know that history may be made before our eyes while the contemporary historian may not be able to explain its significance or to record its sequel. The social and economic history of the countryside and of the urban community may not seem immediately important, for its causes and effects will be recorded in due course and different interpretations may be placed upon them. When that time comes, however, although statistics of the nation's social and economic life may be available, our historians may find it difficult to give an intelligent description of local conditions for the simple reason that his inner consciousness needs a concrete objective. The value of potential sources of information is seen in the story of the evolution of the shop or counting house, which so often led to the dais of the manor hall or even to the ante-chamber of the throne.

The clues supplied by my chance discovery some fifty years ago of family papers of mercantile lords and lordly merchants in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries have not been followed up amongst the archives, and here and elsewhere the enterprise of historical bibliographers compares unfavourably with that of literary researchers. In the same way the residue of the scattered and neglected trade papers of Eastland, India, and China

merchants of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries might possibly provide a thrill as well as technical information. Both these, with some interesting reflections, might be obtained from detailed accounts of the iron trade of English merchants with Bilbao in the early sixteenth century.

Perhaps we cannot realise to what extent the everyday life of an earlier generation may seem to depend upon its social and economic background. Legal restrictions imposed a normal isolation on the village broken only by the distractions of market and fair and by religious, judicial, manorial, or military observances. The effect of this isolation upon the health and intelligence of the people, for good or evil, is an intriguing proposition. For them a wonderful but wicked world was out of bounds—like that privy-garden of Paradise.

How comes it then that our earlier social studies seldom make due allowance for the years that have passed? Now and again the intelligence or industry of some chronicler or essayist will move us to admit that the 'Ivory gate' which was opened to them is partly shut to us, for we have failed, sometimes, to find the interpretation of their dreams in the archives that were mostly closed to them. But there is one lesson that may be learnt without dispute, and therefore without offence, and there is one precept that may come before any other and be acceptable to us all: that the sources (however small) of History, and therefore of the truth about conditions which influence human actions, should not be allowed to perish, but should be made known as the best assurance against their neglect or loss.

HUBERT HALL.

Art. 7.—NATIONAL HEALTH v. THE STATE.

THE prerequisite of well-being is health ; it should be and is the aim of all social legislation. On social services the State is spending hundreds of millions of pounds a year, without counting millions more from local authorities and from the benevolences, such as the Workmen's Compensation Act, forced from employers for the benefit of employés. These portentous sums take no account of private services. What is the dividend ? On the one hand we hear jubilation at the progress of the nation ; on the other we have reports such as that of the Council against Malnutrition that ' undernourishment in Britain is appalling ' ; we have Sir George Newman telling us that the mortality of adolescence is not declining, as it did in 1860-90 ; and government is displaying obvious anxiety about the nutrition of the general population and about the conditions of the young in special. Such State expenditure the older economists condemned unhesitatingly. State activities have increased phenomenally ; but science has advanced even more strikingly. The politician clearly has no right to stake his claim until he has defined that of science.

Lord Moynihan said that since the introduction of Listerism, surgery alone has saved more lives than wars have taken. Preventive medicine has saved at least as many ; therapeusis is daily saving lives that would have been lost under the conditions of forty years ago. Moreover, many diseases once lethal are either extinct, less frequent, less severe, curable, or preventable ; Pasteur's work in the field of disease has made an entire revolution. Cancer is on the increase, but that may merely mean that more people are surviving to the cancer age ; and if influenza has a heavier incidence on the young than formerly, suggesting a lowered resistance, the wonder still is not that there has been so much, as that there has not been more, progress and at all ages. What is hampering science ?

Take a much advertised instance, the lower infantile mortality, how much is due to State activities ? The lower birth-rate and the higher vitality of the parents of this century's children must have been favouring factors. Again there is a factitious appearance of great

progress this century, because it is measured against 1891-1900, a decade of quite exceptional fatality, as any old doctor can testify. In it nearly a million and a half babies died, more than a third of the total deaths, and largely from causes which would be preventable now. Leave out the infant class and then calculate the general mortality of an average year now and of an average in that decade: the difference is so slight that if State activities have availed much, nothing is left to the credit of science. The tables show that if the rate of fall prevailing in 1860-90 had continued without interruption up to 1900, there would have been nothing striking in the fall of 1901-10. Since that last year the decline has been hardly more rapid than before 1890; and since the birth-rate was higher, it follows that there are fewer lives saved now. But there is little national profit in a lower infantile death-rate unless the reduction is carried forward correspondingly. It was so then; it is not so now.

Such waste of infant life started an energetic private campaign against it which seemed beneficial and was taken up officially. It is noteworthy that social services begin so, and that when the State steps in it is to take over a 'going concern,' which pays or promises to pay a dividend. But centralisation of administration is a different thing from centralisation of knowledge with machinery for its dissemination. A Ministry of Health which appoints a committee of research is doing unqualified good; but in administering an insurance act or a housing scheme, it may easily be doing harm on balance. On *a priori* grounds it must be suspect. Evolution has gone on for æons without central control; or if there have been such, it operates by leaving the individual to fend for himself, a sort of divine *laissez faire*. It has triumphed in evolving the human mind. There cannot be much ultimately wrong with a system which has produced out of the primitive man a Sophocles, a Dante, a Shakespeare, a Milton; which corrects the cruelty of the natural struggle by developing a philanthropy and a sympathy that overflows to the lower animals and at last comes to be the attribute even of an abstraction which we call the State.

The reliance of a Government must be chiefly on environment; it cannot hope directly to influence

heredity. It should be as easy as possible for good stock to breed; the bad stock should be held responsible for its offspring. It is undeniable that the present tendency is to encourage the inferior stock. Reckless people living from hand to mouth scarcely need trouble themselves about their children; a fact perhaps not without bearing on the apparent increase in this century of mental defect or on the certain increase in the national schools of mental retardation. It becomes the more imperative to lighten the load on desirable persons who may wish to rear a family but refrain for prudential reasons—the more because there seems to be a growing natural sterility among the intellectual classes.

It is indisputable that the State can improve the economic conditions of the poor and (better than any other agency) centralise the knowledge of hygiene. The only dispute would be about the means of effecting the former. It happens that since the abolition of the Old Poor Law in 1834, two sharply contrasted policies have dominated the parties, each lasting roughly fifty years. The earlier period starts from a lower base, making the results seem the more brilliant; but to offset that the later starts at a great advantage by reason of a vastly improved heritage, and enjoys an unparalleled advance of science, so that much more is to be expected from it. The new Poor Law meant that government had learned by bitter experience to follow the line of evolution, which, in the case of man, not only develops a stronger race but is proved to promote in extraordinary degree the sentiment of altruism. Financial economy and the withholding of subsidy from all classes, rich or poor, inculcating on all the necessity of self reliance, was the logical result, and such economy became a fixed principle. With this tradition, after some minor attempts, the first great break was the Local Government Act of 1888; thenceforward government insistently and increasingly plays the part of overruling providence. The two policies differ clearly in that the earlier takes the nation for unit and aims to elevate the class by elevating the nation; the later takes the class as unit and hopes, by consulting the interests of classes, in or out of turn, to promote the interest of the nation. With extending franchise the obvious way to power is the appeal to the interests of

politically powerful bodies, and class bribery became the routine. Not under that name, for class interests gratified by government easily pass for national and the gratification for national duty. The result has been a growing burden on industry, more or less countered by private enterprise or by statutory efforts to readjust the load.

In regard to health, the effects of the two policies are best tested perhaps by the course of the phthisis mortality; for the infection is quite universal. The statement at the B.M.A. meeting of 1931 that the statistics 'imply that 99 per cent. of the population is infected in early life' is generally accepted. Sir W. Osler said that no one attains old age without a focus; and systematic search in the deadhouse confirms him. The relation between the mortality and the rate of real wages appears from the fact that on any country's chart you can date a pronounced economic change some three years back, or conversely foretell a change in the mortality if you know the economic conditions; though to-day you have to make some allowance for the improved methods of treatment. The facts can only mean that the mortality is a gauge of the proportion of the population liable to succumb; the prevalence and virulence of the germ do not appreciably vary. Though centuries of exposure to infection may have conferred a degree of immunity, we know from recent examples that potentially the germ is as lethal as ever once you have a serious lowering of the national nutrition. In England it used to take a terrible toll, but a decline seemed to be beginning in 1838-42. In 1843-50 there occurred the hugest drop ever recorded anywhere, more than 1000 per 1,000,000 living.

This drop is ignored because there is not scientific proof of the nature of the disease. For most people it will suffice that Koch accepted it, because, he says, 'the characteristic symptoms make the diagnosis certain even to the laity.' Rejection involves doubt on all statistics before bacteriological test became the routine, and that was not before this century. At lowest, there was clearly a striking increase in resistance to a chronic wasting disease liable to be taken for phthisis; and to disregard the fact is to throw away a lesson to nation and to statesman unequalled in history. For it can surely be explained only on economic grounds, which have the

further advantage that they explain the extension to other countries of the decline which began in ours. In his last public lecture Koch notices this fact and adds that curiously the decline has never been so rapid since the causal factor was made known. Even to the slackened decline he mentions three exceptions where the mortality was positively rising. Had he enquired he would have found that they were exceptional also in that their wage rate had been falling; that in two cases the wages had been rising again for some years and the mortality falling again; while, as a control experiment, in the third wages had gone on falling and mortality rising.

After 1850 the figures are accepted officially; thence to 1895 the number of persons liable to fatal attack fell steadily each five years by some 200 per 1,000,000 living, except in 1861-70, when the decline notably slackened, though not to the point of absolute extinction as in this century. In 1864 there was a pronounced increase, in 1868 a pronounced decrease, in the number of deaths, three years respectively after the beginning and end of the American Civil War and Cotton Famine. The old rate was resumed after 1870, and by 1890 we older men were expecting that another generation or so would see the end of phthisis as a national scourge, even if the rate of decline was merely maintained, not accelerated. But the policy of 'leaving the money in the people's pockets' was dying, and the axiom that State benefits to the working man are bought at the expense of wages has been well illustrated by their course since. Except for an interval of abnormal demand for labour beginning during the War and (according to Mr Cole's chart) reaching its zenith in 1921, real wages have consistently trended downwards since 1896. A falling real wage rate and brisk demand for labour do not go together, and except for that interval unemployment on the national scale has been chronic since 1905. Witness the industrial unrest for years before the War, for which, according to Mr Hartley Withers, we must go back to Chartist days to find a parallel. It was proportionate to the State effort to obviate it.

As real wages began to decline phthisis mortality slowed down its rate of fall; and some years before the War Karl Pearson was able on biological grounds to fore-

tell the rise of 1915. On economic grounds also in 1912 it could be foreseen. The Insurance Act, the climax of a series of measures in restraint of real wages, must depress the nutrition of the very poor, and its manifestation on phthisis was due that year. By parity of reasoning in 1916 it was clear that the rise would have ceased in 1918. That too was fulfilled; obviously in the first three quarters, less obviously but even more convincingly in the last, when the influenza swept off many consumptives and the total of 1917 deaths was surpassed. But the victims were selected; asylum patients were the chosen ones. The people outside, who had enjoyed the rise of wages, were left relatively immune. The observation in the Registrar's Report for 1919 (p. lxxvi) should finally lay the superstition that the War caused the gravest rise we have here known; he says it ceased 'when war conditions were at the maximum.'

If, as few will dispute, mortality is a gauge of national resistance, the policy of this century is at the bar. The number of people liable to fatal attack shrank in the forty years before 1895 by 1386 per million; in the forty years after that by 894. The causal factor was made known only a few years before 1895; there had been none but private efforts to combat the disease, and popular ignorance of the value of fresh air was profound. But governments had concentrated on enhancement of real wages. Since that year there has been constantly increasing State effort and knowledge, with education of the public. But real wages have been falling, except for a period during which the only sustained rise of mortality we have known came to an end. The figures would be more striking still if they included the decade 1841-50. Measured against the only quinquennium which has increased on its predecessor, 1921-5 for the first time since 1900 approximates to the rate of fall before then. It has gone on at a slower pace till it has reached a lowest on record, as it did shortly before the War. Just as in 1913-14, phthisis was observed to be more fatal to the poor, so now we are being warned that it is more lethal to the young, especially to young women.

The Ministry of Health deplores that some 9 per cent. of the cases only reach its notice at the point of or after death. That can only mean that many cases get well

without being noticed at all. The money lavished and improved treatment must prolong individual lives ; but if they involve a burden on the community, it may well mean a wide lowering of resistance to all diseases, including phthisis. If prices, particularly of food, are to go on rising the outlook is gloomy. Never under voluntaryism has there been a quinquennial increase of the death-rate. Not only was the goal always in view when there should be only a negligible number of persons liable to succumb, but the progress towards it was faster. Had the official quinquennium ended in 1918 instead of 1920 all England would have been dismayed ; and the fact that leaps to the eye on careful analysis of the returns is that the War corrected a rise in fatality due to pre-War causes.

For all the lower birth-rate, youth is still representative of the community, though it is not, like phthisis, ubiquitous, and its curve is very similar. Age 2, says Sir George Newman, is that of 'maximum susceptibility to environment.' That you can verify if you trace, for example, the curve of the decadal mortality of an age-group so far advanced as 65 from 1840 to date. When it dates from Pitt's great days as finance minister, the mortality decreases ; later dating, from the Napoleonic wars and subsequent distress, it may even increase its mortality ; when it dates from the fifties its progress is remarkable. The curve is a faithful inverse of the curve of the economic conditions that determined real wages some sixty years back. Also Sir George says that age group 0-5 is that which has in seventy-five years made most progress, and that which has enjoyed 'a relative absence of direct action by the State.' From 1850 the childhood and adolescent mortality diminishes with increasing momentum, except that in the decade 1861-70 it suffers a transient check, like phthisis ; afterwards, when the children of the forties and fifties enter the adolescent lists, their progress is striking. But after 1895 it slackens, age 5 reacting first, 10 and 15 later ; and after reaching a lowest on record, within two years of the Insurance Act, the death-rate of young children begins to rise. But in 1916 age group 0-5 makes a notable step forward (R.G.'s Report 1919), which continues, though at a slower rate, up to date, except in 1918, a year of

epidemics. Still in that year group 5 is the one below 25 which shows the smallest percentage rise, and at the end of 1911-20 it is the only one below 25 which does not show a positive increase over the decadal average of 1901-10. Is there any possible explanation but that there had been a check to progress, if not an actual retrogression; that during the War it was corrected; and that the cause must have been the abolition of all real poverty?

Already by 1929 the total mortality was 1.9 per 1000 higher than expectation by the age and sex distribution of 1901, and from that standard the divergence is yearly wider. All authorities agree that there are too many young deaths, and the morbidity that implies it is even more formidable than the mortality. Of the babies annually saved an undue proportion do not reach five; in fact, to quote the presidential address at the B.M.A. meeting of 1931—'the greater part of the increase (of the expectation of life) is due to the reduction of the infantile mortality after the first week of life.' The tables show that that reduction is not carried forward, and that under age 30 the increase of expectation in this century has been trivial. It is imperative to ask if we are on the right track. The only decade in our records where death has discriminated against the young, has occurred in this century of increased knowledge and State effort.

All social legislation aims at superseding poor laws; but the expenditure of both has grown by leaps and bounds. All thoughtful men see danger in our present level of taxation; even the thoughtless must see it too if they realise that the poor on balance lose by it. In the Budget debate in 1936, when Mr Chamberlain answered a suggestion of retrenchment by the question, What are you going to substitute? he begged the question. But the evasion is as typical as it is pointless. All these services of the State are themselves substitutes for systems already existing. If extensions were needed the best means was the enhancement of real wages. Government chooses instead to lower them, compensating with a central control, without intimate knowledge of its charges, so remote from them that a poor man is helpless in its grasp, and often callously cruel by reason of official inertia or ignorance. Any benefit therefrom

is individual but the burden is on the community of which the largest and most sensitive part is poor.

The Insurance Act (Health) was, for example, the most ambitious of its time, the loudest of promises, and has results now patent; moreover, as the least popular it is the easiest to remedy by abolishing the compulsion. The aim is obvious; the method is to add to the already huge subscription of beneficiaries that forced contribution of the employers which makes it essentially a poor law. Its author confessed that 'the consumer will pay,' meaning that it would lower real wages, which must also tend to unstable employment. With this unimpeachable guidance it is easy to see why within two years the mortality of young children, within three that of consumptives, began to rise; why in their due times both rises were checked during the War; why after wages had passed their zenith Dr Mummery is now showing that in fifteen years the average duration of sick benefit has risen from 16.5 to 28 days annually; and why we are hearing that 'under-nourishment in Britain is appalling.' That sickness has increased is beyond question; the benefit societies have long been asking why it should increase under a measure meant to diminish it; and successive Ministers of Health have been fain to defend it in ways that further damn their case. If the Act, as its advocates imply, introduced the practice of insurance to the working classes, then they were better off without it.

But what are the facts? In all historical times it has been known; the condition has always been such level of well-being as makes forethought instinctive. Thorold Rogers shows how at the end of the century's rise of wages that followed the Black Death almost every hamlet had its mutual benefit association. During last century's long rise the practice grew apace. The Royal Commission on the Poor Law (1905) was impressed by its extent; it instances Northampton where 1 in 5, Salisbury where 1 in 2 of the population were voluntarily insured. Old doctors will testify that by 1890 it was usual to find that any respectable working man was a member of a club. Women in trade and industry were fast learning the habit; and the only considerable class which the Act introduced to insurance was that of the female domestic servant, who often did not need it. In order to

rope in her and the shiftless class, the thrifty are penalised in lower real wages and less stable employment, while the employers are saddled with a burden then equal to, now greater than, the National Debt of 1912. The mainstay is still the voluntary hospital, whose work for health is of incalculable value; but it is taxed to support a system for which its friends are driven to apologise on the score of the demoralisation and unemployment which were its foreseen results.

Mr. Greenwood, while Minister of Health, described the Act as a 'monument of the futility of politicians.' Such monuments stand in history as thick as those in Westminster Abbey. In 1850 and again in 1884 Herbert Spencer showed how legislation had promoted the slum. Many restrictions had disappeared or proved futile by 1890, and private enterprise became extraordinarily active. In 1891-1900 it housed, in Greater London alone, more than a million persons, adding wealth to the community and costing it nothing. Taxes and rates soon checked that, and building working-class dwellings for profits has long been very difficult. Now the 'progressives' are driven to frenzied efforts to cover up their mistakes, largely at the expense of posterity. Their champion, Mr Bernard Shaw, has stated that municipal building must always ultimately mean subsidies to wages from the rates. In other words, the alternative to high rents is low real wages, and since these are the chief causes of overcrowding, progressive policy is largely responsible once more for the evil they are trying to cure with the means they used to foster it.

Again: the rate-aided feeding of school children is held by much expert sociological opinion to have injured the nutrition of the children of the poor, and the extent to-day of undernourishment lends support to that view. The Workmen's Compensation Act passes for beneficence, but it exacts a terrible price from the poor. You get some notion thereof if you trace the rising cost of coal from the pit-face to the door of the poor man, who pays more per cwt. than the rich. Every stage in the transmission pays its toll to the Act for a commodity which enters into the cost of most others, each with its several toll. The cost of a benefit to individuals wrung from poor people must now amount to many millions of pounds,

and yet it is not certain that it has not increased the accident rate. But the voluntary accident funds in the mines worked well; they controlled the accident rate and cost the community nothing. The choice is not, nor ever was, between helplessness and State help. It is between a system which teaches dependence, lowers real wages necessitating incessant parliamentary tinkering, and raises prices on the community; and the other which demands self-respect and self-reliance, raises wages, and so far from costing the community anything makes commodities more plentiful; and in regard to health was so successful that to-day the chief factor in reduction of the general mortality is the higher vitality of persons born under it—apart from the infantile mortality, in which nevertheless that higher vitality plays its part.

These and many other instances suggest that Bastable was not wrong in asserting that the taxing power was unable to effect social improvement. Force is no remedy. The charity which extorts sacrifices from others is foredoomed to failure. High taxation will be, if possible, transferred; if impossible, industry will be hampered and all suffer, but the poor first and worst. In the end compulsion must stifle sympathy; and class antagonism has become more bitter and communism waked to new life.

If politics is to be a science it must use scientific method and rely on induction. It is surely because wise private charity must do so that its results so far surpass those of public assistance. You shall look in vain in the work of a Chalmers or an Octavia Hill for signs of impaired vitality, of widened area of poverty, of increased unemployment necessitating repeated subsidy, or of demoralisation. Chalmers' experiment was decisive; it was on the large scale; relieved all destitution; found work for the able-bodied unemployed; fostered the sanctity of the family; was so grateful to the poor that paupers immigrated into the parish; and Chalmers' place was adequately filled for years after his departure. All this at no cost to the community and at little and decreasing cost to the voluntary subscribers, beyond their time and work, which were richly rewarded by the happiness they diffused. Only the injustice of being constantly and increasingly taxed to perpetuate in other districts, by

means they had proved mischievous, the evils they had cured in their own, finally wore out the endurance of his successors.

But the proof stands for those who would substitute for wise loving-kindness the control of officials dealing with their charges as an authority, not as a friend. No administrative benefits can compensate for lowered wages. Of what large group of houses erected by private enterprise can it be said that it has raised the death-rate over that of the slums, as of the corporation houses at Stockton-on-Tees; or that of consumption, as has to be confessed of the L.C.C. Estate at Becontree? Of what municipal scheme can it be said that it has housed decently a group of casual labourers on the borderline of the criminal class, reformed them so that the police courts know them no longer, and so far abolished unemployment that in a hard winter when England was ringing with appeals for help they needed none? Yet that is what Octavia Hill did.

That is not virtue which is compelled. Historians tell us that the history of growing human happiness is that of growing human freedom, which is much the same thing as Maine's dictum that progress means the transition from status to contract. In the nineteenth century the British working-classes made the greatest advance in modern industrialism towards economic freedom, and their wealth increased far faster than that of the moneyed classes. The corollary was growing political freedom. Intoxicated with the new power which seemed to them omnipotence, they and the parties which must seek their votes have been increasingly using that power to reimpose the status from which we had freed ourselves and them. All the while they are paying lip service to freedom, the commentary is a growing 'hard core' of unemployment. The danger of the incessant multiplication of officials should be obvious; that way fascism lies. Every new official is not only an added burden to industry and the working man, but another step towards that habit of subservience on which the totalitarian State must be based.

We cannot help leaving a dreadful burden of debt to posterity. But to add debt or, what is the same thing, national commitments, to that burden is surely unforgivable. The 'workers' can determine the trend of

policy and they know it. If they would save themselves and the nation they must learn that Parliament's power for good ends where it essays to constrain the good citizen and self-respecting man, though its power for evil is unlimited. They are the largest section of the community. If they are parasites they may be able to be unconscious of communal burdens ; if they are members they cannot. Time and again it has been proved that they are happiest when taxation is lightest ; time and again nations have been ruined by taxation ; and the man who to-day adds to the burden, however good his intentions, is their enemy.

Some fifty years ago Booth could say of London, where poverty had been endemic for centuries, that the problem then left (which was soluble) was rather of the unemployable than of the unemployed : of whom ' it must be said that those who drop low enough to ask for charitable aid, rarely stand the test of work.' At no time in this century would that implication have been true. And it nearly synchronised with the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade (1885) which says in its report (p. xv) ' of the wealth annually created in the country a smaller proportion falls to the share of the employers than formerly . . . the wealth of the country is being differently distributed.' That was after some years of the despised *laissez faire* policy ; the dream of the socialist was being gradually realised by peaceful means.

That is a hard lesson for men to learn who are conscious of new political power. But natural law will have its way and it must be learned. High taxation means lower real wages and they lead to unemployment. The waste of governmental control hurts everyone, but the poor first and worst. If to correct the fall in wages, recourse is had to government, the workman may get more coins but the coins will buy less. Why should the twentieth century revert to this childish policy ? It has always failed ; and in the nineteenth it was shown that with a population increasing faster than now wages might increase at the expense of profits while the national wealth was growing. Governments were wise enough to see that it was not the number of coins in a wage that made it high or low, but the amount that the coins would buy.

It is easy for a government, if it have courage, to make the coins buy more ; at present governments are competing which shall make them buy least.

Separate from the progress in the national health : (1) that part which belongs singly to science ; (2) that which is a legacy of last century, as shown by the greater reduction of mortality in persons born before 1895 or by the comparison of that rate of reduction in the case of children and adolescents before and after that year—how much remains to the credit of this century's policy ?

If in addition to a huge body of unemployment chronic on the national scale in this century, except during a period of abnormal demand for labour, the working classes see that—side by side with a portentous State expenditure solely for their benefit ; side by side with a phenomenal growth of science ; side by side with an unquestioned progress among the children of the well-to-do for whom the State does nothing—that their own children, for whom the State does very much, are making slower progress than seventy years ago, when it was doing nothing for them ; that in 1911–20, young people were picked out for a retrograde movement to which the children born after 1915 were an exception ; then they must perforce realise that the State exacts rigorous payment for its benefits to them, and that the payment is being made already in the most tragic of ways.

B. G. M. BASKETT.

Art. 8.—MONARCH AND DICTATOR.

THE visits to England during the last few months of several members of the House of Savoy have served to call attention to the relations existing between the King and the Dictator in Italy, and it is well that this should be the case. Signor Mussolini is not immortal, and the course of events after his demise largely depends on the attitude of the Crown. In these circumstances the position of the Italian monarchy under the Fascist régime deserves far closer examination than it usually receives.

First of all, however, it is necessary to look back a little and to account for the somewhat surprising fact that there is a monarchy in Italy at all. In the earlier days of the Risorgimento it seemed inevitable that unification would only be accomplished under a republican form of government, for the monarchical principle was embodied in the forces which stood for reaction. Monarchy, in effect, had come to be regarded as synonymous with the status quo and republicanism with its abolition. During the generation that followed the fall of Napoleon the high priest of legitimism was Metternich, and he was the minister of the alien Emperor whose troops mounted guard in Milan and Venice. The King of Naples and the Duke of Parma were Spaniards, while the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena were Austrians, so that it is hardly surprising that opposition to the rule of the foreigner should have assumed a republican form, quite apart from the fact that the protagonist of Italian nationalism at that time was so convinced an enemy of monarchy as Mazzini.

What caused the change of opinion was the failure of the republicans in 1848 and the ability of the Savoyard monarchs, aided by the statesmanship of Cavour. Charles Albert, the first of the Carignano branch of the family to ascend the throne, earned a golden reputation among Italian patriots not only by his firm attitude against Austrian threats and bribes but by the circumstances of his abdication on the evening of his defeat at Novara. 'Gentlemen,' he said to his officers, 'I have sacrificed myself to the cause of Italian independence; for it I have exposed my life, that of my sons, and my crown; I cannot maintain the struggle. I understand that my

person may be an obstacle to the conclusion of a peace now become indispensable; I cannot sign it. Since I have not been able to find death on the battle-field, I will make the last sacrifice to my country. I lay down my crown, and abdicate in favour of my son.' He immediately left Piedmont for Portugal, where he died at Oporto a few months later.

The son to whom Charles Albert bequeathed his crown in such difficult circumstances was Victor Emmanuel II, *Il Re Galantuomo* as the Italians still call him. A more vigorous and decided personality than his father, he was no less determined to achieve the expulsion of the foreigner from the peninsula. It is true that he had the great advantage of such coadjutors as Cavour and Garibaldi, but it was in no small measure due to him that they all worked together. Indeed, on the morrow of Villafranca it was the King who kept his head, not the minister; and it was Victor Emmanuel himself, by his own tact, who won over Garibaldi after the latter's conquest of the Two Sicilies. There is a tendency to exaggerate the importance of the part played by monarchs in the formulation of policy prior to the French Revolution and to minimise it since that date. Victor Emmanuel II has suffered from this, for if it is true to say that he could not have made Italy without Cavour and Garibaldi, it is equally certain that they could have effected little without him. Moreover, he was the first of his line to reach the hearts of the people. The Italians respected Charles Albert, but they loved his son, and the human weaknesses that caused a raising of eyebrows at Buckingham Palace did him no harm with the man in the street. Had he not, too, sacrificed his beloved Savoy for the sake of united Italy? The memory of the *Galantuomo* has sustained the Italian throne in more than one crisis.

His successor, Humbert, reigned in more difficult times. It seemed to many of his contemporaries as if Italy had been made too quickly and too easily, and on every side there was disillusionment. The intoxication of the Risorgimento was over, and only the headache remained. Abroad the situation was no better, and Humbert was on the throne when the defeat at Adowa took place. Personally, he was characterised by physical courage, devotion to his country, and goodness of heart.

In the war of 1866 he distinguished himself by his bravery in the field, and men still talk of his magnificent conduct during the epidemic of cholera which ravaged Naples in 1884. At this time he was invited to be present at a race-meeting at Pordenone, and he excused himself in a telegram containing these words: 'A Pordenone si fa festa, a Napoli si muore; vado a Napoli.'* To Naples he went, and won the title of Humbert the Good. Circumstances prevented him from influencing the course of Italian history to the extent that his natural ability would otherwise have enabled him to do, but his mere presence on the throne prevented disaster. It became generally admitted, even on the Left, that the monarchy united where a republic would only divide, and after the lapse of more than a generation it seems clear that a republican Italy would have split up into its constituent parts during the eighties and nineties of last century. Even Humbert's murder at Monza served to strengthen the monarchy by providing it with a martyr.

It has been necessary to discuss in some details the circumstances of previous reigns because they affect to a great extent the position of the present King. Foreigners, particularly those who have no recent or intimate knowledge of Italy, find it difficult to understand how Italian opinion regards the monarchy and the dictatorship. Except in its ancestral kingdom of Piedmont, where the devotion to it is almost religious in its intensity, the House of Savoy as such has no great hold in the peninsula; on the other hand, King Victor Emmanuel III has a place in the hearts of his people which recalls that of King George V. Very largely he has won this for himself, but it is also due to the memory of his three immediate predecessors. Towards the Duce the feeling is different in kind. The ordinary Italian entertains much the same sentiments towards his Sovereign that an English Conservative did towards Queen Victoria at the turn of the century; in respect of Mussolini the attitude of the man in the street is very much the same as was that of a fervent Unionist with regard to Joseph Chamberlain.

That King Victor Emmanuel III has an overpowering

* 'At Pordenone people are enjoying themselves, at Naples they are dying; I am going to Naples.'

claim to his subjects' gratitude cannot be gainsaid. Many years ago I heard Sir Bernard Pares describe him as 'probably the most capable occupant of a throne in Europe,' and the passage of time has but served to confirm that estimate. His lines have not been cast in pleasant places. The early years of his reign resembled the last decade of that of his father. The disruptive tendencies became ever more marked, and foreign observers began to question how much longer Italy would hold together. The industrial situation grew steadily worse, and revolutionary strikes which paralysed the whole economic life of the country became the order of the day. During this period the real ruler of Italy was neither the King nor Parliament nor the electorate, but Giovanni Giolitti, who was dictator in all but name. Professor Salvemini, in his '*Il Ministro della Malavita*,' has written an admirable account of these unhappy years when Giolitti was making and unmaking ministries, jerrymandering the constituencies, and administering the country in a manner upon which Boss Croker himself could not have improved, though the '*Man of Dronero*,' as he was nicknamed from the place for which he sat, was personally honest in financial matters. Unfortunately he never realised that economic ills cannot be cured by political remedies, and so Socialism made rapid strides, in no small measure owing to the fiery energy of a young revolutionary called Benito Mussolini. While the party game was being played in the Chamber according to the rules laid down by Giolitti, revolution was stalking the streets of the great cities, and this was the situation when, in August 1914, the world found itself at war.

It was during the ensuing nine months that the King showed that he possessed to the full the hereditary statesmanship of his House. Italy had not taken the field by the side of Germany and Austria-Hungary because by the terms of the Triple Alliance she was under no necessity to do so if Great Britain was in arms on the other side; but it was not long before the vast majority of Italians had come to favour intervention on the side of the Allies. Giolitti was a supporter of neutrality, and he had a majority in the Chamber for his policy. When the then Prime Minister, Salandra, showed a disposition to intervene, Giolitti precipitated a Cabinet crisis and the Premier

tendered his resignation. The King, however, refused to accept it, so Salandra remained in office, and war was duly declared against Austria. It was a bold move, and it succeeded because the King was in closer touch with public opinion than were Giolitti and the Chamber. By his action the King certainly prevented internal disturbances upon an extensive scale, but the success of the Royal manoeuvre must not be allowed to disguise its boldness, for Giolitti had been the undisputed master of Italy for so long that it seemed impossible that he could be defied with impunity.

Throughout the war period the King remained with the army, and he did not return to Rome until the victory had been won. Nor was his presence at the seat of war a mere matter of form, for he constantly visited all parts of the line, even those that were most exposed to the enemy's fire, and the popularity which he thus won among the soldiers stood the monarchy in good stead in the stormy years that lay ahead, when the memory of Vittorio Veneto was in danger of being forgotten. He was the nominal Commander-in-Chief, but Commendatore Villari states in his 'The War on the Italian Front' that the Sovereign in actual fact 'exercised no effective command, and indeed never interfered in the conduct of military operations or in the activities of the Comando Supremo; he limited himself to keeping contact with the troops.' In another place the same author tells us that King Victor Emmanuel 'took no more leave than was allowed to the humblest private.' On the morrow of Caporetto, when the withdrawal to the Piave had been effected, he issued a stirring appeal to his people of which one paragraph may be quoted: 'Since it proclaimed its unity and independence, the nation has never had to face a more difficult trial. But as My House and My People, welded into a single spirit, have never wavered before danger, so now too we look adversity in the face with a virile, dauntless heart.' The Royal proclamation did a great deal to restore confidence.

In the troubled years after the war the throne seemed in the gravest danger, and at first the growth of Fascism did not appear to offer it much hope. It was not until a month before the March on Rome that Mussolini openly declared himself a monarchist, after having previously

been a republican, if not a very active one. At the same time it would probably be just to say that his early republicanism was not due to any dislike of the Italian monarchy as such, but rather to a feeling that the abuses of the national political system could not be removed without a change of régime. The Fascist rank and file were naturally much slower than their leader in accepting the monarchy, and they only did so from the point of view of expediency: 'Very much,' Major J. S. Barnes has justly observed, 'in the spirit in which the prophet Samuel reluctantly consented to the anointing of Saul as the first King of Israel.' There was, in effect, toleration of but no great enthusiasm for the throne, and such an attitude is in no way surprising. Fascism had drawn its recruits from many quarters, some of them the very reverse of monarchical, and time was required to bring to this section of the party a realisation of what the monarchy meant to Italy. During the earlier years, then, of the Fascist régime the Crown was popular in Piedmont and with the more far-sighted everywhere; but those Fascists who had come from the Left, though possibly convinced of the necessity of monarchical government, did not yet display cordiality where it was concerned.

Meanwhile it had been due to the King that the March on Rome had taken place without bloodshed. Whatever view may be held of the merits of Fascism, there can be no doubt that in October 1922 armed resistance to it was out of the question, and would only have entailed unnecessary suffering. The Government was taken by surprise by the Fascist rising, and Luigi Facta, the Prime Minister, had recourse to methods which it is more than doubtful whether he had the force at his disposal to apply successfully. He ordered the immediate arrest of Mussolini and his principal supporters and he issued a decree establishing martial law throughout the country. Hardly had this latter action been taken than Facta was reminded that it was illegal without the Royal assent, and when he went to the King to obtain this he was met with a blank refusal. The decree was thereupon withdrawn and Facta resigned. By adopting this attitude the monarch undoubtedly prevented the outbreak of civil war, and thus proved once again that he was

in closer touch with public opinion than were his ministers.

What happened during those critical days is in danger of being forgotten, and it is well that it should be called to mind. The King was determined that even if there was to be a revolution he would not violate the constitution which he had sworn to observe, and he kept his oath 'with religious observance,' as Gioberti wrote of his grandfather. Accordingly he adopted the usual procedure on the occasion of a ministerial crisis, and commissioned Salandra to form a Cabinet with Fascist support. Salandra promptly placed two or three portfolios at Mussolini's disposal, but the offer was as promptly refused. The King then summoned the Fascist leader from Milan to form a ministry, and, when this had been done, the new Prime Minister secured a vote of confidence from the Chamber. After taking all the circumstances of a very difficult situation into account, it would appear impossible to resist the conclusion that the King acted throughout with perfect constitutional propriety: he took the course which the majority of his subjects desired, and that course was subsequently approved by a Chamber which had been elected under the auspices not of Mussolini but of Giolitti. What else he could have done as a constitutional monarch it is not easy to see.

Mussolini, in his first speech to the Chamber as Prime Minister, paid a warm tribute to the attitude of the King during the crisis. 'I believe,' he said, 'I am interpreting the thoughts of the majority of the Chamber, or at all events those of the majority of the nation, when I turn in homage to the King, who refused to adopt useless and reactionary measures, who prevented the outbreak of civil war, and who allowed the mighty tide of Fascism to flow into the dry veins of a parliamentary state.' In his article on Fascism in the Italian Encyclopædia the Duce says that the new régime rises superior to the old contest between monarchists and republicans, and avers that it is ridiculous to say that republics are necessarily progressive while monarchies are always reactionary.

So matters rested during the earlier years of the new order, and Mussolini certainly did everything in his power to enhance the prestige of the monarchy, for he is not the man to do a thing by halves. The Fascist legions were

brought under the control of the State and their members had to take the oath of allegiance to the King. The Duke of Apulia, now Duke of Aosta, was appointed at a critical moment to command against the Senussi in Libya, and his successes redounded to the credit of the Royal Family as a whole. The revival of monarchical sentiment was already becoming marked when the Lateran Treaty, in 1929, gave it an enormous fillip. The division of Italian society into 'Blacks' and 'Whites' had weakened the throne in exactly the same way as the unfortunate divisions in the House of Bourbon had done in France and Spain, and for some years the dynasty was socially isolated in its own capital. As the generation which remembered the breach at the Porta Pia passed away, the original bitterness was greatly diminished, but it gave place to a contemptuous indifference that was equally damaging to the throne. In the provinces the situation was the same, for if in Naples, Florence, Parma, and Modena there were few who actively desired the return of the old dynasties, there were many who sneered at their successor. The war, it is true, still further modified these feelings, but they continued to exist, and the 'Whites' never ceased to mock at the 'Blacks' as dull, to which the latter retorted by describing their rivals as disreputable. There was some truth in both accusations, but it was the Crown that suffered most from these recriminations in the long run.

The settlement of the differences between Church and State had the happiest consequences for the monarchy. It became possible, for the first time since 1860, for an Italian to be a good Catholic and a Royalist, and it ranged solidly behind the King all that vast body of religious sentiment which had previously been hostile or indifferent. That the Roman Church is not officially committed to the recognition of any one form of government is true, but history proves that the ordinary Catholic feels happier when his temporal duty is to a king rather than to a republic. So it has been in Italy. The establishment of an undivided allegiance has been a great comfort to tender consciences, and Catholics have rallied to the monarchy the more readily when it became known that one of the foremost advocates of reconciliation had been the King himself.

The constitutional position of the Crown has been altered somewhat since the establishment of the Fascist régime. In the old days the King selected the Prime Minister in much the same way as the President of the French Republic does at the present time, that is to say, when an administration fell the monarch entered upon a series of consultations, first of all with the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber and then with the leaders of the various parties, with a view to finding someone who could collect a sufficient majority to keep him in office for a time. Fascism adopted the system of Hohenzollern Germany, and the Head of the Government, as the Prime Minister is always styled in Italy, is now responsible not to the Chamber but to the King. In the event, for example, of the death or retirement of Mussolini the Fascist Grand Council, which roughly corresponds with the English Privy Council in the seventeenth century, would present a list of names to the King, and from this the latter would select his Prime Minister. According to the existing law it is the Head of the Government who nominates and dismisses other ministers. The Fascist Grand Council must also be consulted in all constitutional matters, so that any proposals affecting the succession to the throne, the powers of the Crown, or the Royal prerogative would require to come before it. So much for the historical and personal background of the Italian monarchy and for the dry bones of constitutional theory, but in practical, everyday politics it is often the men rather than the theories which count in the long run, not least in the Latin countries.

King Victor Emmanuel III is not, for obvious reasons, very easy of access, but no one who has had the privilege of a conversation with him can come away otherwise than very impressed. Contrary to general opinion abroad, he maintains a great deal of state at the Quirinal, and the visitor at even a private audience—generally accorded between nine and ten in the morning—will find a *corazziere* at attention every few steps up the staircase. When one arrives in the antechamber it is to be greeted by the *aiutanti* on duty, who make the visitor at his ease until the King is ready to receive him. When this moment arrives the doors of the room in which the monarch is waiting are opened, and one enters to find His Majesty

standing with hand outstretched a few feet inside. In fact, the procedure is the exact opposite to that at the Palazzo Venezia, where one advances across what appears to be an acre of peculiarly hard floor before arriving at the Duce in the far corner, sometimes on the right and sometimes on the left. At the Quirinal it is impossible not to be struck by the pomp without and the simplicity within, for the King usually receives in service dress without decorations.

King Victor Emmanuel III is one of the best royal conversationalists of the day. He listens to what his visitor has to say and he has the happy knack of making even the most nervous feel comfortable in a few minutes. An Englishman will find that he speaks perfect English, even to the extent of referring to Italian towns by their English names, such as Leghorn for Livorno. It is difficult to believe that he is sixty-eight, so remarkable is his vitality. His information on every subject is extensive, and upon whatever topic which may crop up in conversation he can speak with knowledge. He is extremely erudite, without being a pedant. Indeed, to converse with him is itself stimulating. On the other hand, he does not like speaking in public, and one of the few occasions when he has done so was at the inauguration of the University City in Rome in September 1935.

It is commonly believed outside Italy that King Victor Emmanuel is a mere cipher. Nothing could be further from the truth. His conception of his duty as a constitutional monarch is to work with whatever ministers the country may desire, and only to intervene directly when there is a crisis which cannot be solved except by his interposition. He is no more and no less in the background during the régime of Mussolini than he was during that of Giolitti. The Duce never takes a step of any importance without consulting the King, and the latter's word carries the greatest possible weight, as any foreign diplomat who knows his Rome will testify. That he always agrees with Mussolini is improbable, and there were very strong rumours that he did not approve of the Abyssinian adventure; but he is fully alive to the benefits which Fascism has conferred upon Italy. The story goes that one day at lunch the somewhat pompous representative of a foreign Power observed to the King,

'You know, Sir, I have come to the conclusion that Signor Mussolini is a very remarkable man.' Whereupon the monarch remarked in broad Piedmontese to one of those in waiting, 'So he's found that out at last, has he?'

If English people wish to understand what King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena mean to the Italians they would do well to think in terms of King George V and Queen Mary. When one mixes with the poor the attitude is the same as in England. In such places as hospitals and welfare centres one is continually being told what the Queen said when she was there, what she wore, and how long she stayed. Totalitarian as the Italian State may be, the Crown is regarded as being above politics: it is the symbol of the national unity, and the latter is too recent for the former to be in any danger of losing its meaning. There are a hundred stories going round Rome of the King's kindness, good nature, and sagacity, but it is extremely rare that one hears an unflattering remark or an adverse criticism. He does not, one suspects, entertain any great partiality for town life, and he spends all the time he can at San Rossore, his property near Pisa, where there is less formality than at the Quirinal.

King Victor Emmanuel is extremely happy in his only son, the Prince of Piedmont, who has of late years become very popular. It is impossible to converse with the King for even a brief space without realising how devoted he is to the heir to his throne. At one time it was rumoured, with what truth it is difficult to say, that Prince Umberto and Mussolini by no means always saw eye to eye, but if this was ever the case such a state of affairs is now a thing of the past. During the Abyssinian War the attitude of the Crown Prince was all that a Fascist could desire, and the Crown Princess went out to East Africa as a nurse on a hospital-ship. Personal observation in Italy to-day confirms the impression that not only is the Prince of Piedmont more popular than he ever has been, but that he is very little, if at all, short of being the idol of the nation. Tall, good-looking, and with a pleasant manner, he is all that a Prince should be, while the Princess has become thoroughly Italian. Their popularity was attested when their son was born last year, and as the child is the outcome of the union of the two shrewdest royal families in

Europe, the Savoyard and the Coburg, Italy should be fortunate when he comes to the throne.

The Crown Prince and Crown Princess spend little of their time in Rome, for ever since the unification it has been the custom to encourage the cadets of the Royal House to live in different parts of the country, rather than to congregate in the capital, as is the practice elsewhere. This has had good results, for it has spread the influence of the monarchy all over the peninsula. On the other hand, it is not difficult to imagine circumstances in which the effect of this policy might be most detrimental to the prestige of the Crown, and that this had not been so is a tribute to the high sense of duty which has marked the House of Savoy down the ages.

Enough has, it is hoped, been said to dispel the not uncommon illusion that Mussolini deliberately ignores the King, and is only waiting for a suitable opportunity to overturn the throne. Nothing could be further from the truth. There are many aspects of Fascism with which the ordinary Englishman finds himself in disagreement, but there is no real ground for criticism of its treatment of the Crown. The passage of time has made Mussolini a more, not a less, convinced monarchist, and there can be little doubt but that he now favours the application of the principle of hereditary kingship to other countries. Austria is, perhaps, an exception, but it is not so long since the Duce was by no means averse to a Habsburg restoration, and he only frowns on it at present out of deference to the wishes of his German ally. The cynic, indeed, may find amusement in the reflection that the wheel appears to have revolved its full cycle, and in many parts of Europe the Royalists are looking for support to Mussolini and Rome as a century ago their forefathers looked to Metternich and Vienna.

In Italy itself there are unlikely to be any important developments affecting the throne during the lifetime of the present King. He has, as has been shown, always preferred to remain in the background save when events have forced him to take the lead, and as the Duce is many years his junior there should not, in normal circumstances, be any necessity for him to act again as he did in 1915 and 1922. The case of the Prince of Piedmont is very different, and he may well be called upon to play a part

of the first importance not only to his own country but to the whole of Europe.

There would appear to be no reason to question the statement that Mussolini designs to leave as his successor not a man but a system, the Corporate State. Whether anyone could bend the bow of Ulysses is a moot point, but a purely academic one, for no one is likely to have the opportunity to try. At the same time the successful working of the Corporate State will for many a long year necessitate a strong executive, and signs are not wanting that the next King of Italy, mindful of the example of his Belgian brother-in-law, may be the most important factor in such a development. If that is to be the case it will be in tune with the spirit of the age, for in the modern world kings are so often playing a leading part in the political life of their respective countries. It is my personal opinion that if King Victor Emmanuel III and Mussolini were removed to-morrow, Italy would, in fact if not in theory, be governed by a triumvirate consisting of King Humbert II, Count Grandi, and Count Ciano, with the backing of such experts in the working of the Corporate State as Bottai.

Such an outcome would have much to recommend it both from an Italian and an international standpoint. It is quite impossible permanently to keep a nation at the pitch of excitement which characterises Italy to-day, and since the source of this enthusiasm is the personality of Mussolini, it is bound to some extent to diminish with his disappearance from the political scene. Nevertheless the energy which he has evoked among his fellow-countrymen, and which it is by no means improbable that posterity may deem his chief claim to immortality, will subsist, and if it is not to be wasted must be canalised and made fruitful in the national interest. The Crown Prince is giving every sign of being the man to perform this task, and certainly no other has a better right. It is the function of a hereditary monarch to do all that in him lies to see that the interests of the nation as a whole prevail over those of any section of it. In the circumstances outlined, the present Prince of Piedmont would also have an unrivalled opportunity of assuaging the bitterness which too often marks Fascism, even after so many years of power.

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Internationally such a solution would have everything to recommend it. The disappearance of a dictator has so often been followed by a struggle among his lieutenants for the vacant place, with disastrous consequences to the rest of the world, that there would be universal relief if history failed to repeat itself in the case of modern Italy. The country would, of course, remain Fascist in outlook, but there would gradually creep in a breadth of mind and a toleration which are sometimes lacking to-day. This, in its turn, would come to mean that the rulers of Italy would cease to regard their neighbours through ideological spectacles, and that would in itself be a great step forward in the direction of international appeasement.

So far as Anglo-Italian relations are concerned, the House of Savoy has always been a good friend of Great Britain, so that any more active participation on its part in the government of Italy must exercise a beneficent influence upon those relations. In fine, it is the fact that there is a hereditary monarch in Italy and that the throne is occupied by such a dynasty as the House of Savoy, which enables one to take a more optimistic view of the future there than is possible in the case of some other countries where a dictatorship has been established.

CHARLES PETRIE.

Art. 9.—A SURVEY OF BRITISH CARGO SHIPPING.

‘For the bread that you eat and the biscuits you nibble,
 The sweets that you suck and the joints that you carve,
 They are brought to you daily by All Us Big Steamers,
 And if any one hinders our coming you’ll starve.’

KIPLING.

KIPLING knew our merchant service as he knew the private of the line, but the man in the street is still apt to judge British shipping from coloured posters advertising pleasure cruises in ‘glorious sunshine’ and mammoth liners whose luxurious construction allows of very limited cargo space. He would be surprised to learn that this section of our great industry is small, both in the number of ships it comprises and the seamen it employs, compared with the cargo-carrying side which brings the food of our population and provides our industries with raw materials from which their exports are manufactured. The thirty-eight largest passenger liners—from the luxurious ‘Queen Mary’ to the cruising specialist ‘Atlantis’—which total 971,245 gross tons, employing about 5430 deck and engine room ratings and 9765 stewards, are equivalent in tonnage to 250 cargo ships, capable of carrying over 7,000,000 tons of food to the United Kingdom each year, employing about 6800 deck and engine room ratings and 1550 stewards. It is because the work of the unadvertised, though fundamentally important, part of our Merchant Service is so little known that I propose to confine this article entirely to the activities of cargo-shipping. Few people realise that the difference in types of cargo-carrying vessels comprising the Mercantile Marine is far greater than all the makes and classes of transport seen daily on the roads of this country, whilst even more diversified is the employment in which ships are engaged. In an article of this description it is impossible to deal with the numerous phases of cargo-shipping, and one can only concentrate on the activities of the main divisions.

Cargo-liners start at advertised scheduled dates and endeavour, as far as possible, to maintain fixed times of arrival and departure at the various ports of call. Some confine their itineraries between two ports; others touch

at thirty or forty, and sail all round the globe, picking up a bit of cargo here, discharging a little there, and acting in the world's interchange of goods as a general omnibus functions for the miscellaneous transport of passengers on a fixed route. This type of vessel is primarily designed to fulfil the requirements of merchants who ship small parcels of cargo at regular intervals, and who wish to have a liner available to accommodate their goods at short notice. A vessel in port costs a considerable amount of money; consequently merchants pay more for the facilities of having space ready to take their merchandise than if they are prepared to await the opportunity of chartering a tramp steamer and providing it with a full cargo. A tramp, on the other hand, is loaded immediately upon arrival at its destination, and sails at once. Therefore, the two fundamental differences between a cargo liner and a tramp are: Firstly, the former is detained in harbour to suit the convenience of merchants, whereas the latter spends the minimum amount of time in port. Secondly, the load carried by a cargo liner is composed of parcels, on which the rate of freight is naturally high, whilst a tramp accommodates merchandise in bulk.

The amount of freight paid by merchants for such high-priced commodities as cotton, lead, zinc, and other valuable articles, however, is relatively small compared with the probable gains or losses due to fluctuations in the market quotations of these particular products, and the extra cost of shipment by liner in preference to tramp is more than offset by the advantage of being able to choose the psychological moment for despatching parcels. It is, therefore, this specialised and highly expensive type of cargo which necessitates the use of cargo liners; but, on the other hand, there is not enough of this merchandise to fill a ship, and on occasion one finds cargo liners making up their freights with bulk commodities, such as timber, grain, and the cheaper classes of ore. Timber and grain, however, are not usually sufficiently paying to justify cargo liners being reserved exclusively for their shipment. Moreover, the flow of export is not stable, but varies with the seasons for timber cutting and the gathering of crops in different parts of the globe. This creates a far greater demand for tonnage at one time of

the year than in what is known as the 'off season,' to meet which there is the tramp whose primary object is to follow the rotation of crops round the world and to augment liner space.

Tramp shipping is usually chartered on the basis of a voyage to carry a full cargo from fixed points to fixed points, and the loading and discharging times are stipulated in the charter-party, with clauses debiting merchants for any delays. Consequently, a tramp does not remain long in harbour, neither does she have other ports in her itinerary at which to put in for additional commodities. This saves both time and extra port dues; it enables the ship to steam at a more economical speed and consume less bunkers than if she were continually being delayed by calls en route. The great disadvantage of this system to merchants is that they must plan ahead and anticipate markets in order to get their chartered tramp ship loaded with the utmost despatch. They are running a risk by waiting and hoping that they will be able to find a tramp just when they require one, and once committed it is obviously a costly matter to change their minds.

There are many other classes of cargo vessels. For instance, tankers which specialise in the transport of oils or molasses; colliers designed for the quick delivery of fuels; Great Lake ships for conveying grain from Canada to the United States of America; vessels equipped for carrying frozen meats; others constructed for bringing the fish freshly caught on the Newfoundland Banks to the English market with the minimum of delay. There are ships built as floating factories to follow the whale catchers, and while at sea to abstract from the carcasses the various products. Indeed, the list could be continued indefinitely, but space does not allow. So much for the deep-sea section.

There is a large number of lesser ships in the Mercantile Marine engaged in the near-continental trades. These may ply direct across the Channel or perhaps to the Baltic, bringing us timber from the latter place, or, in some years, fetching grain from France and at the same time carrying our exports in "driblets" to the minor ports. These vessels render a service which is not always realised. For instance, the great deep-sea ships

come into the Port of London, or perhaps Avonmouth, with enormous cargoes of hundreds of different commodities and manufactures for distribution to various termini, not only in this country but also on the Continent. In England dissemination is by the railways, road-transport companies, or coasters, but to such places as Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Hamburg, Bremen, Havre, Dunkirk, etc., it is effected entirely by small vessels. The system is somewhat analogous to the function of the General Post Office in London, where letters are collected in bulk and sorted before being sent to the numerous destinations. So one may go through all the various grades, from immense liners down to 250-tonners which ply round our coasts, and sometimes even smaller boats running up and down rivers 'feeding,' and being 'fed by,' the deep-sea vessels. This great cargo-carrying section is the heart and body of the British Mercantile Marine; but for those who like statistics it is worth recording that there are on the registers only 121 passenger liners and 471 mixed cargo and passenger ships compared with 2868 cargo vessels. These figures appear very impressive, and at first glance one might well ask why we have so many ships. Is there any question of a decline in our shipping? The figures may sound large, but the quantities of our Empire cargo to be carried are enormous. For instance, this country alone for her own consumption imports in foodstuffs and raw materials something like 110,000 tons of cargo every day in the year, and a large part of this comes in foreign ships, because we have not sufficient vessels of our own.

To appreciate the many factors which have contributed to what I shall prove is the decline of our Merchant Service during the present era, I must go back into history and give a picture of how it grew up during the last few decades. We still hear a great deal about the 'unprecedented' slump of 1929-36. Probably it was 'unprecedented' within living memory; but it is not generally recognised that, in proportion to the times and the conditions, British shipping was in just such a bad way in the 'sixties. In those days America was openly boasting that England was no longer 'Mistress of the Seas,' a position which was admitted by the then members of London General Shipowners' Society. It is idle to

speculate what would have happened to British shipping, and indeed the British Empire, if the Americans had not been so unwise as to sink each other's ships in the American Civil War of 1861-65, and at the same time to have paid exorbitant rates of freight to owners of British vessels for carrying their cargoes.

The decade of 1860-70 marked a considerable increase in our tonnage, which, in spite of the writings of contemporary economists, might no more have been due to the political wisdom of those days, than, for instance, the world trade boom of 1937 was to President Roosevelt's economic policy. In 1859-61 there was the War of Italian Unity, in 1864 the capture of Schleswig-Holstein by Germany, in 1866 the Austro-Prussian War, and in 1870-71 the Franco-Prussian War, at the conclusion of which series of providential (!) bloodshed our Merchant Service had benefited to the extent of increasing from 25,984 vessels of 3,565,133 tons in 1850 to 27,159 of 5,713,671 tons in 1869. The fighting between foreign nations had diverted a steady flow of gold into the pockets of English shipowners and supplied them with the necessary means of being first in the field in exchanging the old for the new at a time when revolutionary changes were taking place in cargo-ship design.

The two chief innovations were the increasing use of iron and steam. During this period the double and concurrent transition of wood to iron and sails to steam was effected and their commercial success established; for, although they had first been exploited as far back as the early years of the nineteenth century, it was only now that their economic possibilities really became practical. The three chief obstacles which retarded the progress of iron ships were the beliefs that: (1) In the event of the vessel touching bottom, an iron ship would be more vulnerable than a wooden one. (2) The effect of the action of sea water and the fouling by weeds and barnacles would corrode the bottom and decrease the speed of the ship. (3) That accurate navigation was difficult owing to 'local attraction' on the compass.

For a long time iron as a construction material had been under a cloud, and even such a notable personage as the Chief Constructor of one of the Royal Dockyards raised the very naive objection that 'for iron to float was

against nature.' Underwriters did not necessarily endorse this view, but they were extremely chary of insuring ships which were expected to become total losses as the result of a small puncture. The fact that the 'Great Britain' escaped practically unhurt after having been stranded for eleven months off the coast of Ireland proved the first point to be without foundation, and the other two having been eliminated by the invention of underwater anti-fouling composition and compensation for local attraction of the compass, the progress of iron as a ship-building material was established. Thus, the iron and steam ship became a commercial proposition at a time when British shipowners had plenty of money and were prepared to lay it out, whilst their impoverished competitors ruefully footed their war bills.

For the next twenty years markets were 'quiet' in shipping and the larger share of the profits went to the owners of 'economy' vessels—in which machinery reduced the labour costs. And all this time British shipowners had gradually increased their fleets. Meanwhile cable communications were being established, the Suez Canal was started, and the colonists of the Empire were rapidly developing the enormous resources of their countries. Then in the last five years of the century war flared up again—China and Japan, Turkey and Greece, the United States of America and Spain—and money rolled into the country which owned half of the world's ships. Up to this time Dame Fortune had been kind to us, but a reversal was round the corner—the Boer War. British shipping had to be mobilised and sometimes withdrawn from the very trades it had built up; foreign shipowners had to be enlisted, and their price—like ours when other people were in trouble—was not low. Freights rose all over the world, and on this occasion the cost of war had to be paid by Britain. After the Boer War money and the 'economy' ship were no longer monopolised by the British shipowner. Machinery was becoming the common denominator and labour costs the prime factor in maritime competition. Moreover, the importance of sea communications was being realised by other peoples, and those foreign shipowners who could not face long purses or compete with cheap labour began to enlist Government aid by subsidy and trade reservation.

The British shipowner, particularly of the older generation, who had experienced the devastating slump of the 'sixties, was quick to realise that the predominance of British shipping was in jeopardy unless the Government could be induced to maintain its position by artificial means. As the result of pressure by the industry, a Royal Commission was set up in 1902 to inquire into the question of subsidies and trade reservations by other states, but unfortunately, while a 'policy' was being formulated the Russo-Japanese War broke out, and the resultant high freights wholly obscured the issue. Like all previous wars, the Russo-Japanese War also brought a slump in its train, and it was only immediately prior to the Great War that the nett earnings of British shipping, after depreciation and other charges had been debited, provided an adequate return on capital invested. By this time the half share of the world's cargo carrying trade which we had enjoyed at the beginning of the century had dwindled to one-third, and it was with this backing that we embarked upon the Great War. It will be remembered that in 1914 England was in a favoured position. Coal was almost the universal fuel for cargo ships, and because of our preponderating maritime influence in the preceding decades the coal depôts which had sprung up all over the world were generally British controlled. It is true that we had insufficient tonnage of our own to meet requirements, but, on the other hand, we forced neutrals to make good the deficit because without coal they could not operate their ships, and to obtain it they were obliged to apply to Allied depôts. Due to this factor more than to any other, we were able to overcome successfully the German submarine campaign of 1917; had we relied solely upon our own ships, the people of this island would have starved.

It was at this time, in a country threatened with starvation and amid the hurly-burly of wartime excitement and strained nerves, that the Government suddenly thought about shipping 'policy.' A committee was appointed (known as the Booth Committee) to draw up a maritime policy for the period when the War should be won! There can be no doubt that this Committee did its best, but in 1917 who thought of the enormous strides

to be made in overseas transport ; who really appreciated that King Coal would be challenged by King Oil ; who dreamt of the dictatorships of Mussolini, Hitler, Ataturk and Stalin ; and, finally, who could have conceived the psychological effect of war on the maritime aspirations of nations which previously had been unaware that the sea could have such a vital bearing upon their national life ?

Picture for one minute what happened to neutral countries during the struggle of 1914-18. For generations they had expected British ships to carry their exports and imports, in season and out of season. Suddenly these vessels are required for war purposes ; they are immediately withdrawn from the trades which they had built up and served so well, and the countries which had relied upon them then found all communications with the outside world abruptly severed. One of two courses had to be taken : (1) To have a fleet of their own, under their control, and to make good the losses of their inexperienced ship managers by subsidy and reservation ; or (2) to obtain other foreign vessels to provide the outlet which had so unexpectedly closed.

After the Great War, when our shipping companies returned to their peace-time avocations, they found vested interests established in their places and had to fight bitter competition to regain a footing in their trades, an undertaking which was rendered more difficult on account of the post-War slump. History once again repeated itself, and the penalty had to be paid not only by the losers but by the winners of the Great War. Our own shipping tonnage declined, just as the American and Confederate merchantmen gradually disappeared during and after the American Civil War, whilst the fleets of neutrals increased. The full effects became apparent towards the end of 1920, when the world had become better adjusted to peace-time conditions, and British shipping came crashing to earth. Company after company failed ; vessels were laid up, scrapped, or sold, and the officers and men who manned them with such credit during the World War were thrown out of employment. It is not surprising, therefore, that the tonnage of British cargo vessels fell to one-quarter of the world's total.

Then in 1926 some alleviation took place. The

General Strike—and in particular the Coal Strike—entirely upset the normal cycle of ships' movements. Generally speaking, grain and raw materials provide the homeward cargo for ships and coal export and finished goods the principal outward employment, but now England was importing coal as well as grain, and consequently a heavy demand for one-way traffic made freights soar. At the same time, countries which had regularly obtained their fuel from the United Kingdom found the supply suspended, and turned elsewhere, with the result that their requirements were fulfilled by nations which previously had not exploited the export coal market. This factor subsequently brought difficulties in its train, inasmuch as the slump which followed the settlement of the Coal Strike was accentuated for British shipowners and British collieries by the loss of our coal export markets in favour of foreign coal-fields. Indeed, the General Strike had an effect upon our coal-export trade similar to that which the Great War had upon our shipping, in that it introduced competition from quarters where previously none had existed. Once again 'policy' began to be considered in this country, but unfortunately there came a little flurry in 1929. Due primarily to the failure of European crops, added to the freezing up of many shipping ports, dislocating the cycle of ships' movements, there was a sudden demand for tonnage in positions and places which the world's fleets could not supply.

After this respite, the full force of world-wide competition became very real indeed. Many routes which had been built up by British ships were open to all countries, although a number of the prosperous trades of other nations were closed to us. Foreigners had learnt their lesson in the Great War, and in case of need were subsidising heavily, and it was not long before British cargo shipping had once more dwindled and comprised only one-fifth of the world's tonnage. In spite of all this, the Booth Report was still the excuse of official circles for procrastination. Finally, the position became untenable. It was realised that unless the British Empire was to be linked together by foreign ships, and British commerce in time of peace and British food supplies in time of war were to be at the mercy of foreigners, some action must be taken. In 1932 a Policy Committee was set up by

the Chamber of Shipping, and after protracted work and considerable agitation the Government of 1935 was eventually persuaded to come to the rescue of the tramp section of the shipping industry. It decided to subsidise that group up to 2,000,000*l.* a year; not a very flattering estimate compared with the 4,500,000*l.* valuation upon the sugar beet industry! To ensure that this subsidy would not be dissipated by internal competition, British shipowners formed the Tramp Shipping Administrative Committee, which comprised representatives of tramps and cargo liners. This Committee succeeded in stabilising freights and apportioning trade amicably between liners and tramps. It also eliminated freight-cutting between individual owners, and with the co-operation of many of the foreign maritime powers raised freights generally to a level which allows for working expenses, depreciation, and a small return on the capital of a ship.

To turn now to present-day conditions: the last twelve months has seen a marked improvement in world trade and in rates of freight. British shipowners are making good money, but our foreign competitors are making more. Our subsidy is eliminated as freights rise; the state assistance of other nations continues. No reserved coasts have yet been opened to British shipping, and the running expenses of many foreigners are still nothing like the figure contributing to our own costs. One of the terms of the British Shipping (Assistance) Act was that the subsidy should be of a temporary nature. It was to be paid during the period when freights were abnormally low and gradually eliminated as they rose. A sliding scale was therefore arranged at the request of shipowners, who wished neither to become a tax on the community nor to court interference from the Government, whose stupendous mistakes in the mismanagement of the coal trade stared them in the face. For 1937 there will be no subsidy payments. Nevertheless, shipowners, being determined to maintain the voluntary co-operation achieved by means of the subsidy, formulated a scheme whereby the work of the Tramp Shipping Administrative Committee should be continued, and the power of the National Maritime Board (an independent body to prevent and adjust differences between shipowners and their employees afloat) spontaneously enhanced. There seems

every prospect of this voluntary scheme of co-operation being ratified by the industry. What British shipowners cannot control, however, is international competition engendered by subsidy, reservation, and discrimination deliberately sponsored by foreign powers to weaken the British Mercantile Marine and to sever the overseas links which bind us to our Empire.

These are matters which Government must settle with Government, and the sooner the British 'powers-that-be' attune their minds to the inevitable, the better for the security of the country. With the exception of the 2,000,000*l.* grant, it is clear that British shipping has been left to fight its battles unaided. It is the only industry in the United Kingdom whose whole endeavour is open to foreign competition, and which lacks the assistance of a reserved home market. Coal, for instance, is one of our largest exports, yet its overseas competitive power is dependent upon the valuable inland market where prices can be raised at the expense of the British consumer. Iron and steel, cotton and other textiles, the glass and hundreds of other trades are similarly safeguarded. It is not realised how much support the general public gives directly to many of the industries in this country. Take, for example, the motor-car trade and compare it with shipping. There is a tariff of 33½ per cent. on all foreign cars imported into the United Kingdom, thereby protecting the British manufacturer from international competition which, on equal terms, might well put him out of business. As it is, he receives more for his motor-cars from the British public than he could hope to do in an open market. Thus, the British purchaser is subsidising the British manufacturer direct. Consider for a minute the thousands of British-made cars in this country, and deduct one-third of the price. It will immediately be appreciated that the 2,000,000*l.* grant which the shipping industry received from the Government must be deemed negligible in comparison with the subsidy which the automobile industry obtains direct from the public. And yet the maintenance of the Mercantile Marine is so obviously of much more vital importance to our national, commercial, and financial existence than the provision of motor-cars, which, for their very efficacy, depend utterly on foreign fuel.

First and foremost, the Merchant Service is an industrial proposition. In actual fact it is the largest exporting industry of the country, and brings enormous credits into the national trading balance every year. In pre-War days the 'invisible exports' of British shipping were little short of 100,000,000*l.* per annum, and in the exceptional year of 1920 amounted to no less than 340,000,000*l.* In 1935 the figure had fallen to 75,000,000*l.*, but even this is not a fair comparison, because in 1914 the pound was on the gold standard, and in 1935 the currency was a depreciated one. The 'invisible exports' of shipping services have in many years represented just the sum required by the country to square its 'trade balance sheet.' Should the income from our Merchant Service dwindle further and eventually disappear, the country would be faced with the extremely difficult, if not impossible, task of balancing its trading account. Therefore, it is no exaggeration to say that shipping is the keystone of our financial structure.

Secondly, the British Mercantile Marine is the main vehicle of overseas transport for the British importer and exporter, and if it ceased to exist they would have to rely upon foreigners for the transportation of their commodities. These foreign competitors may be divided roughly into three categories : (a) Mercantile marines of dictator-ruled states. (b) Mercantile marines of countries like the United States of America, whose overseas trade was stifled by the withdrawal of British shipping in the Great War and which subsidise as a safeguard for the future. (c) Mercantile marines of relatively weak and politically minor nations.

(a) and (b) would hardly give British merchants the same facilities and freights as their own competing nationals, and as for (c), could these countries, i.e. Norway, Denmark, and Greece, be relied upon to render adequate service in peace and war? I personally think it would be a serious gamble and that eventually the stronger nations would 'squeeze them out.' We would then be at the mercy of the dictator-ruled or other great nations, which could hardly be expected to consider our national needs before their own. If such a state of affairs can be envisaged, the consequences would be overwhelming and the freights which would have to be paid for foreign

ships would be far greater than any subsidy we may have to pay to maintain our own cargo fleet.

Thirdly, the merchant service is a factor of supreme importance in time of war, when the necessity for adequate communications and transport ranks above any other. Cargo ships alone can supply the population of this island with food, and they must also carry the enormous quantities of raw materials essential to the successful prosecution of war.

Whether or not we can retain our hold on the world's sea-borne trade without practical assistance from the Government, in the form of a subsidy, is a matter for conjecture. Personally, I do not think there is the slightest hope. It should be appreciated that a great deal of the money made in 1937 must of necessity go towards wiping out past losses. Even if there were no legacies of this description, it is well known that we are not making as much profit as many of our foreign competitors. We shall, therefore, enter the next slump, which history has shown is likely to succeed every boom period, with less money in reserve than our business opponents, and emerge relatively weaker. Unless measures are taken to protect British cargo shipping during such an eventuality, at the end it will not comprise even one-fifth of the world's tonnage, but will probably drop to one-sixth or less.

Such a calamity can only be averted by Government action. Even the pundits of Whitehall are agreed that the British Mercantile Marine must gradually be built up to something approaching its pre-War eminence. In the meantime if ships are built, employment must be found for them. This can be done by insisting that a more equitable share of British purchases is carried in British vessels. One has only to study the figures of trade which the United Kingdom has with *individual* foreign nations to realise, as a general rule, that their exports to this country far exceed the imports they take from it. In a world of many sellers and few buyers it is difficult to understand why we, by far the greatest market, have not taken any steps to prevent the elimination of our shipping. It is a fact that no provision has been made for safeguarding this industry in any trade agreements. There seems to be no commercial reason why countries

which have an adverse trade balance with us should not be required to employ British ships to reduce the difference. British vessels may be slightly more expensive to operate, but the increase in the price of bulk commodities would be so small that the effect on the household budget of the British consumer would be negligible.

The revision of trade agreements and the diversion of more British purchases into British vessels will take time. The only immediate policy available is to match foreign subsidy with subsidy, pound for pound, foreign reservation with Imperial trade reservation, and foreign discrimination with like discrimination, thus setting up a barrier of protection behind which the British mercantile marine would have an opportunity of rehabilitating itself.

Rising out of this comes the question, The mercantile marine saved us in the last war; could it do so again? Some time ago I was asked to write an article on this subject for 'Brassey's Naval Annual,' and I endeavoured to stress the incapacity of our existing Merchant Navy to fulfil its function as an element in national and Imperial defence. After careful statistical computations and assuming the most favourable circumstances, I estimated that, allowing for the destruction of ports, the necessity of maintaining bunker supplies at British coaling depôts throughout the world, and the ravages of enemy commerce raiders, submarines, and aircraft, we are at least 700 ships worse off than we were in 1914. Since then I have been assailed by naval strategists for suggesting that commerce raiders would not sink more than 50 merchantmen in the early months of a war, particularly if countries like Japan expand the practice of building 20 knot, 10,000 ton tankers which, by consuming their own cargoes, could remain at sea for more than a year, self-sufficient and untraceable. I have been taken to task by submarine experts who say that I wholly underestimate the efficacy of their particular type of craft, and that in light of the experience of the German Submarine Campaign of 1917—when at one period every fourth ship leaving this country was sunk—my calculation of 50 losses from this menace is ridiculously low. I have been castigated by airmen, who express the opinion that my forecast of 150 vessels sunk by hostile aircraft is a gross understatement. I have

been told by a celebrated Commander-in-Chief serving in the Navy that a shortage of 1000 to 2000 merchant ships is much nearer the mark, and I accept his dictum. The pity of it is that our politicians do not realise the gravity of the position as deeply as those who will be responsible for bringing foodstuffs and raw materials to this country in time of war.

In estimating for any future emergency, it is unwise to base calculations on the experience gained during 1914-18 without due regard to the altered conditions of the intervening nineteen years, which include, among other changes, the wholesale transference of coal-burning ships to oil. Moreover, we have been lulled into a feeling of such false security, in spite of the repeated warnings of the late Admirals Jellicoe and Beatty (who were deemed competent to carry the responsibility of the country's safety during the Great War), that it is well-nigh impossible to conceive of our Navy being unable either to blockade any opponent in a war, in the same way that the German High Seas Fleet was hemmed in during the last, or to safeguard trade-routes and provide adequate protection for convoys. So much for ships; now turn to personnel.

Ships are useless without crews to man them, and men cannot be trained unless there are vessels in continuous deep-sea employment in which they can learn their profession. It is, therefore, a vicious circle. In the British Merchant Service there is a very serious shortage of skilled men, a shortage which, apart from any requirements of the Admiralty in time of emergency, is likely to cripple the flow of our food supplies. It will be of no avail for the Admiralty to approach the Merchant Service to supplement the manning of the Royal Navy, because it has barely sufficient men for its own needs. For every twenty men the Admiralty wishes to withdraw from the Mercantile Marine, a food ship will have to be laid up. It may wish to call up thousands of men from the Merchant Navy, as it did during the last war, in which event this country will be obliged to choose between maintaining an efficiently manned Royal Navy and starving, or, alternatively, possessing an inadequately defended Merchant Service and hoping that our essential supplies will be landed in spite of imperfect naval protection.

The present shortage of skilled men is easily explained. The Mercantile Marine has been steadily contracting during the last thirty-five years, in much the same way as has the Royal Navy during the last fifteen. It is not generally recognised that even in 1914 (due to the steady decline in the number of British ships during the previous dozen years) fewer young and untrained men were going to sea, because where employment was available the older and more experienced men were naturally given priority. With insufficient new blood coming into the Service, a time was bound to come when an acute shortage of personnel would occur. This is exactly what has happened. Now faced with sudden expansion, the Royal Navy and the Merchant Service are in a similar position, for the younger men often regard the sea as a profession with an uncertain future.

With a view to making sea-going attractive to the population of this island, many improvements have taken place in the British Merchant Service during the last two years. Among the reforms effected are a reduction of working hours, restoration of cuts in crews' wages, an improved wage scale for officers, a higher standard of accommodation for officers and men, and a pension scheme for officers to be inaugurated on Jan. 1, 1938. But in spite of every improvement in conditions, no matter how uneconomic, which a shipowner can make, the fundamental question of security of employment is the only factor which can keep our people sea-minded. To obtain security of employment for officers and men, the first step is to ensure security and continuity of employment for the country's ships.

To sum up, we are short of both ships and men; we have no means of increasing the training ground for personnel; and one of our most essential lines of imperial and commercial defence is being shattered by economic assaults which a strong maritime policy would quickly discourage.

E. H. WATTS.

November, 1937.

Art. 10.—PRINCESS LIEVEN AND HER WRITINGS.

1. *The Private Letters of Princess Lieven to Prince Metternich*. 1820–1826. Edited by Peter Quennell, assisted in translation by Dilys Powell. Murray, 1937.
2. *Correspondence of Princess Lieven and Earl Grey*. Edited and translated by Guy Le Strange. 3 vols. Bentley, 1890–91.
3. *Correspondence of Princess Lieven and the Earl of Aberdeen*. 1832–1854. Privately printed, 1880.
4. *Letters of Dorothea Princess Lieven during her Residence in London*. 1812–1834. Edited by Lionel G. Robinson. Longmans, 1902.
5. *Une Vie d'Ambassadrice au Siècle Dernier : La Princesse de Lieven*. Par Ernest Daudet. Paris : Plon-Nourrit, 1903.
6. *The Unpublished Diary and Political Sketches of Princess Lieven*. Edited by Harold Temperley. Cape, 1925.
7. *Lettres du Prince de Metternich à la Comtesse de Lieven*. 1818–1819. Publiés par Jean Hanoteau. Paris : Plon Nourrit, 1909.

THERE are few more striking figures in the political and social world of her day than Princess Dorothea Lieven. The adult period of her life, a period so richly crowded with political associations and activities, covers the first half of the nineteenth century, of which no fewer than twenty-two years were spent in London, where her husband was Russian Ambassador. Hostess of a distinguished political salon ; an acknowledged leader of fashion and society, who introduced the waltz into the English ballroom ; a real adept at diplomacy and, as many said, at intrigue ; closely associated with three English Prime Ministers and two English Foreign Secretaries ; mistress of the Austrian Chancellor Prince Metternich ; and at a later date the devoted friend and lover of the French statesman and historian Guizot, this remarkable woman, with her wide range of interests, surely merits a unique place in history. Her career appears to contain the only example of an ambassadress virtually superseding her husband in his duties and interfering actively in the domestic politics of the country to

which he was accredited. It is not difficult to imagine that her life had its full measure of action and excitement.

The future Princess Lieven was born in 1785 in Riga, of which town her father, General Alexander Benckendorff, was military governor. Her mother, whom she lost when still a child, was German. In dying she commended her to the protection of the Empress Maria Feodorovna, consort of the mad Tsar Paul, who personally supervised the completion of her education at the famous Smolny Institute in St Petersburg. Like many Russians, she showed herself an accomplished musician and a good linguist. She acquired, too, a facile manner of expression: she was as ready with her pen as with her tongue. But otherwise her education was superficial. On leaving school, in 1800, she married, before she was fifteen, young Count Christopher Lieven, the Tsar's Minister of War. Soon afterwards the Tsar was murdered, and Madame Lieven found herself in a position to describe the crime and its accompanying events in a vivid narrative which has fortunately been preserved.

Under Paul's successor, Alexander I, the Lievens were retained in favour. The husband was on the Tsar's military staff and fought in the earlier Napoleonic campaigns, while the wife had the official position of Lady of Honour at court. In 1810 Count Lieven exchanged the army for diplomacy as a career, and was appointed Russian Ambassador in Berlin. Two years later he was transferred to the London Embassy. One would normally expect great things from a man who had been War Minister at the age of twenty-five, but though he was industrious and conscientious, his abilities were never very conspicuous. Almost from the beginning of their residence in England the Ambassador was overshadowed as a personality by his brilliant wife, who gradually became a real force in domestic politics and succeeded in attracting the leading characters in the country to her side. Her talents as a hostess immediately gained her the favour of the Prince Regent, later King George IV, and for this reason she was cultivated by his principal ministers as well as by the leading members of the Opposition. Castlereagh, Wellington, Canning, and, at a later date, Aberdeen were her greatest friends among the Tories. Grey and Palmerston were closest to her of the

Whigs; and she was on terms of great intimacy with the leading Whig hostesses, particularly Lady Granville and Lady Cowper. Towards Holland House and its circle, in which no doubt she detected a rival salon, she was not so friendly. Lord Holland, who met her at Brighton in 1813, described her as 'thin, ugly, genteel, and very clever.' He suspected her of misinterpreting the acts of the Opposition in her letters to the Imperial Court in St Petersburg. After a speech which Holland made in 1821 inferring that the Tsar Alexander I had connived at his father's murder, they ceased for a considerable period to be on speaking terms, and only resumed their intercourse very tardily some years later.*

Madame Lieven accompanied her husband, in 1818, to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, and here she met and fell in love with Prince Metternich. It was not the first affair of its kind which she had experienced—nor, for that matter, was it to be the last. Still, the majority of her liaisons were spiritual and platonic, and even in this particular instance she continued to see very little of her lover. They met again for a few weeks in 1821 at Hanover, where George IV had an interview with Metternich and Castlereagh hoped that Madame Lieven's presence would keep the Austrian Chancellor in a good humour. In 1822 they saw each other at Verona, where the last of the brilliant Congresses of the period assembled. Three years later Madame Lieven fell out with her lover over the Eastern Question, and with a certain apparent fickleness transferred her allegiance, though not her complete affections, to Canning, whom she had formerly denounced as a Jacobin. She did not see Metternich again until more than a quarter of a century had passed—in fact, not until the revolutionary wave which swept over Europe in 1848 deposited them both as exiles in Brighton. Both were now old and in failing health, but they talked away agreeably and seemed to have altogether forgotten their former relations and differences.

The Lievens' Embassy in London lasted till 1834, when Palmerston's action in nominating Sir Stratford Canning as English Ambassador in St Petersburg against the Tsar Nicholas's express wishes led to their recall.

* See 'Chronicles of Holland House, 1820-1900.' By the Earl of Ilchester. Murray, 1937.

The pill was a bitter one for Dorothea to swallow, but it was gilded by the appointment of her husband as governor of the Tsarevitch, the future Tsar Alexander II. Lieven had already received the title of Prince at Nicholas's Coronation in 1826, his position at court was secure, and he soon settled down in his new post. It was otherwise with his wife. After a few months in Russia her health broke down completely, and she was ordered abroad by her doctors. Her refusal to return to St Petersburg a little later embroiled her in a quarrel both with the Tsar and her husband; and when, in 1839, Prince Lieven died suddenly in Rome, whilst accompanying the Tsarevitch on his travels, he was practically estranged from her. Meanwhile she had established herself in Paris, where she had opened another salon and was endeavouring, not without success, to recapture her former brilliant sway over men and events.

The twilight of her life, which Princess Lieven spent in the French capital, witnessed what is perhaps the best-known episode in her career, the amazing romance with King Louis Philippe's Minister Guizot. In its early stages it inspired Balzac's delightful novel of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, *Les Secrets de la Princesse de Cadignan*, in which Madame Lieven can be recognised with little difficulty in the title character and her lover figures under the name of D'Arthez. To Madame Lieven and her salon Guizot owed much of his interest in foreign politics, which eventually led him to the Quai d'Orsay, and he repaid his mistress with a faithful devotion broken only by death. 'Je vous remercie de vingt années d'affection et de bonheur,' she wrote to him as she lay dying. She left him an annuity of 8,000 francs and her carriage. She could not bear the idea of his being without a carriage.

Had Princess Lieven written little or nothing in the way of letters or memoirs, she would undoubtedly still be remembered for her wide range of friendships and the considerable political and social influence which she exerted in Western Europe for upwards of half a century. But she was a really versatile and industrious correspondent with a peculiarly forceful style; and although she did not keep a continuous diary, she was in the habit of recording, from time to time, her impressions of the people she met and the events in which both she and

they played a part. 'Dieu, chère Princesse, how interesting your letters are!' Count Nesselrode, the Russian Foreign Minister, once told her. 'What valuable materials for history do they contain, and how I envy our children the pleasure they will have one day in reading your memoirs!' From statements which Madame Lieven herself made, it appears that she was by no means unaware of the interest which attached to her writings. To Metternich, for example, she gave it as her opinion that 'our correspondence ought to be of the greatest value to the historian of our times,' and of her communications with Lord Grey she said: 'How many curious facts have I not found among all these letters!'

It was known during her lifetime that Princess Lieven had kept some kind of a journal, for she had spoken about it to the brothers Charles and Henry Greville, while Lord Houghton actually heard her read some extracts from it in her salon in Paris. 'The Princess had been so identified with all the great events of the early part of the century,' wrote Lord Houghton shortly after her death, 'and had associated on so complete an equality with all the leading men, that her observations and criticisms had the highest interest in themselves, and were expressed with great charm of style and distinction of wit. It will be a serious loss to our most intimate historical knowledge of the political intricacies of the time if they are altogether suppressed.' As will be seen, the mass of her papers not only incurred this risk, but was actually in danger of destruction.

At the time of her death in 1857 considerable interest was expressed both in London and Paris as to the person to whom, as Henry Greville put it, 'will be entrusted these curious documents.' Madame Lieven had been at some pains to arrange her papers herself, and on her return to Russia from England in 1834 she had described 'the greatest source of my pleasure' as 'the putting in order of the voluminous correspondence with my friends.' Yet, oddly enough, no instructions of any kind could be found regarding their disposition at her death. She had, however, taken the precaution, not long before she died, of entrusting the documents to the Duc de Noailles, one of her executors, fearing that an attempt might be made by the Russian authorities to seize them through the

Embassy in Paris. But no such attempt was made, and after a short interval the Duc de Noailles handed over the collection to Princess Lieven's son Paul, the chief beneficiary under her will. On Prince Paul Lieven's death the collection, to which were added his father's papers, passed to a younger brother, Alexander, the last surviving member of this branch of the family. Prince Alexander Lieven died in 1886, and he stated in his will that the whole collection was to remain under seal for fifty years and that no part of it was to be published before the year 1936. He had no legitimate issue, but he left a natural daughter, whose marriage to a Lieven relative ensured that the sealed collection should remain in the family.* Shortly before the beginning of the Great War their son, to whom the papers passed in due course, deposited them for safe-keeping in the Archives of the Nobility of Courland at Mittau. With the outbreak of the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917 they disappeared, along with the rest of the archives, and it was thought for a time that they had been destroyed.

So far as concerned the collection under seal, Prince Alexander's testamentary injunction was faithfully observed, but the collection was not by any means complete. During the lifetime of the Princess herself as well as that of her two surviving sons, a good many of the documents appear to have been abstracted and others removed wholesale. First of all there was the Princess's correspondence with Lord Grey, which began in 1824 and covered the ensuing twenty years. On Grey's death in 1845 his executors returned all the Princess's letters to their writer; and when she had collated and classified them with those from Grey in her possession, she entrusted the whole correspondence to the Duke of Sutherland with instructions that it should not be published for at least forty years. Her wishes were respected, and the letters remained in Stafford House till the nineties, when they made their appearance in the well known edition of Mr Guy L'Estrange.

Although many of the sentiments which they expressed were necessarily guarded, Princess Lieven's letters to Grey

* Her mother was a Countess Mannteuffel. The daughter, Matilda, married Prince Nicholas Lieven, a nephew by marriage of Princess Dorothea's.

breathed an extraordinary passion for politics and a strong desire to exert her influence in her country's interests. At first their acquaintance was purely social, but it gradually developed into one of extraordinary political intimacy, marked by the copious exchange of letters, which the Whig statesman on his side is said to have spent the first hours of the day in composing, and to have despatched perfumed with musk to his Egeria. When he became Prime Minister in 1830 she heaped advice upon him in a letter which concluded :

'Pray excuse my zeal, but I really could not help communicating to you what is so strong a conviction with me. I am certain, were I your wife, I could not possibly feel more anxious and interested in all that may add to your renown. Heaven prosper your efforts, my dear lord, I can think of nothing else at present, but do try to let me see you to-morrow, and send me word in time that I may arrange my day accordingly.'

But Madame Lieven was not a woman who ever let her head be ruled by her heart. She seized the moment of triumph and begged Grey to appoint Lord Palmerston as Foreign Minister, convinced that it was an appointment which would be acceptable to the Tsar. For once she was mistaken, as she learned to her lasting regret when she and her husband left the Russian Embassy for good four years later.

After Lord Grey Madame Lieven's most voluminous correspondent in England was the Tory Lord Aberdeen. When he was Foreign Secretary in the Wellington Government which preceded Grey's she affected to despise him as the Duke's jack-in-office, since both were pursuing a policy opposed to Russia's activities in the Near East. However, they appear to have been attracted towards each other some years later by their mutual dislike of Palmerston's foreign policy. It was not until after her return to Russia in 1834 that she fully realised, as she told Aberdeen, the part which Palmerston had played in bringing about her husband's recall.

'Tsarskoe Selo, October 23, 1834. . . . Il m'est prouvé depuis mon arrivée en Russie que c'est à Lord Palmerston que je dois d'avoir quitté, pour toujours peut-être, cette Angleterre que j'aime tant. M. de Talleyrand me disait un jour, "Il dépendra toujours d'un Ministre des Affaires Etrangères,

quelque médiocre qu'il soit, de chasser un ambassadeur," et voilà ce qu'il a voulu, et ce qui est arrivé.'

The Princess's connection with Guizot, with whom Aberdeen worked most harmoniously during his second term at the Foreign Office from 1841 to 1846, drew them still closer together. Aberdeen wrote freely, with an eye to his sentiments being passed on to Guizot, and in his turn enjoyed the Princess's frank commentaries on events in France. 'Your letters are always welcome,' he told her in 1842, when relations between the two countries were growing strained, 'and never more so than when you write with a view of promoting a spirit of conciliation and of preserving peace.' As in the case of Lord Grey, Aberdeen's letters were eventually returned to his family. An edition of them was printed for private circulation by the late Lord Stanmore, and they were subsequently used by him in his 'Earl of Aberdeen,' which was published in 1893. The originals have recently been acquired by the British Museum with the rest of the Aberdeen Papers.*

When Aberdeen at length became Prime Minister Europe was heading for the first war on any considerable scale which she had seen since the days of Napoleon. 'A war under the present circumstances would be disgraceful to the civilised world,' he wrote to Madame Lieven on Sept. 8, 1853, 'but the many years of peace which we have enjoyed have made Europe forget the horrors and miseries of war; and the satisfaction which ought to be felt at this state of happiness has in too many instances given way to a very warlike spirit.' For Dorothea the Crimean War was a particularly bitter blow, for it meant that, in common with other Russian subjects, she had to leave Paris. 'Je ne sais ou choisir ma résidence,' she wrote pathetically in her last letter to the English Prime Minister. 'Je commencerai probablement par Bruxelles—Vagabond à mon âge! Adieu, mon très cher Lord Aberdeen, mon cher ami, mon cher ennemi.' She did go to Brussels, but a year later she was allowed to return to Paris to see her doctor, and when she showed no disinclination to leave the authorities winked at her

* Additional MSS. 43,052-43,055. An edition prepared by Dr E. Jones Parry is shortly to be published under the auspices of the Royal Historical Society.

stay, which continued uninterruptedly until the conclusion of peace. By that time Aberdeen had retired from office brokenhearted.

In 1902 appeared another instalment from Dorothea's pen in the shape of the letters which she wrote to her favourite brother, Alexander Benckendorff, while she was in England. These were edited by Mr Lionel Robinson, who had obtained them from Count Alexander Apponyi, whose father had married a daughter of their original recipient and in this way had acquired possession of them. They were essentially different from her letters to Grey and Aberdeen, being written to a brother who was in close relations with the Imperial Court in St Petersburg and containing very frank and confidential accounts of happenings in England. They present the other side of the picture by showing how hard Madame Lieven worked to advance the interests and cause of Russia during the period of her husband's long embassy in London. In this correspondence she does not hesitate to condemn her friends when their policy is opposed to that of her country. Thus at various times Wellington appears 'as obstinate as a mule,' Aberdeen is 'a wretched minister,' and Grey 'a thorough old woman.' Nor does she conceal her contempt for the English political constitution and English habits. 'I find nothing new here,' she wrote when Grey's Government was in power, 'the same Ministers, the same stupidity and indolence, the same powerlessness. Ah, our good Russia, how much better is she governed!' and again: 'Really one loses patience when one lives long with these people, yet until one has given them a thrashing it is better to laugh at them than to be angry with them.'

Meanwhile the French historian Ernest Daudet, who was working in the Guizot family archives at Val Richer, came upon the minister's correspondence with Madame Lieven. The correspondence was complete, since either Dorothea or her son Paul must at some time have returned Guizot's letters to the statesman, while her letters to him were already carefully preserved in his country home. Daudet accordingly incorporated these letters in an enthusiastic biography of the Princess, of which the greater part was not unnaturally devoted to the period covered by their romance.

On either side they breathe an intense devotion and love. 'Ah! que j'aurais besoin d'être gouvernée!' she said to him one day. 'Pourquoi ne me gouvernez-vous pas? Rien ne me plaît que ce qui plaît à un autre. Mais l'autre, il faut que je l'aime. . . .' And she loved this elder statesman passionately.

The most conspicuous gap in the sealed collection was provided by portions of the Princess's journal, together with a number of character sketches of various people of her acquaintance, all of which were discovered in the late Tsar Nicholas II's private library at Tsarskoe Selo. One of the Tsars, probably Alexander II, asked to see the Princess's journal, and certain parts of it together with the character sketches were accordingly sent to him by the Lievens. They were not returned, and the omission was no doubt intentional. The documents included a circumstantial account of the murder of the Tsar Paul, an amusing description of the visit paid by the Tsar Alexander I to London in 1814, and the Princess's diary for the years 1824-30. Their existence was known at the beginning of the present century to historians working in the Imperial Russian Archives, who made some use of them.* But it was not until several years after the Bolshevik Revolution that they were finally brought to light. In 1924, through the courtesy of the Soviet Government, Professor H. W. V. Temperley of Cambridge obtained transcripts of all the Lieven papers which had been in the old Imperial Library, and they were edited by him and published in the following year.† Being of a more intimate nature than many of her letters and certainly not intended for immediate publication, they proved more interesting than anything relating to the Princess which had hitherto appeared, besides forming, to quote Professor Temperley's preface 'an important contribution to the social and diplomatic history of the period.'

* Dr Theodor Schiemann printed the account of the Tsar Paul in his 'Die Ermordung Pauls und die Thronbesteigung Nikolaus I,' Berlin, 1902. The fragment of the Princess's diary relating to Alexander I was included by the late Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich in his 'Correspondence de l'Empereur Alexander I avec sa sœur la Grande Duchesse Catherine,' St Petersburg, 1910.

† Except the fragment already published by the Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich.

In the meantime the sealed collection, which had disappeared from Mittau in 1917, was found to have been carried off with the rest of the archives of the Lettish nobility to Berlin, where it reappeared in the State Library. From Berlin it was transferred to the custody of a member of the family, Prince Paul Lieven, in Brussels; and there, in his house, in 1934, I had the opportunity of examining and reporting upon the interesting manuscripts and autographs which it contained.* In many of the Princess's letters I noticed that shrewd observations had been inserted by her hand between the lines in sympathetic ink, and these had been brought out by warming in front of the fire. My curiosity and interest were naturally aroused, but nothing further could be done in the direction of publication till the period enjoined in Prince Alexander's will had expired. This restriction was at length removed in 1936, and thereupon steps were taken to publish the first selection from the archives in the shape of the Princess's vivacious and entertaining letters to Metternich.

The existence of the correspondence between the Austrian Chancellor and his mistress had long been suspected. Some of Metternich's letters to the Princess were discovered and edited by M. Jean Hanoteau some years before the Great War. It is not known how they came into his possession, but their authenticity is beyond doubt. They are love letters of a particularly ardent kind, although abounding in expressions of cynicism and self-satisfaction. The whole correspondence lasted for eight years, but unfortunately the letters do not overlap. Those of Metternich end about the middle of 1819, and Madame Lieven's begin six months later, early in 1820.

'You know,' wrote Madame Lieven to the Chancellor in Vienna, 'I should very much like to come back in sixty years' time to read our letters and see what posterity thinks of these two intelligent people whose combined genius was devoted to snatching a fortnight once every three years.' If Metternich wrote more of love than politics, he encouraged his mistress in London to do the opposite, or at least to temper her protestations of

* The writer's report, together with a catalogue of the collection, has been published in the 'Bulletin of the Institute of Historical Research,' vol. XII, No. 36 (February, 1935).

affection with all the political news and gossip she could collect. The result from Madame Lieven's pen was a series of frank, informative, and witty letters which cover the greater part of the reign of King George IV in England. She had the knack of summarising the personal characteristics of her acquaintances in a few terse and humorous sentences, and whether it be the obese monarch himself or the motley crowd of ladies, ministers, and diplomats who surrounded him (for it was only in such exalted circles that Madame Lieven moved), the impressions which she gathered and succeeded in conveying to Metternich are truly inimitable. Take this account of one of many droll interviews which she had with the fourth George.

'June 12, 1821. . . . I must say I have never seen a man dressed more oddly. He was lying at full length in a lilac silk dressing-gown, a velvet nightcap on his head, his huge bare feet (for he had gout) covered with a piece of pink silk net. I spent an hour and a half *tête-à-tête* with this get up. We talked love, religion, tittle-tattle, politics, plans for the journey. . . . You keep a straight face—well, mine did its duty too. At the end of this itinerary I got two smacking kisses. That is the etiquette at official audiences; and, although this was hardly official, it carried the usual small privileges with it.'

With the exception of his intriguing physician, Sir William Knighton, whom Madame Lieven nicknamed 'the man-midwife,' and of his fat mistress Lady Conyng-ham, who had 'not an idea in her head, not a word to say for herself, nothing but a hand to accept pearls and diamonds with, and an enormous balcony to wear them on,' George IV's personal entourage was composed of foreigners. This mischievous collection of people, in which Madame Lieven was a moving spirit, flattered the vain and susceptible king and used their influence to worm out of him political secrets which his ministers had confided to his keeping. Madame Lieven probably betrayed no more than the ministers intended she should, but she certainly showed a remarkable aptitude for passing on what reached her ears. Lengthy conversations with the King, with Castlereagh, Wellington, and Canning are carefully reported. The pathetic picture of Castlereagh's mental breakdown and consequent suicide is no

less skilfully drawn than that of Wellington's being hoodwinked at the Congress of Verona and the unsuccessful attempt of the Court coterie to oust Canning from the Foreign Office. Her daily comments on the degrading spectacle of Queen Caroline's divorce, which kept London busy for most of 1821, are also very revealing.

Madame Lieven was a constant visitor to Brighton, where she stayed as His Majesty's guest in the bizarre Pavilion. 'How can one describe such a piece of architecture?' she wrote as it was being completed. 'The style is a mixture of Moorish, Tartar, Gothic, and Chinese, and all in stone and iron. It is a whim which has already cost 700,000*l.*; and it still is not fit to live in.' She found the interior of this quaint pseudo-Oriental Kremlin as extraordinary as the outside, and was convinced that since the days of Heliogabalus there never had been such magnificence and luxury. 'There is something effeminate in it which is disgusting. One spends the evening half-lying on cushions; the lights are dazzling; there are perfumes, music, liqueurs.' No wonder the Duke said to her on his first arrival: 'Devil take me, I think I must have got into bad company.'

On England and the English she is pleasingly candid.

'What a strange country! What a strange and beautiful thing its Constitution is! What a mixture of justice and abuses, what contrasts everywhere and in everything, and yet what a fine harmony results from all these contrasts! You do not feel drawn towards Constitutions. But you must let me go on liking them in the form sanctified by the English weather and the English fogs.'

* * * *

'The English silent and cold about everything else, are particularly talkative and frank about their own affairs. They have not got the knack of ordinary conversation, and do not take the trouble to talk to you, if you want to talk of trivial things; but boldly propose the most intimate questions and they are on their own ground. Above all, argue (you must not think of being wholly of their opinion) and they appreciate you much more than you could have hoped at the beginning of the conversation.'

At least one of the metropolitan discomforts, which she was forced to suffer, has not disappeared in the

century which has supervened between the date of her letter and the London of to-day.

‘ In this unmusical country, there are horrible barrel-organs which go about the streets—at the moment there is one beneath my window, which is playing so out of tune that I feel almost inclined to cry, and find it nearly impossible to write to you. I have not a single correct idea in my head while I am listening to discordant sounds. It causes me a physical discomfort, which immediately extends to my mental faculties.’

The temptation to quote extensively from these delightful letters is irresistible. Although they add little or nothing to our political knowledge, they must inevitably rank high with the other authorities such as Greville, Creevey, Raikes and Gronow, on the social history of the period. Much of them, it is true, is taken up with trivial gossip and chatter, which seem utterly insignificant to us at this distance in time, but everything is so charmingly and often amusingly told that our appetites thirst for more.

Intriguer, scandal-monger, mischief-maker—there was something of all these in her character. She was a snob and a reactionary, but on the other hand she had the grand manner and there was nothing petty or mean about her actions. She had, too, a diverting sense of humour. (It was this quality in Canning which eventually endeared him to her, although she always seems to have thought he was never quite a gentleman.) Nor did she forget she was a Russian and that the affairs of her country must come before those of her heart. Thus, never in her most intimate moments with the Austrian Chancellor did she ever impart any unauthorised information to her country's detriment.

In 1825 she paid a short visit to Russia, where she saw the Tsar Alexander, who entrusted her with a delicate mission to execute in London. She was to be ‘ a living despatch ’ conveying to the English Government Russia's desire to break with Austria and come closer to England. The result was an important Anglo-Russian understanding on the Near Eastern question which was signed in the following year and laid the first milestone along the road of Greek independence. The Princess now abandoned Metternich and became Canning's champion. By the

end of 1826 her correspondence with Vienna ceased, but in spite of its political necessity the termination does not appear to have been effected without some traces of regret on her side. 'We should be hard put to it, you and I, to find in the whole world people of our calibre,' she wrote to her erst-while lover in her last letter. 'Our hearts are well matched, our minds too; and our letters are very pleasant . . . I repeat: you will find no one better than me. If you meet your like, show him to me. Good-bye.'

Besides their interest for the student of the Regency, these letters must naturally have a particular value for the Princess's biographer. It is perhaps rather surprising that no version of her life has yet appeared in English, but the mass of written and printed authorities which has now become available will no doubt lead to more than one work of the kind being undertaken. Through her writings she stands out as clearly as she does to the onlooker in the canvases of Lawrence and Watts—the long neck, the dark curls, the haughty glance are as unmistakable as the elegant manners and brilliant conversation. Whatever her failings, the remarkable personality of Princess Dorothea Lieven is unquestioned. Now that she seems to be coming into her own both as a writer and as a social and political figure, let us hope that the position which she has created for herself in history is established at last.

H. MONTGOMERY HYDE.

Art. 11.—ENGLISH HUMOUR.

WITHOUT the relief of laughter the world would, indeed, be as stale, flat, and unprofitable as Hamlet in his series of melancholy soliloquies declared it was ; and, lacking the humour that brings kindliness to social intercourse, this life could hardly then be worth the living. Yet how rarely good, with all its cheap abundance, everyday humour is ! Perhaps that cheapness and abundance are the causes of its poverty. Yet Humour is spiritual and, like most of such qualities, has innumerable aspects, ranging from a kindly simplicity that produces an artless joy to an irony so subtle that it can only be felt by some as an inward titillation of the diaphragm. It is the same with laughter. The Greek mask of Comedy, with the round gaping mouth which appears to be emitting soundless roars of mirth, illustrates one extreme of the enjoyment that humour can bring ; and from that Aristophanic or Gargantuan outpouring we may diminish, or ascend, to an excellence of appreciation so rare, yet withal so real, that it is beyond expression in sound.

The essence of the happiest humour is a discerning gentleness ; but not always has the spirit of humour been gentle or discerning. Often it has been cruel, and may be so still. When it ventures to ridicule it can bite. But it is a happy symptom of civilised progress that within the last half-century mankind has grown more sympathetic to its fellow-creatures of all kinds, and humour, therefore, has become less of a bludgeon or a sting. A dwarf or hunchback in the cruder days was invariably taken as comic, he brought the pointed finger and the lewd grimace ; while any old person fallen down became on the instant—or the hard spot—the subject of loud mirth. A panic-stricken cat with a can tied to its tail was regarded by many as screaming fun ; and for centuries before that quintessence of lubberly brightness was enjoyed, bears and bulls were baited to give dogs and spectators pleasure. Man's humour often has shown him as little better than a cousin to the apes.

Such brutalities happily have generally gone, with the old-fashioned practical joke, when persons could be elaborately hoaxed, strangers asking the way deliberately mis-directed, advertisements of non-existent situations

vacant' inserted in newspapers, and the tyres of standing bicycles merrily punctured; much as in the days of which Richard Steele tells, when ambitious young men 'in their pursuits after fame were every night employed in roasting porters, smoking cobblers, knocking down watchmen, over-turning constables, breaking windows, blackening sign-posts, and the like immortal enterprises.' The world, in consequence of the general improving-away of humour so uncouth, is not a duller place to live in; but those instances of stupidity done in the name of mirth show how mean and base its spirit has sometimes been.

At this stage the question might well be asked, What is Humour? It is easier to ask than to answer it. No definition of so complex, subtle, and considerable an element in human thought and intercourse can be adequate without, for essay purposes, becoming easily overdone. The unilluminated philosopher confronted with such a prospect of aridities might lick his lips in anticipation of a perfect three hours of laborious and peddling discourse, of dry adventurings in verbosity and the super-careful weighings of abstruse nothings. But refusing to be so darkly learned, we fall back on the simple assertion that Humour may be taken as an amusing way of looking at and expressing the realities of life and the infinite absurdities that go with them. It is very different from Wit, as that belongs to the mind and is essentially clear and cold; whereas Humour comes rather from the heart.

One condition of Humour is evident instantly. Changeableness of taste over it is more rapid even than with the perversities of fashion; because the bloom of a joke begins to fade at the earliest repetition, and soon the freshness of that bright flower is gone, which accounts for the seeming poverty of the humours of yester-year. Can anyone to-day honestly laugh, as our forbears did, over Mrs Caudle's curtain-lectures to her oppressed, half-asleep husband, or about the troubles of Mr Tittlebat Titmouse, whose locks and whiskers, during his inexperienced search for the hirsute fashions of a man-about-town, went all manner of bright colours through some elaborate misadventure with hair-dyes? Yet, in view of the commercial success of books of the character of the late Herbert Jenkins' 'Bindle' and of those describing the

verbal and other eccentricities of Mr P. G. Wodehouse's young men—and what will be thought of *them* when the peculiar culture of these days is overcast?—it might be worth the while of a publisher to bring out editions, much-abridged, of 'Ten Thousand a Year,' 'Handy Andy,' 'Valentine Vox,' and other works which eighty or so years ago secured plentiful laughter but have fallen since to something worse than half-forgetfulness. It is a curious sign of the changes of taste in humour over a period of years that only the would-be improving books of the deader days seem now to rouse amusement; their sapless, assertive virtuousness, though sincere when those books were written, having grown poorly ludicrous. They appear to echo faithfully, though in rather a milky-watery manner, the minor moralities of Pecksniff.

As mirth is of universal necessity, so the humour that evokes it should be infinite in variety and sometimes, therefore, even nicely bad 'to please all tastes.' The japes of a clown may be lamentable to the majority who witness and hear, and yet cause delight and refreshment to others who are entitled to the recreation they bring; for every sort of daily occupation requires a suitable release, and it would be evidence of a humourless poor heart to assume superiority over the joys of those who must live amid dingy streets and work long hours daily at a machine in a factory, or behind the counter of a busy shop, fetching, carrying, weighing, measuring, and being the whole time polite, often to people who are impolite. So what does it matter if the joke that drew the laughter—which perhaps did seem a little loud—was the oldest and worst in Joe Miller's Jest-book?

Manners make humorists as well as men; and the fashions of a period are generally a fair cause of laughter to later generations. The cut of the hair, the uses of an eye-glass, the character of the clothes worn, any oddness that marks an age, are bound to be comic to the livelier of those lucky enough to have been born afterwards. A film showing silently the return by rail of the crowd from Henley in 1906 has been found by present-day spectators to be highly comic. The steam-train used was almost precisely as now; but the hats, clothes, and style of hair worn by the travellers, and their stiff constraint, as it seems to our ease-loving generation, appear odd and

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clumsy enough now to be funny. And that after a mere thirty years. If only we could have a film of the actual crowds at the Exhibition in Hyde Park of 1851!

One other aspect of humour showing that with all its universality it has local conditions is found in its 'national' forms. That of the Scot is said to be dry and pawky, and made to play predominantly on the theme of an undue economy. Let it be recognised that no Englishman ever has invented a story about the proverbial Aberdonian and his unspendable bawbee. Evidently such efforts, misrepresenting the thrifty Scots, are manufactured north of the Tweed; possibly to remind us, through contrast, of the reality of Scottish hospitality. The Welsh, for their part, appear to have no humour—and, not only from outside the Principality, there are many who declare Mr Lloyd George to be 'no joke'; while is there any spontaneous humour now in Ireland? The many-volumed 'Reminiscences of an Irish R.M.' reminds us that there was a rich vein of it a very little while ago, and the Misses Ross and Somerville were not its only exponents; but as a national element it seems rather to have damped-down. It may be, however, that a sense of humour is not an essential of the fiery, imaginative temperament of the Celt, who for centuries was too harassed with enmities and harsh wants to have the repose of mind necessary to its generation. In Ireland, certainly, the bitterness of politics—the shadow of the gun—killed much of the light in the heart without which the spirit of humour cannot live. Yet as the novels of Lever and Lover remind us, they had it abundantly in an earlier day, though it has always tended to the farcical and over-farcical. One elaborate weakness suffered by the Irish seems to be an inability to laugh at themselves or to endure being laughed at. How angry in the old days they were over the stage Irishman, so-called, with his extravagant brogue, his 'begorra' and 'bedad,' and the twirling shillelagh which, as likely as not, was cut from any tree but blackthorn on some London common. Wit, of course, he has in such abundance that often when he has said a good thing he does not know he has said it. But Humour?—doubtful. So that good, bad, or indifferent as it may be, the humour of these islands appears to be mainly English.

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Happily the English are not unwilling to laugh at themselves so long as the point is put broadly enough, subtlety being generally lost on them, as many an audience has revealed to its keener-minded members. Whenever they have seen the stage Englishman, as formerly represented on the Continent and in foreign caricature—horse-faced, long-whiskered, solemn, be-spatted, monocled—they generally have enjoyed that figure of fun, though possibly because they knew it wasn't much like. A further difference between the Irish and English over humour is illustrated by the settlement in London of Mr Bernard Shaw. Although born in Dublin, Mr Shaw's pointed franknesses would not only have been wasted there but would have been dangerous to him. Wisely, therefore, when as a young man with a jester's bauble in his knapsack he set out to seek his fortune, he came to London and settled to the task of exposing with happy maladroitness our weaknesses, to find it a pastime profitable as well as pleasant. For his victims laughed with him and encouraged him to go on, in the process putting up with some of the wordiest—as well as some of the most amusing—plays written, for love of the fun poked at them, in the forms of John Broadbent, Britannus, Stogcumber, and others ; and, meanwhile, Mr Shaw himself became a British institution.

Once upon a more leisurely time the favourite playground of English humour was the London streets, where cabmen and busmen, or rival errand-boys, or masterful dustmen, drifting along their ways met in occasional verbal contests, there being no haste and little noise of traffic to prevent them. An audience was ever ready to encourage them and so they exchanged small rudenesses, which a foreigner better versed in our language than in our ways might have believed were uncomplimentary. Too often their efforts at repartee were crude ; but the humorous spirit was there. Much the same form of humour was exploited by the comedians in theatres and music-halls ; their cross-talk, as it was called, permitting so much mutual comic detraction that it tended to grow tedious through repetition and want of originality. The old music-halls, which had grown out of the social warmth of the more enterprising public-houses, had a humour of their own, and none of their habitués would have felt

deeply hurt at hearing it called vulgar. The programmes consisted in the earlier days almost entirely of songs, often known as comic, and verbal 'patter,' followed by brief breaks of rather elementary step-dancing. The motives of the songs and dialogue were rarely far distant from the old worn ruts of common, and very common, urban domestic life, and played about the weaknesses of inebriates, landladies, pawnbrokers, lodgers, and policemen, and as the humour naturally was centred on much the same sets of incidents in lower-class conditions, it grew increasingly sordid and, it must be confessed, very frequently boring. To be vulgar without being funny was too often the character of the entertainment given by those 'comics.' But while that aspect of Cockney brightness verged generally towards the depressing, it would be unjust to overlook the outstanding artists of the Halls who amusingly and with originality did portray the humorous truths and eccentricities of the current life: as Marie Lloyd, Dan Leno, Sir Harry Lauder, Albert Chevalier, Miss Vesta Tilley, and, in the present day, Miss Gracie Fields.

Such as it was, in its heartiness or poverties, the comedy of the music-halls was characteristically English and mainly London, or Cockney, and always has possessed an element of what the pantomimes know as 'slapstick': and it may, or may not, be a result of the confidence of the type that some of the best clowns in continental circuses have been British by birth. These may not have won the outstanding distinction of those superb princes of absurdity, Marceline and Grock; but, before the 'pictures' came to spoil everything, it seemed impossible to go into a good circus on the Continent of Europe without discovering at least one of its better clowns to be English. It is easy to detect a close relationship between Cockney humour and them, and the low comedy of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and other high masters of our literature. The humour of these last, which, of course, belongs to the universal, has not the narrow fixity of urban realism of the Cockney school, but in its ease and bold, broad personal familiarities and hearty enjoyment of itself, it is of much the same breed. One can mentally see Bottom, Quince, the Dromios, Lance and his dog, Elbow, Trinculo, Costard, Lancelot Gobbo, and the other

drolls or wittlings, with Verges and Dogberry, babbling on the old Tivoli or Oxford or Trocadero stage; and especially so Falstaff; although the experiment—in a reverse direction—of Mr George Robey at His Majesty's in representing the immortal Sir John of 'King Henry the Fourth' was not encouraging. It is in their broad personal familiarities that Shakespeare's clowns and fools are like those of the music-hall; with the important difference, of course, that his (who had also some immortal lines to speak) were worthy to bandy thoughts with princes—Hamlet with the Grave-digger, Cleopatra with the clown who brought the 'pretty worm of Nilus'; a further difference between his makers of mirth and their after-shadows being that they helped on the theme of the play as well as lightened it with interludes of laughter.

In the wealth and qualities of humour, as in the flights of his poetry, Shakespeare was unique; and although Dickens could compare with him in the number and variety of his comic creations, they tended too much to the eccentric to be really of an equal quality with Mercutio or Dogberry. Yet who could look the Wellers, Dick Swiveller, Mrs Gamp in the face and not claim their excellent humour as peculiar to its great locality? After Shakespeare and Dickens for range and compelling reality of mirthful humour generally commensurate with theirs, we next must go North, to the genius of Sir Walter Scott. Necessarily there are differences through nationality between his comic characters and theirs, but in the rich spirit of comedy, Caleb Balderstone, Cuddie Headrigg, Edie Ochiltree, and Andrew Fairservice are of a brotherhood with Grumio and Sam Weller. The laughter they evoke is open, hearty, natural, and not the clipped giggle which too often marks the sufficient appreciation of modern comic writers, who are, however, not given the spacious settings for their business that were permitted to Shakespeare, Dickens, and Scott.

Fascinating as it would be to venture at length into the greatness of English humour as revealed in the wide and shining universe of our literature, that is not possible within these limits. The subject asks for tomes and can only be given a few pages. It must be sufficient to suggest

it by taking glimpses of its illimitable range and variety ; from the satire of Dryden and Pope, in whipping doubtful statesmen and undoubted dunces, to that more bitter gift of wrathful irony as was illustrated by Defoe in his 'Shortest Way with the Dissenters' and by Dean Swift in his subtle yet terrible censures—the worst being not his degrading libel of mankind as Yahoos, but his 'Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Poor People from being a Burthen to their Parents or Country.' For ruthless brutality and ugliness that is unequalled in any language of heart or speech. But do those instances belong truly to humour ? Indeed, they do ; for humour and laughter, as social history has shown and we have seen, can be cruel, and Swift assuredly had the humour that is capable of the angriest and most hurtful bitterness and scorn. Yet with him, as with Defoe, it was retaliative and caused by the wrongs and sufferings of the inarticulate helpless.

The playwrights of the Restoration, and especially Congreve and Wycherly, represent another aspect of English humour, this time of a gross coarseness pointed by a pricking wit. They played continuously on the aspects of that temporary condition that is popularly known as the eternal triangle ; not of the sincerities of mistaken or excusable passion, but of intrigues in which the faithless wife, fooled husband, and dissolute lover enacted their staled parts ; or else it was an exhibition of some plain and pitiless seduction. It is natural that the weakness or waywardness of women and the naughtiness of men—or, as equally may be, the other way round—should be the sport of humour ; but those Restoration playwrights overdid their business. They had not the grace or wisdom to blend their comedy with warm humanity, as Shakespeare and Chaucer did, and thereby were not so representative of English humour as were those poets, who, also, in their passing allusions could be very crudely indecent, tickling the ears of the groundlings whose laughter was the least worth having. Yet the quality of their mirth, like their greatness, was elemental, abundant, and robust—robustious—and justified the talk of the Wife of Bath and of Juliet's Nurse. With Shakespeare, especially, humour was helpful in being a necessary foil to the tragical or world-sweeping

actions of his Kings and Queens, as well as to the self-surrendering passion of an Imogen, a Juliet, or a Viola. No poet or dramatist, indeed, has illustrated more effectively than he the truth of humour being, as Fanny Kemble in one of her casual inspirations called it, 'that great tragic element.' The finest humour often refines the laughter it causes with the thought of tears, and through that spiritual union a foretaste of comedy may strengthen the ironies and crises of tragedy. With the Porter in 'Macbeth' and the Grave-digger and Osric in 'Hamlet' Shakespeare deliberately enhanced the quality of his tragical climaxes.

Chaucer and Shakespeare stand out in a true succession of humour, with Edmund Spenser—of all poets!—carrying on between them. Chaucer's comic themes, as exemplified in the stories told by the Reeve and the Miller during the pilgrimage to Canterbury, might well have come from the dissolute mouth of Falstaff or Toby Belch and been the subjects of ribald farces on the old London stage, though never quite with the detail of Alisoun's treatment of the parish-clerk Absolon :

" 'Te-hee ! ' quod sche, and clapte the wyndow to.'

It really is rather strange that the same form of vigorous farce, although it expresses the prevailing spirit of English humour, should have been used by Spenser in the pastoral settings of the 'Faerie Queene,' and a pity that he had not more of it wherewith to strengthen the languid, flowing beauty of his epic of chivalry. Its main example is the incident of Malbecco and his flighty wife, Hellenore, in the third Book—of Chastity—of which the maid Britomart is the knightly champion. Malbecco was aged, envious, jealous, and decked with a goat-like beard; through which, and with 'his faire hornes on hight'—a nice cuckoldy touch—he was able to hide among the wild goats and so spy on Hellenore, who had taken refuge among the satyrs in the forest; until, in rough poetic justice, the herd turned on him and so butted him that he was forced to fly to the proper ending for curmudgeons who, however justly they may do so, distrust their wives. That merry tale, as it truly is, must have been derived from the heartiness of Chaucer, whose poetic feet Spenser confessed that he was following.

We revert to the literature of the eighteenth century and its humour as expressed in the boisterousness of Smollett and Fielding and, with a quieter zest, by such as Addison, Goldsmith, and Sterne. A remarkable age. Although for originality, imaginative flights, and lyrical beauty it was certainly excelled by the Elizabethan, it was greater even than that, as of every other definite period of English literature, in its all-round, daring, bursting, and impudent humour. It was utterly coarse and without reticence; often it made fun of the most sensitive and sacred privacies, incidentally revealing John Bull at that narrow, assertive time as the lusty, lustful, ale-boozing, beef-eating strong man that he was—hardly an ideal for the adorations of the innocents; though, even at its worst, showing a healthier spirit than had prompted the tainted amusement of the Restoration dramatists. Smollett displayed the aspects of a vigorous England and especially of its seamen and the doubtful gentry of the towns—rollicking blades, loud bullies, capable of almost any passing meanness, yet representing the reality and jollity of their time: clamorous, selfish, ruthless. It is as great a tribute to Smollett as any that Charles Dickens was his direct literary descendant; as also on the nautical side was Captain Marryat. It is easy to recognise relationships between their and his characters; the difference between them being that Smollett's are the more roughly actual. Fielding's humorous genius was less violent and, like the man himself, more kindly. The amours and oppositions of his Thwackum and Square were equally possible to Smollett; but the affectionate portraits of those simpletons, Adams and Partridge, could only have been Fielding's; though, with a little more extravagance of imagination, they might well have come from the observation of that smiling, cynical Yorick, Laurence Sterne. Cynical; but not only that, for he who could pen the portrait of Uncle Toby, so simple, unselfish, and prompt with his kindness, must himself have had a power of sympathy which made his cynicism merely another aspect of the heart. His prevailing note was of an elaborated subtlety. He took pains with his innuendos, and over his artful asterisks, his ramblings upstairs and down and in many ways round about, as well as through his adventures in aposeopesis,

was able to shroud his truth with a brilliance of suggestion that only made it clearer to the discerning.

Nearer to the heart than any of those characters, who yet were true English in their humour, was the fraternity that played or fretted over their very local importance and modest domesticities in the pages of Goldsmith, Addison, and Steele. For pure comedy, wherein the touch of sympathy adds charm to the mirth, no fiction can outclass 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' Its story of home vanities and pleasant follies and simple losses neither time nor many readings can dull; while its kindly simplicity keeps vital the happiness of its incidents. Who can tire of the Vicar and Moses in the sale of their colt and their horse, Blackberry, for a gross of green spectacles with silver rims in shagreen cases and a worthless draft; or of Mrs Primrose in her domestic fusses; or of the persuasive rogue Jenkinson with his cant of learning; or of the arts and ill graces of Lady Blarney and Miss Caroline Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs? The humanity of the book is not 'dated'; though its appeal for prison-reform has lost force through having been fulfilled; while the many characters are as alive as ever, and belong to the same company as Mr Bickerstaff, Sir Roger de Coverley, Sir Andrew Freeport, Will Honeycomb, Will Trimble, Captain Sentry, and the brotherhood of the Trumpet Club, who still flourish in the associated pages of Joseph Addison and Richard Steele. They belonged to an age and country that were happier than they knew; hunting, drinking, eating, gambling, trading, courting, enjoying the blustrous activities of a life that went on with little thought for more than the narrow political morrow. The conditions of social existence then, in towns and shires, were based on an ease, without too much conscience, which enabled humour to flourish.

In a sympathy and with a kindliness even greater than theirs—though at times it might have turned a little acid—the truest descendant of the humorists of that century was Charles Lamb, whose influence on his contemporaries and their followers, even until to-day, was revealed at his centenary three years ago. His humour needs no bush. It is infused through his pages, giving them a kindly glow, rather than expressed in fixed comic

characters, though he has his series of comedy figures, as of the Old Benchers and the clerks he worked with at the South Sea House. While his humour, in its own peculiar vein, was enriched by the disciplines, with tragedy amongst them, to which his life was subject, it also had its irresponsibilities—of gaiety at times perhaps a little embarrassing to others and touched by the magic of an elfin lunacy. He could poke fun dangerously; indeed, he found that practice irresistible, especially when he came into touch with the determinately dull or the pompous and self-satisfied, so that even his revered and beloved old schoolfellow, S. T. Coleridge, was subject once or twice to its gentle, ingenuous barbs.

If Lamb did not invent the Pun, more than anyone else, with the exception of Hood, he made it popular, as still it is in spite of our shrugged shoulders over its 'not being done.' Such playful misusings of words and phrases, though not of the highest order of mirthfulness, have added considerably to the world's laughter, and therefore are rightly considered in any survey of English humour. In this respect the first of the Tom Hoods must be recalled, though never, it is hoped, without the remembrance also that he who perpetrated the pitiless puns of 'Faithless Nellie Gray'—

' Ben Battle was a soldier bold
And used to war's alarms,
But a cannon-ball took off his legs
So he laid down his arms,'

and all that, wrote as well 'The Bridge of Sighs' and 'The Song of the Shirt,' which not even endless repetitions can denude of their passionate sympathy or their call to anger over the cruelties of social selfishness. They stand to the honour of the early Victorians who were beginning to discover a community conscience and illustrate the close relationship of sympathy with humour. Different in quality, yet fitly bracketed with the Pun for their impudent nonsense, were the Limericks of Edward Lear, fragments of word-clowning so silly and assertive that they mark their age, that was often topsy-turvy, and the peculiar English genius for playing the fool.

After those irresponsibilities of the printed word one is impelled, almost in a spirit of contradiction, to pause

before an institution which has served to gather and express and almost to regiment the humour of the times through which it has existed. For ninety-seven years 'Punch, or the London Charivari,' has been the outstanding representative of English humour in pictures, prose, and verse. That it was never as good as it used to be is a proverbial phrase which brings out the reality of its general excellence through almost a century of serviceable years. The circumstance that much of its past fun has faded and some of its earlier instalments are now often unreadable does not diminish the truth that in every one of its days it was, as it is, a shrewd, amusing, fearless, and kindly witness to the follies, freaks, waywardness, prejudices, fashions, poses, and fads of its period, and while often pungent or destructive with its parodies and criticisms, has laughed healthily at the important trifles and triflers of everyday. The humour of 'Punch' is necessarily English, and that is its strength; and so it has been throughout from the days of Thackeray and his Snobs to now—with Mr Herbert (who passes Acts of Parliament in his spare time) on the literary side; and from John Leech to Mr Bert Thomas, Mr Ernest H. Shepard, Mr Stampa, and Mr Belcher of our own efficient day, with such giants as Charles Keene, Phil May, Linley Sambourne—probably the greatest of all—and Sir John Tenniel intervening to express the rich humours of art. The pictorial wit and humour of 'Punch' place it largely by itself in distinction and consistency of excellence, though elsewhere Mr Percy Fearon, popular as 'Poy,' Mr Strube, and Mr Low illustrate—fit word!—the gentle bite of modern political satire. The words 'modern satire' recall the names of W. S. Gilbert, Mr Max Beer-bohm, and, of course, Mr Bernard Shaw; as also in a broader, franker, and more fantastic vein they do that of the best comic-writer in free-lance work of these days, Mr D. B. Wyndham Lewis. We could do with more satire of all kinds. Public life is growing smug.

So must end this brief survey of an infinite condition. It is not only through the inspiration and works of individuals that humour lives. It is essential in the hearts and thoughts of the whole English people, and often has served to help them through serious crises.

The greatest manifestation of that truth was in the War, when the long-drawn misery of the trenches was borne with a spirit—making the joking best of things—which helped to bring its reward of victory. With the humour of the Old Bills and the young Tommies (and of Jack on the high seas) which made a joke even out of their discomforts and their grumbling, that contradictory quality of the British, the rank and file, on land especially, pulled us through. In the worst experiences, at that zero hour of grey dawn when normally the spirits are lowest, they went 'over the top' and rushed across the barbed, bullet-swept muddle and havoc of no-man's-land, kicking footballs before them as they went, and crying out 'Early doors sixpence extra!' as though they were back in the old familiar places and knew that even Death at times must grin.

One could easily preach the morals of all that; but to do so would be gross, a cheapening of a nobility of heart that was proved great in its simplicity. It is enough to say that it was the supreme expression of the reality of English humour, inevitable and irresistible, to which much of the successful achievements of the race and their very convenient occasional immobility, as well as their originality of words and deeds—sometimes taken by foreigners as our national form of madness—have been due.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

Art. 12.—THE NON-POLITICAL VALUE OF THE LEAGUE.

THE political helplessness of the League of Nations in the present international crisis and its palpable failure to maintain the standards of its own Covenant during the last few years are inducing critics and supporters alike—these with resignation, those with a sort of ‘I told you so’ contempt—to adopt the view that the Geneva institution can now only justify its existence by its non-political activities. Twice-over since 1931 wanton aggression has run its course in the Far East; Italy has cynically and openly flouted the League in Africa; in Europe itself Germany has retaken possession of the Rhineland by an act of lawlessness. At this moment two wars are being waged and League action has only consisted of repeated discussions in Assembly, Council, and Committees and of the Resolution, in the case of the Far Eastern conflict, proposing a formal conference of the interested Powers, which has just terminated without material result. The final defection of Germany and Italy has destroyed all hope of universality for the League in its present form.

The reign of law among nations has in fact been much less firmly established since 1930 than it was during the previous decade, when one war which had actually started was checked by the action of the League Council, and when a considerable number of international disputes which might have led to hostilities were amicably settled. The deterioration of the League's authority appears to many to be progressive and inevitable. Hence the argument is heard that it had better confine itself to fields in which political passions are not aroused and in which the advantages of collaboration are manifest and undisputed. By those activities, it is suggested, the League may still justify its existence. In the following pages it is proposed briefly to survey them with a view to assessing the value of the League in this respect.

The League of Nations, as is well known, organises and directs the campaign against the two almost universal evils which most degrade human life—the traffics in drugs and in women. The agents of the League are active from Peru to China and from Cairo to New York; and it provides a General Headquarters at Geneva. It is also

the world's Charity Organisation Society. Its central office organises the relief of those unhappy victims of changed frontiers and political revolutions, who have been thrown as penniless refugees upon the mercy of foreign states. Many have become outcasts on account of honourable convictions, others because of the accident of racial origin. This is work with which the League might have coped more perseveringly. It began well. The cause of these stateless wanderers was taken up by that great Norwegian explorer and pioneer, Dr Nansen ; and they were equipped with a new kind of passport, named after him, which gave the status of guaranteed respectability to thousands of refugees ; but since Dr Nansen's death this essentially non-national task has been less effectually performed. The League also supplies an Intelligence Service for the prevention of epidemics and organises practical help where disease has broken out. It combats slavery and protects children ; and one of its semi-political functions has been to ameliorate the lot of those minority populations whom the new frontiers left stranded, aliens among a dominant race. All this humanitarian work, some of which will be considered in greater detail, is primarily beneficial to individuals and only indirectly to nations. It has brought to hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children relief from want and suffering, higher moral and material standards, the chance of a useful life. Geneva, incidentally, has given to women, in world affairs, that greater scope for service which they now enjoy in the social and municipal business of the more advanced nations. Feminine influence plays its proper humanitarian role through the agency of the League Secretariat. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the dislocation of European society caused by the convulsions of four years of war followed first by anarchy and then by revolutions. The confusion and the suffering are still very great ; they would certainly have been infinitely greater had it not been for the never-ceasing efforts of League bodies to allay persecution, to check unscrupulous traffickers, to organise and to rebuild. But the beneficiaries, scattered over the whole world, bear no public tribute to its beneficent agency and indeed often hardly know to whom they owe their better conditions of existence.

In one or two instances, however, the relief of individual hardships has had national repercussions and has contributed directly to international stability. One such case was the settlement of the Greek refugees who fled to their homeland from Asia Minor after the defeat of the Greek armies by Mustapha Kemal—now Ataturk—in 1922. It was the greatest simultaneous migration of human beings in modern times. A country whose total population was approximately 5,000,000 had suddenly to absorb 1,400,000 fugitives. Driven out of their Asian homes by the Turkish armies, they arrived on the shores of Greece in a miserable condition, starving, their whole worldly possessions carried in their hands and on their backs, thrown helter-skelter on the mercy of their racial kindred. Nobly did the Greeks of the homeland respond. Themselves mortified and impoverished by the crushing defeat of their armies at the close of ten years of intermittent war, they flung their last resources to the succour of their refugee compatriots. Money and food were provided somehow; schools and public buildings, warehouses, sheds, and even churches were turned into rest-houses; the municipal theatre at Athens was placed at their disposal, and every box, designed to seat a few pleasure-seekers for a few hours, became the home of a family. But the resources of the Greek state would have been exhausted in a few months—in spite of the generosity of charitable institutions from all over the world, especially the United States—had not the League come to its aid. In response to the appeal of the Hellenic Government, the League raised a loan, on the recommendation of its Finance Committee, of nearly 10,000,000*l.*, which was administered by an independent Settlement Commission. The Commission's work was carried out almost entirely by Greek officials working under its direction; and its funds were employed exclusively for productive purposes. The refugees were divided by the Commission into townfolk and country-folk, and were gradually settled over the length and breadth of Macedonia and Thrace, and also to a lesser extent in Thessaly and the islands of Euboea and Crete. They had to be provided with land, shelter, carts, seeds, stock, forage, and the instruments of labour; and the greatest difficulty of all was caused by malaria and other

diseases, which had to be fought throughout the process of settlement. But after the extrication of the masses of fugitives from initial confusion and want, certain factors peculiar to Greece told in favour of the efforts of the League's organisers. The departure of Turkish inhabitants from the new Greece along the northern *Ægean*, added to the relative sparseness of the indigenous population, enabled the Government of Athens to assign to the Settlement Commission 500,000 hectares of land suitable for cultivation; and there is general agreement also that the deep-rooted instinct of the Greek for self-government was of the utmost value to these new communities, whose inaugural ceremonies and local regulations recalled to scholars the customs of the *ἀποικίαι* of ancient Hellas.

An incidental result of this gigantic work of colonisation was that large estates, most of which had been in Turkish hands, were broken up into homes for peasant owners; and the Treaty of Lausanne, which was the agreed peace between Greece and Turkey (substituted in 1923 for the Treaty of Sèvres, which had been imposed upon Turkey in 1920), carried the process of resettlement a stage further by enjoining the exchange of Turkish and Greek populations. Thus Turkish families were removed from Greek territory with the consent of the Angora Government. A similar arrangement was subsequently made by Greece with Bulgaria. Mass migrations were organised—all under the direction and supervision of the League of Nations—and Macedonia, from being a hotch-potch of nationalities and a constant cause of international friction, as in the days before 1914, has been made homogeneous. The Balkan States are united in an Entente. They have become a centre of stability instead of a danger to peace; and the credit for this beneficent transformation must mainly be ascribed to the wisdom of the Greek, Turkish, and Bulgarian Governments in asking for the help of the League and the efficient manner in which the League carried out the task entrusted to it. The resettlement of populations in Greece is perhaps the most conspicuous example of the work done by the League to repair the havoc of war and lay the foundation of a better future. Its good effects continue. But the task itself is com-

pleted. Mr Howland's Settlement Commission is dissolved. As an example of work of a continuing nature undertaken by the League let us now briefly survey its efforts to counteract the drug traffic, which is generally considered to be its most important social and humanitarian activity. So long as the League exists the Central Opium Board, it is safe to prophesy, will never be abolished.

Opium may be compared to those juices which are formed by certain glands within the human system. When it functions normally the gland distills a chemical compound which healthily stimulates the various organs of the body; if it is functioning badly, it distributes poison. Opium and cocaine are both compounded of poisons which have their wholesome and legitimate uses, but the abuse of which makes them a cause of physical and moral degeneration. A first attempt to control their manufacture was made before the War. The Hague Convention of 1912 instituted national control over the highly technical and intricate process of making narcotic drugs from raw opium and the coca leaf. When the League took up the task in 1920, however, the Convention had only been ratified by six Governments and was by them indifferently applied. And one of the many symptoms of post-war demoralisation was a great increase in the traffic in narcotics, though its extent was a matter of observation and not yet of computation. The first thing the League had to do was to draw up authentic estimates on the one hand of the world's legitimate needs of these dangerous drugs, and on the other of the amount actually being manufactured and distributed. All the Governments which signed the Treaty of Versailles undertook to carry out The Hague Convention of 1912. The League consequently created an Advisory Committee on Opium, which set about the business of calculating the total medical and scientific requirements of opium and its derivatives and cocaine. This gigantic task has now been accomplished. Earlier provisional estimates of approximately 40 tons have been reduced to 34 tons—the figures given at the last meeting of the Assembly being 29 tons of morphine, 1 ton of heroin, and 4 tons of cocaine.

The cordial cooperation established at Geneva—in

which the part played by the British delegate, Sir Malcolm Delevingne, deserves special mention—made possible in 1925 the conclusion of a Convention which rendered import certificates compulsory for all signatory Governments and set up a Central Opium Board, to which they bound themselves to remit quarterly reports both of the amounts of narcotics imported, manufactured or exported by them and also of the estimated needs for the following quarter. By 1930 this Geneva Convention had been ratified by forty states; to-day fifty-four are bound by it. It marked the first big step forward by the League; and in 1931 the League took a longer step, for in that year it concluded a Convention for limiting the amounts to be manufactured. Sixty-two states have by now agreed not only to limit the extremely profitable business of manufacturing these drugs, but have also consented to submit to the international regulation of their distribution. Some of the Eastern countries, notably India and Iran, derived a large revenue from the sale of opium, but their sense of duty to the welfare of mankind induced them to join the other countries in reducing and limiting their output. For the first time a 'planned economy' has been established for the whole world—including all non-League states.* A central office has succeeded in maintaining supervision over a complete branch of economic activity, from the import of the raw material to the consumption of the manufactured article, and in checking its transport from one country to another.

This remarkable achievement of the League of Nations must not, however, be allowed to convey the impression that all is well or even that the number of drug addicts in the world has been sensibly decreased. Licensed factories no longer produce more of dangerous drugs than can be properly consumed; but control of the legitimate trade has had the perhaps not unnatural result of greatly increasing the profits, and therefore the amount, of the illicit traffic. Extraordinary examples were given at last year's session of the Opium Committee of the tricks of smugglers by Russell Pasha, the able Commandant of the Cairo City Police. A Chinese ship's carpenter had

* The German Government, though no longer represented on the Opium Board, still sends in reports and statements of requirements.

cunningly concealed some opium in his tool-shed. Another man carried a kilogram of it in the lining of his jacket. Three pieces of opium had been compounded to look like pencils, and lay on an apparently unsuspecting quarter-master's cabin table. The false bottom of a water tank provided a good hiding-place. The lining of hats and shoes is a favourite receptacle for heroin.

But the most exciting story is that of the illicit factory in Athens, which the Greek police finally discovered and closed upon indications given to them from Cairo. One Dionysius Voutsinas, a butcher by trade and a professing elder of the Greek Church in Alexandria, successfully trafficked in drugs for three years, and finally established himself in a good-sized house in a respectable street of Athens. It was carefully chosen for its relative seclusion, its new owner having a particular dislike to being overlooked. The Greek police nevertheless managed to keep the place under close observation and to assemble various facts which established that M. Voutsinas and his accomplices worked all through the night on certain occasions, and these occasions always followed the arrival at the Piræus of suspect craft from Istanbul. M. Voutsinas used also regularly to send out for large quantities of acetic anhydride, without which heroin cannot be made. But this contraband chemist made two mistakes. He dismissed some maidservants, who were subsequently cross-examined by the police; and he hung out his bags of heroin to dry on his washing lines. Under innocent clothes-pegs they might have passed for part of M. Voutsinas's household linen; but to the suspicious eyes of the watchers their peculiar whitish hue provided the decisive clue. On an early morning following one of the owner's sleepless nights, the police made their spring and discovered a well-equipped chemical laboratory, with quantities of heroin in various stages of manufacture. They also found four fully loaded automatics and a wooden kennel, to which was chained a savage bulldog and in the lid of which were hidden the business books of the firm.

The Japanese police unfortunately show no such readiness as the Greek to emulate the feats of Bulldog Drummond and terrible evidence is available of the increased trade in drugs in those parts of China which

have been brought under the control of Japan. Poppy cultivation has greatly increased in Manchukuo, and in some of its cities the manufacture of heroin and commercial opium is organised on a grand scale. The authorities probably find it an invaluable source of revenue. In any case it is estimated that in two of the largest towns, Harbin and Fuchiatien, there are over a hundred locally licensed opium saloons and about a thousand heroin dens; and the drugs consumed there are reported to have been manufactured in the Japanese Concession in Mukden and in Dairen. In the Japanese Concession at Tientsin a single street contained more than fifty heroin shops; and the local Japanese Concession has been called by an American resident 'the heroin capital of the world.' These facts and figures are indeed damning to the regional Japanese administrations; but it is fair to record that the Tokyo Government has quite recently strengthened its measures against drug traffickers and has instructed its consuls to inflict the severest penalties upon Japanese nationals convicted in the supposedly autonomous State of Manchukuo. It should also be added that much of the unlicensed opium comes to the Far East from Iran, and that even the authorities of Hong-Kong have found it impossible to prevent a serious increase in the number of narcotic pills imported into the colony.

Much as the League can do and has done to combat drug-taking, it will never entirely eradicate the human craving for the strangely blended sense of exhilaration and oblivion which this stimulating and yet sedative drug is said to induce. Like drunkards and thieves, the addicts will always be with us. Under stricter control of the lawful trade not only has the demand for illicit narcotics become more insistent but technical improvements have placed the pharmaceutical process, though still the affair of experts, within the reach of a greater number of chemists; and clandestine factories have been set up in many parts of the world, especially in countries where the raw material is not a native product and where the vigilance of the police has consequently been less rigorous. A hard task achieved is often only the prelude to a harder; and having established regulation of the legitimate traffic the League now has to work for the

suppression of the illegitimate. It must, moreover, encourage national legislatures to increase the penalties against malefactors. At present punishments are widely discrepant—in China alone they vary from a nominal fine in some provinces to decapitation in others. And perhaps the most difficult problem of all is the control of raw material, to which the League is now addressing itself, beginning with restriction of the cultivation of the opium poppy. The campaign opens in fairly favourable circumstances, for over-production of opium has caused a fall in its price; and already in China, Iran, Turkey, and British India the spontaneous efforts of the central governments have greatly curtailed the areas under cultivation.

As in the trade in narcotics, so also in the matter of the White Slave traffic the work of the League has been to amplify and improve regulations already instituted before the War. It has provided the central body capable of collating and directing widely diversified measures; the League's political affinities, moreover, invest its exertions with a greater authority than they would have if they were those of an unofficial humanitarian society. The League began by getting the pre-War laws against procuring made more severe in forty-seven countries. The age at which women might legally consent to adopt a life of prostitution was increased from twenty to twenty-one years; and attempts to procure were made punishable as well as the act of procuration itself. More recently a Convention has been generally adopted which penalises traffickers even in cases where the consent of the woman had been obtained. An important conclusion reached by the League's Advisory Committee on Social Questions is that licensed brothels do not effectively reduce the prevalence of venereal disease in the countries where they are tolerated, and do tend to increase the flow of traffic towards these sure markets.

The League has every claim to be regarded as the world's Ministry of Health. Its Health Department became almost automatically in the very first days of its existence the headquarters of the fight against cholera, typhus, and relapsing fever, which found a fertile breeding-ground in the collapse of organised society in Central and Eastern Europe after the War. It coordinated the

efforts of the national health authorities and supplemented them. After the Russo-Polish war (1920), in particular, its temporary Epidemics Commission organised a sanitary cordon round the area invaded by refugees from Russia and was able to send out specialists, hospital equipment, and medical supplies. Just as some of the best diplomatic work, because it is preventive, obtains little recognition, so the League has never received proper credit for the immense service which it rendered to Western Europe in preventing it from being ravaged, in its then weakened condition, by the most dangerous of contagious diseases.

The experience then gained by the League was turned to good account and has been consolidated in a permanent organisation. During the influx of refugees into Greece, whose settlement has been recounted, eighty Greek doctors treated 550,000 cases under the League's scheme. The Health Section of the Secretariat is now in a position to provide at a moment's notice experts and medical supplies, and to send them to any part of the world—as they are now being sent to China, following the vote of a subsidy in the last Assembly. The Health Organisation of the League consists of a 'Committee,' and 'Advisory Council,' and a 'Section' of the Secretariat. Their members are medical specialists and health service officers from all nations, whether belonging to the League or not. The Health Section at Geneva alone contains fifteen epidemiologists and other specialists and statisticians. Special committees are frequently sent on missions to individual countries or to a series of countries. A permanent Health Department operates in China at the request and under the direction of the Government of Nanking. At Singapore an Epidemiological Intelligence Bureau has been set up which deserves more than a passing reference.

Plague and cholera, rare in Europe, are endemic in China and India; and Singapore is the port at which hardly a single vessel fails to call on its passage between these countries or indeed between China and almost every country of the Middle East and the West. It thus offers an ideal site for the dissemination of information about cases of plague. The worth of the bureau to shipping simply cannot be exaggerated. Every vessel

which has a wireless set can daily pick up reports of cases wherever they occur along its route east or west of Singapore ; and similarly every port authority is informed beforehand of the approach of an infected ship. The Bureau is in regular telegraphic communication with 163 ports. And all the data regarding the incidence and movement of diseases are passed on to Geneva, there to be collated and analysed. Regions remote from Singapore are notified (as a rule from Geneva) of the threat of approaching disease, just as areas in the China seas now receive hourly reports from Manila and Hong-Kong of the progress of typhoons. Travellers by aeroplane also benefit from these services. Air journeys from Africa created a new and curious complication. Yellow fever is the bane of Africa ; but it was seldom or never carried eastward by ships, because a patient had either recovered or died before the fastest steamer had arrived at its destination from South or Central Africa. Aeroplanes now reach the East from Africa in quick time, and a special Convention has lately been concluded to ensure the adequate medical supervision of their crews and passengers.

In the matter of health, as in most of its non-political activities, the League performs essential work of standardisation and research. The importance of an international standard for sera and vaccines, for instance, is acknowledged by all medical practitioners. The mistakes that now and again marred the application of French anti-tetanus serum by British and American doctors during the War should be entirely avoided in the future ; and international units for insulin and certain vitamins have been put into currency by the Health Organisation. Statistics from a central and super-national body have also acquired a new authority ; the statistical tables and frequent reports issued from Geneva are recognised as valuable contributions to medical knowledge. The Rockefeller Foundation has supplemented this side of the League's work so generously that its study tours have made Geneva an educational centre for research students.

It has already emerged from these examples of the League's non-political usefulness that its work has usually been an extension and more comprehensive organisation of services begun before the War. In the case of the

many-sided help afforded by the League to China there is a psychological factor which has importance from the political as well as the non-political point of view. There the League of Nations, as a corporate entity, has taken over many of the duties performed by individual foreign advisers. The men carrying out their advisory and directive functions all over the interior of China are of course still individual subjects of foreign States ; but they are international agents in a new sense, impossible before the War, for they owe their appointments to the League. The wave of national pride which surged over many countries, European and Asiatic, in the post-War era, made them loath to turn to a foreign Government for advice and assistance, but did not preclude their turning to the League. Austria could ask its financial help without fear of becoming dependent upon any foreign country ; Turkey could invoke its arbitration in the Alexandretta dispute without loss of prestige ; China could invite experts to come from Geneva without herself giving preference to Englishmen or Americans or Italians.

In point of fact, individuals from Great Britain, the United States, and Italy have all travelled to China in an advisory capacity in recent years, but they have travelled via Geneva ; and the ultra-nationalist Government of Nanking has employed foreigners on a much larger scale than its predecessors and from a wider range of countries. A list of these appointees is remarkable no less for the variety of their duties than for the blend of nationalities in harmonious collaboration. The number of Germans thus occupied is particularly noticeable. Thus Dr Lange, of Frankfurt, helped to reorganise the telegraph and telephone services. Herr Jaenicke, an ex-Prefect of Potsdam, cooperated with Mr Somervell, of the British Ministry of Labour, to report upon questions of administrative reform. The cause of higher education enlisted the services of a Frenchman, a Prussian, and a Pole, who were accompanied on their mission by an Englishman, Mr Walters, and another Frenchman, M. Bonnet, who were drawn directly from the Secretariat of the League. Italy has contributed an agriculturist, Signor Dragono, and an expert on sericulture, Professor Mari. Hydraulic works have been recommended and supervised by a Commission consisting of Mr Goode, a member of the London

Institute of Civil Engineers, M. Perrier, Director-General of Roads and Bridges in Paris, and Herr Sieveking, Director at the Hamburg Port administration. Dr Borcitch, the Yugoslav director of the School of Hygiene at Zagreb, carried out a health mission between 1929 and 1935, and was the valued counsellor of Nanking during the period of drastic reorganisation which saw the creation of a National Health Administration as part of the Ministry of the Interior. Another Yugoslav and a Dane paid a joint visit to China to recommend improvements in the extremely primitive arrangements of rural hygiene. A general inquiry into the economic situation was conducted by Sir Arthur Salter, formerly Director of the League's Economic and Financial Section, and M. Bonnet, while M. Charron, a member of the Financial Section of the Secretariat, has been one of those who have lent a helping hand in the reorganisation of Chinese finances.

The list is far from complete ; but a special tribute is due to M. Rajchmann, a Pole by origin, to whom was given the continuous duty of coordinating the labours of all these experts. It is generally conceded that the reorganised health services are beginning to produce excellent results, that the construction of roads, planned partly under League supervision, has made remarkable progress and has had important political consequences, and that the dyking of rivers for the prevention of floods is being conducted on a more scientific basis than ever before in the long history of the Chinese race. The help of the League was only asked in 1929 ; and eight years is not a long time in which to change the methods and habits of a conservative people still handicapped by poverty, ignorance, corruption, and nepotism. But visitors to China attest that the hand of the reformer is active as it was never allowed to be active before—that the attitude towards the reformer has been changed. The League, representing technical civilisation, is at the beginning of a great work, in the furtherance of which the United States is a powerful ally, particularly in the field of education. Before the War advisers were individually employed by the Chinese Government—as they were in Turkey, Persia, Greece, Morocco, and many other countries ; and some of this work is still being performed on the old lines. China has, for instance, turned to a

country outside the League—Germany—for her military advisers ; and Sir Frederick Maze still directs the Customs administration in almost the same terms as his British predecessors. But great as are the services he has rendered, his position has never been so strong as theirs ; and the Chinese express open preference for drawing their helpers from the League.

There is one particularly important difference between the old system and the new. The League deliberately and purposely trains Chinese officials to take over the work themselves. The League appointments are temporary. Its agents' duty is to make themselves superfluous. Chinese leaders are being educated to take their places, and many are showing that they possess suitable abilities. It is indeed a poignant tragedy that the savage onslaught of the Japanese should at this time have drawn away talent, energy, and funds from constructive endeavour just when a fair start had been made ; and it is a reasonable conjecture that the knowledge of Chinese progress under Western direction was one of the motives which impelled the leaders of Japan to make their bid now for the domination of China.*

The most completely successful reconstructive work as yet accomplished by the League is also the best known, and is therefore not treated at length in this article. The financial rehabilitation of Austria in the years 1921-26 was a very remarkable achievement, requiring foresight, patience, firmness, and technical skill of the highest order ; it was, moreover, unprecedented in being collectively elaborated and applied. The reform of Egyptian finances by great Britain in the 'seventies and 'eighties of last century affords a parallel, but not a precedent ; for in 1921 more than a dozen countries were involved. As in the case of advisers in China, the personnel had to be drawn from many states, not from one. The agency of the League was essential. The Supreme Economic

* Some of the phrases in the official Japanese statements submitted at the Brussels Conference are significant in this sense : *e.g.* 'Japan sincerely desires to assist in the material and moral development of the Chinese nation,' and 'What is most urgently needed . . . is a realisation on the part of the Chinese Government of the common responsibility of Japan and China respecting the stability of East Asia, a revision of their attitude, and a change of their policy to that of cooperation between the two countries.' I believe these sentiments to be perfectly sincere.

Council of the Allies had indeed abandoned the task of trying to keep Austria solvent. The Allied Governments admitted that they could hold out no hope of any further financial assistance; but, they added, they had agreed that 'the Austrian situation should be referred to the League of Nations.' The desperate plight of Austrian finances—the crown had sunk to 1/15,000th of its gold value—had at least the good effect of making the Vienna Government accept strict conditions of control which it would have rejected in any other circumstances, and thus afforded a precedent which was most valuable when shortly afterwards the League was invited to extend similar help to the Hungarian and Bulgarian Governments.

The League carried out its reforms on the advice of its Financial Committee. The various technical committees of the League, it should be explained, serve as intermediaries between the Council on the one hand and, on the other, the representatives of the Government of the country or countries where the work is to be done. They were originally formed *ad hoc*; but in most cases their work has proved to be continuous, and they have assumed a quasi-permanent character. Thus the Financial and Economic Committees each meet every year at appropriate moments. On the advice of the Financial Committee Austria granted to the League liens on her surest sources of income; and the League, on behalf of the participating governments, undertook in return not to infringe the political independence and territorial integrity of the Austrian Republic. A Commissioner-General was appointed—Dr Zimmerman, ex-Burgomaster of Rotterdam. The acceptance of the control scheme by the Austrian Government and the guarantee of an international loan by ten different countries brought an immediate restoration of confidence; and confidence was the indispensable condition of success. The loan of 26,000,000*l.* was readily subscribed. Money flowed back to Vienna of its own accord. Bank deposits increased, the national budget was soon balanced, and a nation which had seemed to be on the brink of dissolution struggled back, through many privations and hardships, to a condition of complete solvency. Besides the similar work performed in Hungary and Bulgaria, the League

has rendered financial assistance to Greece, Estonia, and the City of Danzig.

There is, I believe, no exaggeration in the statement that the League of Nations has never failed to carry out any work entrusted to it by a government or governments, if the task has been freely entrusted and if those governments have carried out its recommendations. The League is supervisory and advisory ; its machinery can only be set or kept in motion by national governments ; it is by its nature ancillary—that is the fundamental qualification of its various forms of activity, whether political or non-political. When this qualification is lost sight of, too much is demanded of it, and it is bound to fail. It is not a sovereign body. The failure of the London Monetary and Economic Conference of 1933, which was held under the auspices of the League, is generally accounted to have been a failure of the League ; but the truth is, of course, that on that occasion the League was allowed to do little more than arrange the setting and provide the technical machinery of the Conference. Its experts regarded stabilisation of currencies as essential for a successful result ; but individual governments refused to stabilise. Nor can the League properly be blamed if in some of the countries whose finances it reformed the economic conditions have greatly deteriorated since its agents were removed.

In its supervisory capacity the League, through its Mandates Commission, reviews annually the administration of the former German and Turkish colonial territories which were taken over by the victorious countries—chief among them being Great Britain and her Dominions. Under this system each Mandatory State gives an account of its stewardship ; and these public investigations by report, question, and answer at Geneva have undoubtedly helped to sustain all the rights of the native populations and to check incipient abuses. The League serves as a Court of Appeal. The Mandates Commission is composed of distinguished public men, with colonial experience, who do not represent their governments but are servants of the League. Its work has been none the less useful because (here again) it has been preventive ; and in general it encourages the gradual evolution of mandated territories towards self-government. Without

undue complacency it may be claimed that it universalises the methods and aims which have always guided administrators of the British Empire.

There are several cases of duties entrusted to the League which stand on the borderland between political and non-political activities, and to which only the briefest reference is possible in this article. One was the Disarmament Conference, about which it can only be said that the technical problems were solved one after another at Geneva, and only political considerations, abetted by diplomatic ineptitude, prevented the adoption of a general system for the limitation of armaments. In the entirely non-political field the failures of the League have been extremely few. It has, indeed, failed to find a home for 15,000 of the Assyrians whom it is desirable to settle beyond the frontiers of Iraq. But the League owns no territory. And if no country in the world can or will provide suitable land for occupation by these unfortunate people the machinery of the League avails nothing.

Two duties unexpectedly handed over to the League of Nations were the administration respectively of the Free City of Danzig and of the Saar Territory. Both places were fertile breeding-grounds of dispute between Germany and her neighbours; and in neither, in spite of the stresses and agitations of the post-War years, has any minor dispute been allowed to develop into a major international disturbance. Intimidation and cajolery have, it is true, altered the character of the Danzig Constitution and the League's control has grown shadowy. It was probably a mistake of the treaty-makers to attempt permanently to remove so essentially a German city from its German allegiance. In the Saar the League fulfilled its duties to the letter, and the territory has passed back to the Reich as a result of the plebiscite held there in 1935 under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. Its government during the intervening fifteen years was a notable example of international administration, which may conceivably serve as a model for some future mandatory system in Africa. Another case of successful international administration is the work performed by the Danube Commission. The international regulation of the chief natural waterways of Europe was entrusted to the League by the Peace Treaties. It has been well

devised and usefully administered, though recent action by the German Government has nullified its services on watercourses inside Germany.

Two institutions associated with the League—the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague and the International Labour Office—have independent Statutes. They really deserve separate chapters, and can only be briefly described here. The panel of arbitrators set up at The Hague before the War has since 1920 been succeeded—though not superseded—by a Permanent Court, legally established by international Convention, which is authorised to deliver and in fact delivers judgment between State and State—a big advance in the principle of arbitration and a momentous innovation in the sphere of international law. The Court exercises the double function of passing judgment and of rendering advisory opinions, for which it is frequently asked by the League Council. It has delivered over sixty judgments and opinions; and many of the latter have provided a basis for the settlement of political disputes. Its Statute embodies the Continental canon that a decision of the Court ‘has no binding force except between the parties and in respect of that particular case.’ But in practice its decisions carry the influence of precedents and tend to create a corpus of positive international law.

The International Labour Office—on which Americans of the United States and Japanese serve, but Germans do not—is also an autonomous body. It is linked to the League only by finance, sentiment, and community of origin and ideals. Its constant endeavour is to ameliorate the conditions of labour throughout the world. Its Conventions, drawn up at joint conferences of employers and employed, and Government representatives from fifty-two countries, are without validity until they have been ratified by individual States, and until the legislation in those States has been brought into line with the terms of the draft Conventions. Some fifty of these have, however, by now come into force, and convey appreciable benefits upon the workers in many lands in regard to hours of work, health precautions, old age, unemployment, and insurance. In particular, the lot of women and children employed in some of the more

backward countries has been considerably improved as a result of the Labour Office's exertions. Perhaps the greatest service which it renders is that slowly, very slowly, it is equalising the conditions of labour in countries in various stages of social and economic evolution, and thus is gradually diminishing the disparity between the industrially more and less developed communities—a disparity which constantly hinders progress in the more advanced countries by the challenge of cheap labour. The International Labour Office, like most of the Departments of the League proper, is also an invaluable bureau for the collection and circulation of statistics, for the exchange of information, and for the provision of experts.

We may therefore conclude that the services which the League is rendering to mankind are ubiquitous, multifarious, and necessary—if they were not performed by the League they would, in these days of technical centralisation, have to be performed by some other central and authoritative body. We have seen that the League of Nations is the corporate agent of progressive civilisation, that it is the world's Ministry of Health and its Charity Organisation Society, that it relieves suffering and organises every good and useful movement for the benefit of the human race which is entrusted to it. It is the servant of the nations—a willing servant ever ready to undertake more work. Politically the League has perhaps been called upon to do too much. It has been invited to undertake tasks which it cannot accomplish without possessing sovereign powers. But in the exercise of its social, humanitarian, and semi-political functions it is developing an exceedingly valuable technique of international collaboration. The late Lord Balfour is known to have expressed the opinion that the common execution of non-political duties would gradually break down the idea of the national unit and produce a sense of international solidarity which would in time extend to political affairs; and though outwardly this international sense is not to-day manifest, it would not be surprising if below the surface it were rather more widespread than most people suppose. In any case it is certain that much of the social work which the League has accomplished has already contributed to both domestic and international stability in several parts of the world;

and it is equally certain that some of its non-political methods may prove extremely useful in international politics if sufficient goodwill is forthcoming to apply them. For instance, the control of the lawful trade in opium, as we have seen, has been reduced to a matter of international book-keeping at Geneva and national police action in the separate States. How great an advance there would be in human happiness if the trade in arms were similarly controlled ! Technically, the League could do it to-morrow. But the task has never been entrusted to it. The nations have not been willing to defer to it and amend their laws in accordance with its recommendations, as they have in the case of drugs and the white slave traffic. Nevertheless, the world's organising headquarters is there. The universal Civil Service known as the Secretariat upholds and promotes the principles of sane internationalism and a standard of decent conduct between nation and nation. There exists at Geneva an international Agency whose work has already been useful to mankind, which socially and technically is growing in usefulness, and which in time should perform more political business. It is a mistake to suppose that all political transactions can be suitably undertaken by it. It will never supersede diplomacy. But when the League of Nations ceases to be irrationally revered as a fetish it will come to be regarded as an indispensable element of modern international life.

A. L. KENNEDY.

Art. 13.—BARRIE.

The Greenwood Hat. Being A Memoir of James Anon, 1885-1887. By J. M. Barrie. With a Preface by the Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, K.G. Peter Davies, 1937.

It will take some time to realise fully, if ever we do, all that we have lost in Sir James Barrie, now that he has passed on to that Very Big Adventure with the thought of which Peter Pan brought down an effective curtain. His books, his plays are too enjoyable and inspiring to be forgotten or neglected, at least for many years to come; while his personality will keep his name and influence bright, especially to those who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship. But not yet have we realised truly how much, through its kindly wit, humour, and wisdom, its poetry of thought, imagination, and humanity, his work has meant to us in these times often of stress and sorrow, that also have seen a soulless mechanisation built up to threaten so much that is the best worth keeping. He confronted that clamorous enormity, that Juggernaut, with Tinker Bell, and there always is hope for the worst of us when the fairies come in, as there is when such as Barrie have lived to sweeten the world. His kindness, shrewd simplicity, and very sane nonsense; his abundant generousities; even the sentiment of which, because of some intolerant smiling not unwitnessed or unfelt by him, he confessed that 'I wish it had been left out of me, but there it is,' are aspects of a rare man whose achievements of heart and pen won for him Orders of Merit, the unseen and the seen, bestowed, the first by the admiring love of his contemporaries, the other through the graciousness of the King.

Appropriately now a book is published as truly representative of himself as are any of the works of Barrie. As Earl Baldwin remarks in his very enticing Preface to '*The Greenwood Hat*,' 'it is an autobiography of early days and early struggles, clear, sharply clear, yet fairy-like and mellowed in that soft autumn light in which Seventy looks back on Twenty-five.' It transports us to the eighties, to the vision of a young man with the light of a window in Thrums behind him and before him a world to conquer through the influence of

a penny bottle of ink and a silk-hat worn to impress editors and especially James Greenwood of the 'St James's Gazette,' who is the minor (Barrie would have said the major) hero of this romantic volume. The young man settled in Bloomsbury, whence he surveyed the world, and with the adventurous courage of a Conquistador and an almost hazardous fertility of invention, wrote on many things. The hat was kept in an old leather box, wherein he, or Mr James Anon, preserved copies of some of their printed articles, until presumably it was driven out by their bulk and went—Barrie professes not to have known whither. But surely we know; for was it not the dishevelled, uncrowned chimney-pot of Wendy's cottage? Hats as significant as that which went to the subjection of Mr Greenwood are not to be snuffed-out as easily as Bill Crichton in later versions of his play was deprived of his public-house at the more fashionable end of the Harrow Road. It is a sign of the influence of Barrie that we are sometimes troubled by such small alterations; and that is a reason why we can be sure that his good work, the vastly greater part of his production, is going to live.

The method of this book is happy. To take an article contributed by Twenty-five and follow it with the comments and recollections of Seventy brings out at once the courage of youth and the wistful, smiling confessions of maturity. These afterthoughts are especially valuable, for they reveal much of the authentic Barrie, that had been shyly hidden. His entrance to the London he had come to conquer was almost magically encouraging. It gave the Young Man with the Hat (though that was not yet) the best possible welcome by displaying to his astonished eyes a placard bearing the title of his contribution printed that day in the 'St James's Gazette.' It was on Rooks—golden birds to him just then—and might well have convinced him that he need not have been anxious over his future. When the fates or elves could show they were as kind as that, it surely needed no portentous headgear to impress mere editors. Yet the hat could do no harm and the knowledge of his possessing it must have strengthened the hopes and confidence of Mr Anon during the grey days of writing and waiting, inevitable, when his offerings were not accepted, and the

fourpenny plateful of sausage and mashed potatoes, fragrantly remembered by Barrie, seemed almost too luxurious for his means. We know, however, that the future Rector of the University of St Andrew's who delivered there in 1922 a glorious address on Courage, of which any re-reading must renew with strength the most elderly hearts, had the fortitude to work on and take his disappointments as aspects of encouragement in passing ways inconvenient; while from his splendid father—the adjective is his own—and that Margaret Ogilvy, about whom he wrote a lovable book, he had inherited staying powers and canniness and the simple will to use his gifts well that seem to be parts of the natural heritage of Scotsmen.

And more than those essential qualities were implanted in Barrie, as this posthumous book reveals; his personality being compact of as many diversities, though perhaps not so many contradictions, as Henley, in his brilliantly-ironic poem, ascribed to R. L. S. Something of Puck was certainly there—his name on this occasion being M'Connachie—but nothing of the Shorter Catechist; or at least no more than would lend the necessary solemnity to the Scotsman's rarely-smiling gift of humour. There was, indeed, far more in that young man than, let us say, his landladies can have observed, otherwise they must have increased their charges for his accommodation and the reserve-fund of twelve pounds hidden in his pocket—the price of the typewriter that followed the Look—would very soon have melted. His personality did not shed its mysteries lightly, but now we know more about him. The desperado with a knife between his teeth and brassy ear-rings dangling was invisibly there. He had tried to break through in Barrie's boyhood, when 'Bandelero the Bandit,' his first play, was written; but strenuous years were to pass before that inward scoundrel was permitted to take form and strut the stage as the ferocious, infinitive-splitting Captain Hook. Yo-ho-ho, and a Greenwood hat! Yet those tendencies to luscious villainy always were nicely balanced by qualities of mind and heart, among the first of which he counted the commonsense of Tommy (with all his sentimentality), who also was the boy who sat at the end of the front row of seats in the tiny theatre of Dumfries and from that 'vantage-point studied

rather the workings of the stage-machine than the glamour of the play presented—Shakespeare in thunderous fragments, melodrama and roaring farce, any evening's fare—and with all their crudeness how much better than the racing, tin-voiced photographs which vulgarise the more prosperous theatres to-day and are tending to starve Thespis! Once, when the house was over-crowded for a pantomime, the boy Barrie was permitted to stand behind the scenes and absorb in rapture all that he saw there. What a pity he and M'Connachie did not collaborate in a pantomime and so put magic into the traditional red-hot poker and poetry into the spriteliness of Harlequin!

The plain, quaint commonsense of Tommy, that was a true detail of Barrie, in turn was softened by the warm, serviceable pity shown in his *Cinderella of the Kiss*, and more subtly, even passionately, in the sadness of 'Dear Brutus,' with its human failures granted—though only as in a mirage—their second chance. Nothing more exquisitely moving in its simple pathos can have been shown on the English stage than the sudden discovery by Dearth of his daughter, whom at last he had found, being less than a dream. Barrie's vision of heart in that incident was brightly revealed, as always it was wherever the call of the helpless and suffering in youth or in years was sincere; while through its reality it by far out-balanced the occasions—few but indisputable—when his effects and ventures of fancy did not quite 'come off.'

Actual also, and essential to himself, was the spiritual elusiveness of Mary Rose. The pitifulness of many things was clear to him, and his power for sympathy was not limited to the opportunities of Earth, as with those bruised folk of 'Dear Brutus,' but was a link between those who are here and those who are there. In him, Highlander and Lowlander of Scotland were blent. Through the former of those conditions he spent hidden hours with the souls and wonders unseen; while through his Lowland origins his feet—that in early years, he tells us, were heavily iron-shod—were kept to the Earth of everyday; and so it was that in him the spiritual and material were intimately merged. An instance may be taken from 'Mary Rose': a small point, not to mark a fault but to show how very close was such association and

how in the practical issues of the theatre it did not always work. Mary Rose, a wraith haunting the old house that, but for its caretaker, is empty, is an influence to whom some are sensitive, though to eyes of flesh she is not evident until her grown-up soldier son returns to the family home and she reveals herself to him and they talk. At the end of their meeting he finds that he has lost his heavy military knife which she has taken as a keepsake. Now is not that an awkward object for a wraith, or any kind of ghost, to carry and keep? A trifle, no doubt, yet significant; not so much because that heavy material thing and the supernatural, the one with the other, are incongruous—for fairies are said to have removed mountains—but because it shows how in Barrie's heart and mind the one with the other were so inextricably merged that no such incongruity was apparent to him.

Moreover, as confessed in the most brilliantly characteristic chapter of 'The Greenwood Hat,' he was pleasantly aware of ghosts; at least of those of the Adelphi, ghosts that emerged after the last member of the Savage Club had gone home and there was nothing left to disturb their freedom and the reveries of Barrie as from his eyry he watched the Terrace and the Thames beneath; for in that revisiting of the glimpses of the moon, the Embankment and its gardens were gone again and, as in the later pre-Adamite days, the river lapped and rippled against the wharf. Then they came out, the ever-living shadows—Dr Johnson, Bozzy, David Garrick, and Lamb—though he didn't truly belong—Peter the Great, Mr Pepys, Sir Walter Raleigh and, with others of a less value, Emma Hart, the adorable Lady Hamilton. She cannot here be overlooked as one of that spiritual congress, for she is a link of particular significance between Barrie and the present writer—oh, why must any Mr Anon be driven to use so clumsy a cliché as that! The after-part of the chapter, 'The Club Guest,' began as an address to the members of the Savage Club at a House-dinner when Sir James was the guest and the present writer was in the chair. For his presidential reward, when, as is told in the book, the members were struggling in the water—'Bohemians at last,' with 'a ghost on the back of every one of us'—he was presented by Barrie with Lady Hamilton, and therefore went home with heart swaggering.

In the seven or eight years that have speeded-by since that occasion, and as again this book reveals, her Ladyship has been removed from his proud back and the world, therefore, to him has grown sombre. Clearly that deprivation was due to M'Connachie and nobody else ! Those were happy ghosts ; they belonged to the gossamer of playfulness, with nothing about them eerie, as there was with the vanishing of Miss Julie Logan and that thrilling dinner-party in ' Shall we join the Ladies ? ' which surely is the perfect example of the artistic completeness of the incomplete.

Well, Adelphi Terrace has gone, its ghosts have gone to other (and we hope less watery) haunting-grounds, and Barrie has gone, and we are inestimably the poorer for his going. Yet when such as he have lived there remain deathless compensations, and among those many we have the especial consolation of knowing that a light has been kindled in Kirriemuir—the immortal Thrums—that will not go out, but will continue to shine and cheer and strengthen hearts that are apt to be weary through anxieties and those heavier burdens that are a part of the riddle of life. For Barrie gave us his example as well as his works. ' Courage, my children, and greet the unseen with a cheer ! ' was at the conclusion of his rectorial address. He spoke then with the authority of one who had lived his gospel, had struggled hard and conquered, and always while striving against disappointments had found opportunities at times to play hide-and-seek with angels.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

- Life on the English Manor.** H. S. Bennett.
Soviet Communism. Sidney and Beatrice Webb.
The False State. Hilda D. Oakeley.
Socialism versus Capitalism. A. C. Pigou.
Responsibilities of Empire. Earl Baldwin and Others.
Elysian Fields. Salvador de Madariaga.
The Rose of Raby. Guy Paget.
America in English Fiction. R. B. Heilman.
Law and Other Things. Lord Macmillan.
The Railway Age. Cyril Bruyn Andrews.
Towards the Twentieth Century. H. V. Routh.
Communication has been Established. Astley J. H. Goodwin.
The Mind of the Ancient World. H. N. Wethered.
The Story of Odysseus. W. H. D. Rouse.
The Philosophy of Love. Leone Ebreo.
Gautama Buddha. Iqbal Singh.
The Perfect Master. C. B. Purdom.
According to the Hebrews. Hugh J. Schonfield.
A Memoir of A E. John Eglinton.
The Living Torch by A E. Monk Gibbon.
A Vision. W. B. Yeats.
Shakespeare's Plays. M. R. Ridley.
Johnsonian Gleanings. Alleyn Lyell Reade.
The Miracle of Haworth. W. Bertram White.
Victorian Street Ballads. W. Henderson.
Maria, Lady Callcott. Rosamund B. Gotch.
My Scottish Youth. R. H. Bruce Lockhart.
Memories. W. H. Helm.
Pilgrimage of Grace. William Bliss.
The Village Carpenter. Walter Rose.

THE series of Studies in Mediæval Life and Thought, published under the general editorship of Dr G. G. Coulton and brought out by the Cambridge University Press, is continued with a volume on '**Life on the English Manor**,' of which Mr H. S. Bennett of Emmanuel is the author. This is a study of peasant conditions between the years 1150 and 1400 and makes a searching revelation of the very hard lot of Hodge and his brethren in the Middle Ages. '**Piers Plowman**' showed something of that; but Langland's passionate poem might yet have been only an emotional outpouring, overstating the case—although it was not so. Mr Bennett examines the fragmentary evidence that is available, and lacking such testimony as was given in the fifteenth century by the Paston Letters, it has needed much research and patience to discover it. In his quietly convincing manner, however, he shows how justified Langland's indignation was and how almost absolute were the powers of the lord of the manor then and how abject often was the condition of his

peasants. Enforced labour in return for small rewards and rights; the many humiliations of serfdom; the wastefulness of the system of common land and the moral worthlessness of the Church, with the ill-effects of superstition wrought, through the clergy's exploiting popular ignorance, as well as through the terrors of witchcraft and magic; all tending to make the labourer's lot generally harsh and hopeless. Here and there a manorial lord was worthy of his privileges and benevolent, while the system of serfdom died through natural causes, but Hodge to-day is a hundred times better off than were his mediæval forefathers. This is an elaborate study of a vast subject done with exceptional patience, sympathy, and authority.

A second edition, revised and enlarged, of Sidney and Beatrice Webb's '**Soviet Communism: a New Civilisation**' (Longmans) has been called for, and is justified by the many thousands sold of the first impression and the commendations it received, including our own; which, however, we qualified with the assertion that the facts marshalled by them were bound to be diversely estimated. The justice of that remark is illustrated by the searching study by Dr Hilda D. Oakeley of the super-organised state—of which that established by Lenin and now earnestly in working in Russia is the outstanding example. '**The False State**' (Williams and Norgate), besides being a fair and in a measure destructive criticism of the Webbs' work, is an attack, based on philosophy and history, of all attempts artificially to create a socialist or communistic state; for the main reason that such institutions necessarily injure or destroy human liberty. 'Over against the mindless power of the false state appears the greatest need of the present, a regenerated principle of liberty.' In the course of reaching that humane and liberal conclusion, Dr Oakeley points out theories of what the State is, from that of a kind of Divine Providence to Burke's idea of its being a partnership. Opinions of what such national or racial institutions may be are many and diverse: but the Soviet system in its purposes and organisation is rigid, forcing its citizens into a mass-mob with incidental effects, among the worst of which are the bureaucratism that, as a Russian has said, 'really eats us up and destroys all initiative,' to such tyrannies as the OGPU, described by Mr and Mrs Webb as 'undeniably causing terror among

innocent and guilty alike.' It is impossible in the space available to say more of Dr Oakeley's little book, which should be read as an addendum to 'Soviet Communism' as it provides a reasonable antidote thereto.

And so does Professor A. C. Pigou's exposition of plain economic doctrine. The drive towards Socialism, which appears to be happening in most countries, is likely to receive a good many further checks before its system is in full swing in our islands, and even more so before it becomes practised by the rest of the world; for even in Russia, where for the last twenty years both Socialistic and Communistic principles have been in certain ways applied and enforced, there have been some reactions against official relentlessness. But, as the Victorian statesman—was it Lord John Russell or Disraeli or neither?—said before the onrush of democratic reform, We must educate our masters, and for that reason we welcome the Professor's brief study of '**Socialism versus Capitalism**' (Macmillan), which, while leaving International Socialism outside its enquiry, demonstrates conclusively how difficult any expression of Socialism must be if incentive and enterprise and technical and other forms of efficiency in industry and State organisation are not to be hampered, frustrated, or destroyed. It is a modest approach to a great and difficult problem.

The limits of the radio—the necessity of the iron ten minutes—generally preclude sufficiency of treatment in addresses broadcast; yet the value of the Wireless for spreading knowledge and making principles widely known could not be better illustrated than by the little volume, '**Responsibilities of Empire**' (Allen and Unwin), which contains representative utterances by ten of the leading statesmen of our British Commonwealth. Earl Baldwin leads with a reminder of the responsibilities of our Empire and the dangers that threaten it and all institutional ideals, through the growing materialism of the times; Lord Snell contrasts our Commonwealth with the earlier impressions of what Empire meant, and recognises it as the bulwark of world-peace that it is; Mr Churchill, Mr Ormsby-Gore, Mr Lloyd George, and Lord Halifax, with three representatives of the Dominions and Sir Muhammed Zafrullah Khan, who speaks of India's place in the Commonwealth, round the brief

circle. This small work in its brevity and simplicity comprises a helpful expression of our duty as citizens of the Empire, to maintain justice, enlightenment, liberty, and the other such ideals through which men finely live.

Never, probably, in history has so detached and explanatory a title-page occurred in any book as that which ushers in Señor Salvador de Madariaga's '*Elysian Fields*' (Allen and Unwin). Breathlessly, in 135 words, it epitomises the contents of the volume, and it would save a deal of trouble to repeat it here; but something more is looked for in a review, and we resist the temptation. The author, who terms himself 'a Spaniard by birth, a world-citizen by conviction,' has adopted the old but dangerous device of bringing back certain of the great dead to discuss present world-conditions; and we meet Goethe, Mary Queen of Scots, Napoleon, Karl Marx, and Washington—who shows, however, an unexpected ignorance. He did not know what a restaurant was or Fundamentalism, until Voltaire, also conveniently there and brightly omniscient, informed him. The device this time does not quite work, for the reason that all those personages, with their glib discussion of present events in Europe, appear too far different from their historical selves. Mary Stuart, for instance, talks like a travelled American, and the most convincing persons in this Dialogue are a Nazi, a Fascist, a Communist—whose moderation disappoints Karl Marx—and an Unknown Senator from the United States, who swoons when he discovers from the lips of this subliminal Washington that he approved of America's intervention in European affairs for the good of the world.

Sir Charles Oman in a considered note gives his blessing as an historian to Major Guy Paget's historical romance '*The Rose of Raby*' (Collins), and that should be good enough for anybody. But the significant thing is that while Sir Charles comments on the written portraits there given of Richard of York and Margaret of Anjou, he says nothing of Cecily Neville, the Duchess of York, whose biography this is supposed to be. In the book itself the same condition almost applies. We see comparatively little of '*Proud Ciss*'; while both Richard and Margaret and many beside them figure there prominently. Not that Major Paget is to be blamed for that. If the material

is not there to work on, what more can be done than build the course of the years covered by Cecily's career as well as the scanty records and his own bold conjecture permit? He certainly has been boldly conjectural; not greatly departing from the likelihoods of history, yet venturing to such unauthorised places as the nuptial couch of Henry VI and his bride. He brings plenty of vigour to his pages and presents lively portraits of the leading men and women in England and France during dark and bloody years. But the book is misnamed. It is not a life of the Rose of Raby, and we gain no idea from him as to why she had been given that title.

Not for the first time have we reason to express gratitude for useful research done in the literary departments of American universities which otherwise almost certainly would not be done. Here is a further case of the kind. Professor R. B. Heilman, of Louisiana State University, through the offices of its press, has published a study of 'America in English Fiction, 1760-1800,' that is interesting not only for what it reveals of British reactions to the War of Independence, over which sympathy here was fairly equally divided, but of the kind of fiction read during the forty years that rounded the historic event. America, we are assured, was in the imagination again as it had not been since the days of Raleigh; and it has been Professor Heilman's engaging purpose to cull passages and represent opinions as expressed in the novels then published, which, as his tables show, were so few that only in one year of his forty did they exceed a hundred, and in 1763 the number was as low as seventeen. The thought makes one sigh for a similar parsimony in these over-written or over-typed days. He has gleaned industriously. There are passages from Goldsmith, Sterne, and Smollett; but all he secured from the works of Sheridan are the words, 'To take Paul Jones'—an exceptionally small fish. His book provides entertaining sidelights on those American times and people, but in other respects there is not much that differentiates them from the other fiction. Sentiment was, of course, in vogue then, and it does one's heart good to recall such an honest simplicity as 'The soldier's cheek was not without the graceful dignity of a tear. He wept.'

Lord Macmillan is unduly modest in his preface to

'Law and Other Things' (Cambridge University Press) when he declares that his addresses are reprinted not through any special pressure of friends but through his parental solicitude for his literary offspring. Every reader of this volume must heartily commend it. The author writes in a way that charms while he elucidates and grips the attention while he instructs. He is, of course, an eminent figure in the Law, and while his admiration of that Law is unbounded it is no uncritical adulation. Many modern statutes he condemns as 'farrago, unintelligible to the ordinary person'; and if, as is the case, ignorance of the law is no excuse for breaking it, it should at least follow that the law should be understandable. He deals with many of the facts of the legal systems of England, Scotland and the Continent; and discusses the Law in regard to politics, ethics, religion, history, letters, and language. There are entertaining chapters on the Ethics and Art of Advocacy and on the Professional Mind. A reader, whether legal-minded or not, must indeed be a dullard if he does not enjoy so interesting a work as this.

'Country Life' have produced an attractive volume in 'The Railway Age' by Cyril Bruyn Andrews. The more than hundred illustrations form an unusually interesting, if not unique, gallery of early railway scenes. Mr Andrews' text is more of the nature of random notes than a connected history, which indeed it does not claim to be. It deals, however, with many sides of railway life, including the first attempts at railroads, their effect on the upper and lower classes; Royal interest in railways and the follies of speculators; termini hotels and provincial stations; comforts and discomforts, art and decoration. Mr Andrews brings out the immense influence of railways, illuminates his account with apt extracts from contemporary newspapers and pamphlets. He has written a book which is equally good to glance at rapidly or to sit down and read from cover to cover.

Dr H. V. Routh set himself a heavy task when he purposed to describe the spiritual history of the nineteenth century in a volume, published with the title of 'Towards the Twentieth Century' (Cambridge University Press), and added to his handicap through some doubtful assumptions at the very beginning. He asserts there that the

nineteenth century did not stand for any established set of doctrines and principles, or even ideals ; and that the times of Ruskin, Darwin, Meredith, Butler, and Kipling were intellectually more unstable than our own, which later, however, he asserts suffers from the ' blight of aimlessness.' A century like that of the nineteenth, which established the truths of Evolution, surely may be taken to contradict the first assertion ; and as for the greater stability of the present era, Dr. Routh himself has contradicted that, not only in the phrase quoted, but many times, implicitly and explicitly, elsewhere. Having made that passing criticism, we can proceed to compliment him on the interest of his accounts of the temporary, but in the end ineffectual, influence on the current thought, of Newman, Tennyson, Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Mill, Matthew Arnold, Spencer, and others, with Goethe as the chief inspiration of the age. If pains taken and the gift for timely quotation could make a successful book this should be so. Always it is interesting to survey an outstanding period and especially for us the nineteenth century, from which we have inherited many blessings and problems ; while unquestionably it saw extraordinary progress made in science, in social service, comfort, and security, as well as made earnest attempts to read the higher purposes of existence—that secret of the Sphinx.

From the University of Cape Town comes a volume with a title that suggests little of its wide interest : '**Communication has been Established**' (Methuen). It is a history of the ways and instruments—highroads, wheels, canals, drums—through which men have gone to meet each other or managed to exchange thoughts and information. Honest imagination as well as the detail of infinite practical truths have gone to its writing. The author, Mr Astley J. H. Goodwin, is to be commended for the pains he has taken in gathering his details and for the insight which has brought those realities together into a sustained coherence. The earliest roads may have been caused by the progress of mammoths, and later by other forceful beasts, seeking water or the vegetation that nourishes. The wheel, which, it is alleged, began in the Bronze Age, helped to make those roads serviceable to mankind, and led to the development over the ages of the sports-car from the chariot. So recent are some of those means to

practical progress that it is striking to realise that there was no man-bearing animal in America until the Europeans took them there; whereby it can be understood how easily the horse might have been taken by the uncultured natives as divine.

To contemplate the 'discoveries, and the arts, and the errors of mankind,' to borrow Gibbon's fine phrase, as revealed in Mr H. N. Wethered's 'consideration' of the Natural History of the Elder Pliny, with, to a briefer extent, the geography and history of the travelled Herodotus and the discoveries in science of other writers of Rome and Greece, should make us more modest over the yet considerable achievements of our own shouting years. '**The Mind of the Ancient World**' (Longmans) shows how intelligently seekers of reality in the old times thought and wrought, and how much of modern knowledge—to say nothing of the greatness of the ancients in the arts—is based on their discoveries. Mistakes, of course, abounded; but there seems to have been little charlatanry, and if at times they were credulous, have we the right to condemn? In reading these fascinating chapters, based on the version of the Elizabethan Philemon Holland, one can only feel an enormous respect for the general honesty and ingenuity, as well as the devotion to knowledge, of those old pioneers. Even their very errors have interest, as showing their first impressions and how easily deductions may go wrong. Yet, are not the same habits of careless or wrong reasoning often repeated even now, without their excuse? To take an ordinary example. The nethermost joint of a puppy's tail was bitten off when it was forty days old, in the belief, as Pliny declared, that the tail would not grow again or the dog go mad. Why is that docking of tails still practised?

Dr W. H. D. Rouse's version of '**The Story of Odysseus**' (Nelson) is a good deal different in point of style from that of Butcher and Lang, but it certainly is, as claimed on the title-page, 'in plain English.' The translation at times makes Homer more than a little rough, and some of his nick-names, as the 'Goggle-Eyes' for the Cyclops, would cause the elegant in their armchairs to cry 'Hem!' But, of course, he is justified in his forceful downrightness, for Homer's stories are rough

stuff, of fighting men, unscrupulous, murderous, deceitful, liars—and so were their women, their goddesses and gods. So without being ungrateful for earlier scholarly translations of the *Odyssey*, we can be grateful for this one. What a story it tells! A first advantage that comes from any new version of the immortal epic is that it sends us back to its inspirations, and fascinations, and strengthening manliness.

Many an ambitious writer, especially in days when the thought of producing histories of the world was frequent, must have been allured by the idea of compiling an *Anatomy of Love* after the pattern of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*; a project necessarily soon to be abandoned because of the universality of the theme which reaches to extreme heights and depths the more it is contemplated. We get some impression of its vastness and the intricacies of thought involved in it, through the translation of the 'Dialoghi D'Amore' of Leone Ebreo, Leon the Jew, published as '*The Philosophy of Love*' (Soncino Press). Although but a chapter of the eternal theme, it is a sufficient volume in itself; not so much for the spiritual, physical, and allegorical truths of love as were discovered by the cultured Philo in his talk with the modestly-enquiring Sophia, who frankly confesses that her intellect is of a quality less than his; but because it does represent the mediæval mind as inspired by the Renaissance, which, the book having been written at the beginning of the sixteenth century, had so recently quickened Europe to a richer intellectual life. The carnal facts of love and their metaphysical or religious aspects are fully treated. It is a work for the curious in scholarship and a monument to the seriousness with which our forbears—not necessarily racial—pursued truth and often were eluded by her.

Mr Iqbal Singh is that rare person an entirely honest biographer, by which is meant no more than that he is one who endeavours to tell the truth about his subject and does so. To him '*Gautama Buddha*' (Boriswood) was injured by the myth-makers through their swelling-out needlessly, and of course unnaturally, his great moral importance. Instead, he recognises that 'the urbanity resulting from Gautama's influence in India was perhaps the nearest approach that that very unhumanistic land

has made to humanism,' and probably the best result of his example. Mr Singh establishes the influence, though it was limited, of the Buddha, and of other outstanding lights of the moral reformations of the world in a chapter that brilliantly summarises the position of Gautama. Mr Singh is a calm thinker who keeps his mind to the truths and sees the dangers of emotionalism, when one approaches the shrines of the gods, the half-gods, and supermen. Buddha was, of course, not divine, although many of the devout believe he was so; but his origins are too clearly known for that sort of illusion to prevail. The magic of the legend-maker has wrought such havoc with him that he seems now to have been rather a moral influence than lovable. In his discernments, sometimes a little acid, Mr Singh subjects Jesus to a similar treatment, but there is this essential difference between his ideals and those of the Buddha; they stand for service and unselfishness, but not so with the Buddhist.

India has been the cradle of most of the religions and had many prophets or human manifestations of the divine, who during their earthly lives have shed an influence that more often than not was beneficent. Among the more prominent of such recent 'messengers' is our contemporary, Shri Meher Baba, whose life-story is told by Mr C. B. Purdom in '**The Perfect Master**' (Williams and Norgate). It is a strange record; for while Baba preaches Love as his gospel, he is at once an ascetic who appreciates social life and its decent enjoyments. Since 1925 the Master has held to a rule of silence. He makes his thoughts known by pointing to the letters of the alphabet on a board and for months at a time may fast; yet he enjoys games and has played cricket—an unusual quality in prophets—while in England he went to the theatre, and at Hollywood he met at a party Miss Tallulah Bankhead and other stars of that peculiar firmament. It was understood that he would then have broken his long practice of silence; but the expectation was not fulfilled, and we are to await some grave world crisis before he speaks. Despite such idiosyncrasies, that are permissible to all men, even when they are saints, the influence of Baba must be good. It comprises the widest spirit of charity, while he numbers among his followers Parsees, Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians.

Mr Hugh J. Schonfield, whose recent *History of Jewish Christianity* was a model of discernment, has a more difficult task in his case for a lost Gospel of the Nazarenes—the fifth Gospel—‘*According to the Hebrews*’ (Duckworth)—for the existence of which there seems to be some direct, and more indirect, evidence. Whether any fragment of it ever will re-appear, after the fashion of the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, which incidentally Mr Schonfield thinks may possibly be passages detached from it, is doubtful; and whether if discovered it will add to the spiritual authority of Christianity is hardly less doubtful, though its historical interest would be considerable. For the new translation of the ‘*Toldoth Jeshu*,’ the Jewish Life of Christ, which Mr Schonfield claims has a special relationship to the lost Gospel and to that of St Matthew, departs abundantly in essential details from the statements made in the Synoptics. He has compared it with them and shows textual similarities; but in the ‘*Toldoth*’ we have such incidents as the notorious miracle of the clay birds, and more important still an account of the birth of Christ making it merely natural; and not only in such respects does the lost Gospel appear to depart from the spirit of the evangelists. The result is to add to the confusions and difficulties confronting Christian scholars; but yet that is no reason for neglecting the study to which this book calls attention. Great is truth, but always the search for it has been laborious; and in the labours involved this suggestive challenge to Christian Exegetics deserves attention.

The time has come to estimate the personal character and value of the services to his time of George Russell, better known as A E; and no two books could be more helpful than these just issued by the House of Macmillan; ‘*A Memoir of A E*’ by Mr John Eglinton and ‘*The Living Torch by A E*’ edited by Mr Monk Gibbon. They interpret and illuminate, as well as emphasise, the conviction many of us had, that George Russell was the finest poet and most inspiring influence who has risen in Ireland in modern times. For not only did he write verse which moves the heart with its vision and beauty, carrying the readers at once to nobler altitudes; but the ordinary texture—so to speak—of his thoughts, his everyday intellectual commerce, was imaginatively inspiring.

These statements are not exaggerated, although gratitude in the case of anyone who helped his contemporaries as A E did is apt to warm the pen ; but it is impossible to read his verse, even in a brief continuity, without forgetting the dross and envies of the little life that most of us are fastened to. Beyond the outpourings of mind and heart, which Mr Gibbon's selection of Russell's journalistic writings shows were revealing, he was an artist with his brush and a constructive statesman, helping his countrymen, and all country-men, to make the best use of their economic, and especially their agricultural opportunities. Russell's career, like Shakespeare's and Chaucer's, is a denial of the occasional impression that the poetic function is lackadaisical and brazenly free from any understanding of the practical issues of every day. These books which bring out the biographical record and the practical and artistic truths of a richly gifted multi-minded man are of first-rate value in estimating his personality. Appropriately in this connection, and from the same publishing house, comes a revised and amplified version of Mr W. B. Yeats's '**A Vision**,' of which A E said, and we can do no better than quote him here, that while it is an extraordinary book, it may also be regarded as Mr Yeats's greatest erring from the way of his natural genius. Yet it should be helpful to some in the future, when it may be better elucidated. It is, indeed, not a work to be dealt with briefly.

Mr M. R. Ridley is an admirable editor, clear and concise in his statements and generally constructive in his suggestions. His commentaries on '**Shakespeare's Plays**' (Dent), like his introductions in the '**New Temple Shakespeare**,' have no crankiness to make them doubtful. After general remarks on the criticism of Shakespeare, on the art of reading him, on his theatre and the characteristics of his verse, all helpful to the purpose of his book, he takes the plays in probably their chronological order and examines them. It is the right treatment. He rather guides the reader than takes the dominie's attitude and insists. There is nothing to take exception to in this broad-spirited book ; but we confess to being a little amused at the suggestion that Shakespeare may have had a kind of punning significance in his line, in the last scene of '**Lear**,' 'and my poor fool is hanged.' The

unexpressed plea being that as Cordelia was hanged and we know nothing, save in the line quoted, of the fate of Lear's 'heroic boy'—whose dramatic value Mr Ridley a little under-rates—the rôles of Cordelia and the Fool, who do not necessarily appear on the stage together, were doubled by one player.

The spirit of James Boswell must be approving the continuous industry of Mr Aleyn Lyell Reade in his garnering of 'Johnsonian Gleanings' (Percy Lund, Humphries) of which the Eighth Part is now published. The volumes of this series should already be filling an admired corner of the best bookshelf of the Doctor's loyal followers; and there are more to come. Mr Reade tells us that amongst other things he is planning are to condense the whole of his material into a straight narrative of Johnson's life to 1740; to make a complete index of the ten parts of the complete work, and then to continue with the rest of his work as hitherto carried on. This eighth part fills gaps which only the discernments of an enthusiast could have discovered; but amongst other information it has something new to say of the family of the Johnsons in Lichfield, including a copy of a receipt for sittings at St Matthew's Church, paid for by Samuel, and more about Frank Barber, the faithful black servant, who came originally from the Isle of 'Jamaco.'

Although the Brontës seem in danger of being over-written, there is room for Mr W. Bertram White's study, 'The Miracle of Haworth' (University of London Press); for if it contain no new information about them it applies refreshingly the old and thereby makes attractive revelations. Incidentally, it justifies the behaviour throughout of old Patrick Brontë, as opposed to theories and assertions which made him out a brute. With some exaggerations of comparison and sentiment, Mr White proves a kindly observer; and the only person in the grey dramatic story who remains as he was is Arthur Bell Nicholls. The best conclusion that is here asserted comes with the study of Emily Brontë and the probable truth that the key to her greatness as novelist and poet, in the passionate force of 'Wuthering Heights' and the sincerity and music of her verse, is to be found in her unfulfilled love for the curate, William Weightman. She is made the tragic heroine of this volume, while Charlotte appears

as the good angel of the family ; whose group-genius made it exceptional and for ever to be remembered among the more pathetic stories of life.

The selection of popular ballads sold, and in earlier days sung, in the streets in the nineteenth century, which Mr W. Henderson has compiled and edited under the title of '**Victorian Street Ballads**' (Country Life), not only draws attention to an aspect of the old everyday London which the progress of journalism and the roar of traffic have destroyed, but also amuses. In these verses the doggel bard had his innings, and was also an historian incomplete. The woodcut illustrations bring a part of the enjoyment. Even the tragical picture of the young lady so rigidly falling from the Monument must bring a smile. But the verses are the thing, and many aspects of the social life then were among their subjects. Sport and crime ; horrid murder and the executions or tearful repentances that followed ; the pities for poverty, the loves of the sailor and of others for woman and wine, with the doings of the fashionable world and the Court, have their parts in this collection. Queen Victoria, on the whole, and the Prince Consort altogether, were treated with severe disrespect that now can only be recognised as worse than absurd, but the general effect is of a dark morality and uncertain glee brooding over most things. Though why should a stanza from Ben Jonson's 'Drink to me only' be included in this collection ?

Name to the nicer elderly people Little Arthur and his History of England, and the chances are that memories of him are treasured among their happier thoughts. All such good folk, therefore, must be gratified to know that for a full century without interruption his book had been bought, used, loved, and like another but lesser institution, is still running. That being so it is natural for interest to be roused over its author, '**Maria, Lady Callcott**' (Murray), whose life Mrs Rosamund B. Gotch has written. No small part of the charm and brightness of this biography comes from the fact that it is based on Lady Callcott's own unfinished autobiography, and on her published works and letters. Except for almost constant ill-health she led a fortunate life for one of her gifts and temperament as, after her troubled school-days of which she left a vivid account and during the ten years of her

naval father's absence abroad, she stayed with her uncle, Sir David Dundas, and met men and women of culture, who highly stimulated the mind of the young girl. Then with her father she went to India and on the way was engaged to her first husband. Later she visited Italy, Brazil, and Chili; and in all places used her powers of observation, her pen and pencil. She was a lovable woman, and we have reason to thank her great-grand niece, Mrs Gotch, for this literary monument to her charm and her record.

It needs a bold man to attempt to hold the reader's interest with over 350 pages dealing with his first sixteen years in the respectable but hardly sensational or romantic setting of three Scottish schools (even though Fettes be one of them) with occasional Highland holidays. Mr R. H. Bruce Lockhart, however, is bold, as we know from the adventures described in his earlier books, and he has succeeded in this new venture also. In *'My Scottish Youth'* (Putnams) even school life becomes romantic and every escapade (and Mr Lockhart was prone to escapades) is a real adventure, while his portraiture is vivid, whether it be of his schoolmaster-father, his imperiously dominant old grandmother, or Dundee merchants, Highland lairds, ministers or ghillies. The events of his life are convenient pegs on which to hang his views in praise or criticism of Scotland and life in general, and the more that he wanders from the biographical path the more the reader is pleased. Even humdrum school routine is not dull as Mr Lockhart presents it.

The *'Memories of W. H. Helm'* (Richards) recalls the gentle voice, kindly eyes and gracious presence of him whose friendship made happier all who knew him. He was an excellent man of letters, the literary editor for some years of the *'Morning Post'* and before that its Parliamentary correspondent; while always his attention was alert to the humanities and humours of life. Among the greater or less events he records seeing Mr Churchill as a subaltern of Hussars at the Military Tournament being circussed round the arena twice by his refractory steed and compelled, therefore, to retire from a tent-pegging competition. Walking in Bond Street he ran plump into W. S. Gilbert, who did not accept the contact with philosophy; but beyond such fleeting memories

caught and strangely stored, he met—really met and not in such cursory fashion as is told above—many notable people of whom he has something characteristic to say. They included Mark Twain, Whistler, and Rodin; but the pleasantest person to whom he introduces us is himself, for as Mr E. H. Visiak declares in his introduction, 'there could not be, than his was, a more compassionate soul, a more generous, unselfish heart.'

The old saying that every man's life would make a book is illustrated by Mr William Bliss's volume of reminiscences, misleadingly called '*Pilgrimage of Grace*' (Witherby). The author has a fluent pen and a smartness of which he appears not unaware. One of the large family of an Anglican clergyman who was converted to Roman Catholicism and became a librarian at the Vatican, Mr Bliss went to Stonyhurst, visited his father in Rome, met there Pope Leo XIII and with a closer intimacy others of the hierarchy. He chats pleasantly of experiences and persons in England, Ireland, and Italy. His book is, therefore, a pleasant companion for a dull afternoon; but it rather illustrates the truth with which this notice of it began than is particularly revealing.

It does the heart good to read such a work as Mr Walter Rose has written in '*The Village Carpenter*' (Cambridge University Press), as it shows a healthy love for the trees of the English woodlands and forests and for the craftsmanship which turns their timbers into objects of service and beauty. An aristocrat of the ancient trade of carpentry, so far as birth into a long line of craftsmen can make him, Mr Rose exults in his capacities with plane, chisel, saw, and hammer, as is right, for that was his inheritance from his father, and grandsire before him, who likewise were artists in their line. His enthusiasm is merged with common-sense, for he has always expected and got good pay for the work done, as his being a practical business it must justify itself or go under. The machine, with its facilities for making panel-doors, mouldings, and prepared sash-bars and rails, has affected seriously the scope and profits of the carpenter's occupation. The Roses had to make concessions before that monster of efficiency; but the fight goes on, and is the stronger, for the knowledge that, however much machinery may cause workmanship to change, the carpenter with his tools and

practised skill cannot be eliminated. For one thing it is unable to make baskets, a fact over which Mr Rose exults. Of wind-mills, water-mills, and wooden pumps he has interesting things to say ; but the joy of the book is in the pride of work that it shows, and its assurance that the best things still may come out of true English craftsmanship.

